

FLIPSIDE

cuts into
Winston Smith



\$3.00 US • \$4.25 Canada



Number 118 • May/June 1989

Avengers • Benumb • Bouncing Souls • Boxer
Holly Golightly • Mach Kung-Fu • Mad 3 • Plungers •
THC • Turbo ACs • Whippersnapper

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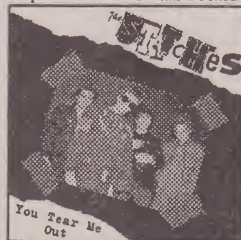
TV Killers- Playin' Bad Music LP/CD

-OK I know you heard them on Viva #3. Now these Fuckin' Frenchies are back with another auditory assault on your skull. Simply put, the TV Killers know how to write a fuckin' punk tune! Buzzing Bass, killer leads and the guitars cranked to fuckin' 11. Hell, they even take you on a sonic joyride through covers of Motorhead and their European counterparts the Kids. CD has 2 bonus tracks!!!



V/A- Viva La Vinyl vol. #3 LP

-Alright people, Viva #3 finally sees the light of day. Brand spanking new tunes from The Bodies, Temporal Sluts, URBAN DK, the B-Movie Rats, TV Killers, the Slobos, the Stitches, Deceitstation, the Dirty's, Inflicted, Smog Town, Haunted Head, the Spasms, Scared for Life, and Dead End Cruisers. As always, first press comes with a limited edition 12 page booklet!!



The Stitches-
You Tear Me Out 7"

-2 new ones from The Stitches. Release after release, these guys belt out some of the best punk tunes out there today. The limited edition and first press are way out of print. Second press with yellow and black covers are almost gone. Get 'em while you can!!



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Los Angeles, CA 90078
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Deadbeatrx@aol.com

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NOTE NEW PRICES:

	USA	Canada	World
7"	\$4	\$5	\$6
LP/10"	\$7	\$8	\$9
CD/T's	\$10	\$11	\$12

FLIPSIDE

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Everyone else can
be reached care of Flipside.

CATALOG

Details of all our stuff is in our catalog. There's a mini catalog/listing on the opposite page but the real catalog has descriptions and pictures of back issues, CDs and all that. Just one 33 cent stamp or IRC.



AD INFORMATION

AD DEADLINES:

Deadline for #119 - May 15

• #120 - July 19 • #121 - September 20

SIZES AND PRICES:

Sizes	(wide x high)	Autonomous*	Majors
Full page	7 1/2"x10" B&W	\$400.00	\$800.00
	7 1/2"x10" 4 Color	\$600.00	\$1000.00
1/2 page	7 1/2"x5" B&W	\$200.00	\$400.00
	7 1/2"x5" 4 Color	\$300.00	\$600.00
1/4 page	3 3/4"x5" B&W only	\$100.00	\$200.00
1/6 page	2 1/2"x5" B&W only	\$70.00	\$140.00
Bus. card	3 1/2"x2"	\$50.00	\$100.00
Classified	(per 40 words)	\$2.00	\$2.00

*An autonomous label is self-sufficient. It must be free of direct or indirect association to a major label which it is dependent upon for any service, i.e: billing, accounting, inventory, manufacturing, or distribution.

REQUIREMENTS:

- Send payments (cash, check or money order) with your ads! If we have to invoice you, etc, then the major label ad rates will apply.
- It ain't rocket science. Make ads the right size and the right orientation! We can't run odd-shaped ads.
- Use BLACK ink on all art. No pencil, absolutely no blue pen.
- Photos/shades should be screened with an 85 line halftone screen.
- Please, no electronic files.
- We can make ads for \$10/hr. Get in touch for all details.
- For black and white ads send positive stats or good quality, first generation xerox or laser prints, not transparent film or negatives.
- Full color ads require color separated film negatives (right reading, emulsion down, up to 133 LPI) and color keys. (We can compose your art and create film separations at a small additional cost.)
- Ad space runs out with the flood of submissions received on deadline day. Get ads in early!! First received, first placement.

STAFF/CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINES:

Issue #119 May 3rd

#120 - July 5th • #121 September 7

Indie?

It's really tough these days for me to come up with a good "opening complaint". Oh, I could find things to write about easy enough, but somehow I always feel that either I've directly said it before (in twenty some odd years of doing this!), or it's a pretty dead horse and another person beating it won't kill it any more. Besides that, when you're burnt out "who cares" and "why bother" sound like pretty solid, reasonable decisions. So, I'll save my complaints for a bit and get on with a couple of interesting observations.

Firstly, Todd's column this issue is a graphical mapping of music industry influences. It distinctly looks like these 5 (or so) big scary creatures that pretty much gobble up anything in their path. Naturally, we like to think of these big, dominating creatures as our enemy because they are the source of any limits to our creative and artistic freedom. But, how is it that for something everyone seems to hate - they can survive so gloriously?

Well, it seems to me that we end up being the ones who play the biggest part in perpetuating this situation. We happen to be the only ones with the potential to disrupt the cycle of conditioning that makes this possible. But like it or not (just look at Todd's charts), we are up against influence and control that runs deep and wide.

We? You ask. Yeah, we the participants in this so-called "group of people who don't like the majors." Our power comes from our existence as independents, and thus, despite massive differences in things like wealth, can essentially level the playing field. Quite simply, we are both indies. The only true indies. On the one hand complete control and ownership of their production, distribution and production gives the major indie the freedom to direct their creations anyway they please. While in exactly the opposite fashion, the DIY indie, usually working as little more than a labor of love, is only directed by some emotional instinct that drives their projects to completion.

Unfortunately, somewhere along the line a drastic change takes place. Years of conditioning eventually get the best of us. Could it be possible that if distributors stopped putting their biggest effort into selling what already sells, and radio stations stopped playing what is already popular and labels stopped signing whoever is cloning whatever is successful, that in the end, they would make the same amount of money anyway?

We'll probably never know. It would take a whole new system but before that a radical shift in our values to even let the system exist. I would imagine that the pervasive use of the term "alternative" is somehow connected to thoughts in our disgruntled collective subconscious that just can't escape the years of conditioning. But you know the story: a new label starts up with all the good intentions that have been dissected in the pages of Flipside for the last 20 years. The label sells a few here and there through the usual underground distro channels and then, as happens sometimes, the band starts to take off. And they sign to a major. Every time. Immediately the financial support the DIY indies (the label, the distributors, promoters, bookers, artists, clubs, fanzines...) need to get the new system off the ground is ripped out and plugged into supporting the same old thing.

But, the bands argue, there's no indie distribution that can get the job done. They won't risk their careers on a pipe dream. And there it sits. Without the complete chain of support, a label (or whatever: band, fanzine, club, distro etc) cannot exist as a labor of love forever. Someone's gotta pay the rent. And someone does. It's back to money motivated music. The difference between the indies fades. So as it is right now, there is no difference between the indies. Damn, I guess I complained.

The weird thing is, I was gonna write about the world wide web... -AI

Rodney On The Roq's Top 20 Requests

1. The Donnas "Set You Alone"
2. Gene "The British Disease"
3. Chicks "Baria"
4. Suede "Electricity"
5. Blur "Coffee and TV"
6. Switchblade Kittens "My Heart Will Go On"
7. Travis Pickle "Motorcycle Man"
8. Cycle Fly "Selotate"
9. Black Hole Halos "Shooting Stars"
10. Buzzcocks "Thunder of Hearts"
11. The Nuns "We Will Bury You"
12. Gene Loves Jezebel "Love Keeps Dragging Me Down"
13. Kent "Bianca"
14. No Use For A Name "Coming Too Close"
15. Penelope Houston "New Day"/"Tongue"
16. Placebo "Every You Every Me"
17. Manic St. Preachers "You Stole the Sun from My Heart"
18. Nancy Sinatra "Drummer Man"
19. Dealship "Jungle Gym"
20. Brian Jonestown Massacre "I Fought the Law"



↑Rodney with Donnas at the Whisky
Photo by David Klein

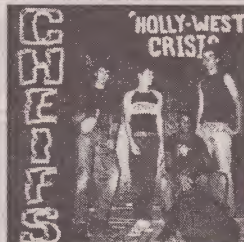
Rodney can be heard on KROQ (the world's most listened to rock station!) every Sunday 12-3AM. You can also read his column "It's All Happening" in "Yeah Yeah Yeah!" magazine.

THANK YOU: Holly for becoming the entirety of Flipside Middle Management, Winston Smith for the cover work, Brian Archer for the Scavengers pictures, Bev Davies and Grant McDonagh for Avengers pictures, Gary Hornberger for comic reviews, live shots and a live review, Namella J. Kim for the Mad 3 interview and Eri Shibata for the photos, Jessica Thiringer for the Boxer interview, pictures and record reviews, S.Gustav Hagglund for the drawings in Jim Hayes' column, Fish for the Thrashead picture, Gwynne Kahn for the Jeffrey Lee Pierce drawing, Heather Oblon for the pictures from The World, Ryan for pictures in ShitEd's column, Bill Florio for The Plungers interview, Graham Russell for the Holly Go Lightly interview and Johnny Volcano for the pictures, Roger Moser Jr. for the Whippersnapper interview and record reviews, Lindsey of Juxtapoz for her bowling writeup and pictures, welcome Jimmy Alvarado, our newest columnist, and thanks to his brother John for the artwork, Jay Mirus and Randy Iwata for Nardwuarian assistance, Petter Wichman for the live DOA shot, Jason Cole for the live review and record reviews, Jan Corey for the THC pics, Suzy Williams for her live review and record reviews, Gerry Fialka for his book and record reviews, Fenton for his live review, Big Man on Campus for his video review, Stone Cold Steve Austin, J.Cyco, Squeaky, Southern Fried Keith, Johnny Racecar, Snoop Bob, Carey, Kirin, Keith Fitz, Juan Bastos, Donofthead, Blu, Freddy Flipoff, Zack Negative, Martin McMartin, Martin Banner, Liz O. and Mike Ramek for record reviews and Annie for helping out with the mail.

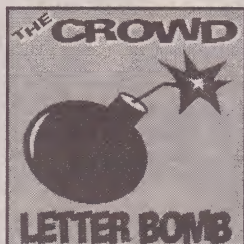
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FLIP92 The Cheifs "Hollywest Crisis" CD / CDROM



FLIP89 The Crowd "Letter Bomb" CD / CDROM

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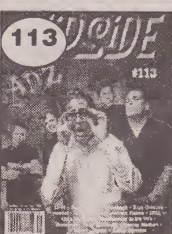
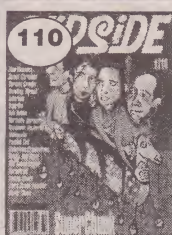
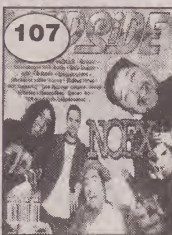
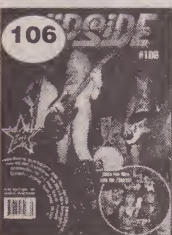
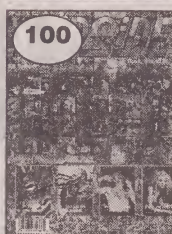
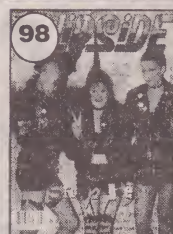
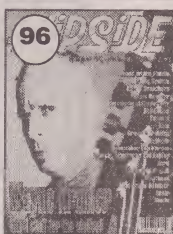
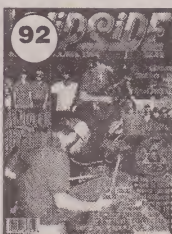
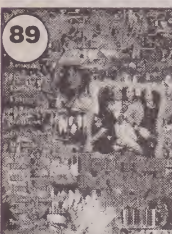
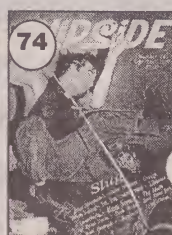
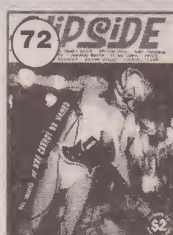
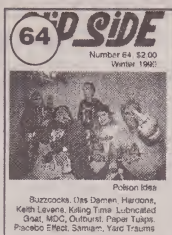
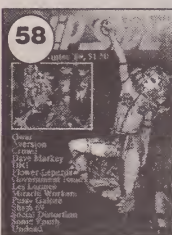
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1. Subscriptions are for one year, that's 6 issues, we are bi-monthly. Please list the issue number that you want your sub to start with.
 2. For all orders, list substitutions. We are running out of music and magazines on a daily basis. Please don't ask for material that isn't listed. It is gone.
 3. Be sure to print your address clearly and not just on the outside of your envelope. You don't know how many times the postmark obliterates an address, or water smears it, or it gets torn off, or we lose it, etc... Be safe...

4. Send cash (hidden in some USED paper, which disguises it better than clear paper), check or money order made out to Flipside.
 5. "Current issues" are the three latest issues (three highest issue numbers) and become back issues when 6 months old.
 6. Due to the U.S. Mail structure, either you pay a premium and get your package quickly, or pay relatively little and wait quite a long time. We can't find a way to avoid this. You have these two options: pay for air or wait for surface. Price is based on weight.



This list changes DAILY. Please list multiple alternates and don't ask for issues that aren't listed. We're cleaned out. Contact collector scum.

FLIPSIDE CATALOG!!

7", 12", EP, LP, CS, CDs

- FLIP14 Detox "We Don't Like You Either" LP
- FLIP17 The Crowd "Big Fish Stories" CS only
- FLIP22 Motor Morons "Conspicuous Consumption" 7" EP
- FLIP24 Paper Tulips "Insects" CS
- FLIP26 Popdefect "Without"/"To Each His Own" 7"
- FLIP28 Sandy Duncan's Eye "525 NTSC" 7"
- FLIP29 Popdefect "Puro Desmadre" 7"
- FLIP30 Various "The Big One" CD
- FLIP31 Anus The Menace "Number One" LP/CS
- FLIP33 Pooch "Anyway the Wind Blows" 7"
- FLIP34 Dirtclodfight "Speak Tongue Man"+3 7" EP
- FLIP35 Paper Tulips "Linoleum" 7" EP
- FLIP36 Popdefect "Third Degree Road Burns" 7" EP
- FLIP37 Babyland "Reality Under Smrowtch" 12" EP
- FLIP38 TVTV\$ "Brainwashington" LP/CD
- FLIP39 Dirtclodfight "Everything That Isn't" LP
- FLIP40 Sandy Duncan's Eye LP
- FLIP42 Paper Tulips "Orbital" CD
- FLIP43 Popdefect "Punch Drunk" LP/CD
- FLIP44 Babyland "You Suck Crap" CD
- FLIP45 Anus The Menace "Yeah Right" 7" EP
- FLIP48 TVTV\$ "Rap Music Is Killing America" CDEP
- FLIP49 Dirtclodfight "Hunting Lesson" LP/CD
- FLIP50 Paper Tulips "Baker's Dozen" LP/CD
- FLIP51 Anus The Menace "Number Two" CD/CS
- FLIP54 TVTV\$ "We The Sheeple" CD
- FLIP55 Dirtclodfight "Denny" 7"
- FLIP56 Dirtclodfight "Suffering The Aftertaste" CD/CS
- FLIP57 Babyland "A Total Letdown" CD
- FLIP58 Paper Tulips "Small Bee Helicopter Type" CDEP
- FLIP59 Popdefect "Don't Be Hateful" CDEP
- FLIP60 Beck "Stereopathic Soulmeneure" CD
- FLIP61 Xylol "Alcoholic Fuckers" 7"
- FLIP63 Kryptonite Nixon "Swag" CD/CS
- FLIP64 Various "The Devil You Know, The Devil You Don't" CD
- FLIP65 Babyland / My Suicide split 7" EP
- FLIP67 Drag "Pilfer" CDEP
- FLIP68 Far Flung "25000 Feet Per Second" CD
- FLIP69 Various "Rock and Fucking Roll Vol. 1" CD
- FLIP70 New York Loose "Loosen Up" CDEP
- FLIP71 Various "Live From Jawbone" CD
- FLIP72 Kryptonite Nixon "Live From Jawbone" CD+
- FLIP74 Haskell's "Hopscotch and Bourbon" CD
- FLIP75 Chrome-moly Violets "Gentle Art Of Smoking" CD
- FLIP76 TVTV\$ "Pepsi Generation X" CD
- FLIP77 Clowns For Progress "Clowns" CD
- FLIP78 The Ryders "Zasso" CDEP
- FLIP79 Gasoline "Driven" CD+
- FLIP80 Babyland/Kryptonite Nixon split 8" EP
- FLIP81 Various "Arian's Army" CD
- FLIP83 Paper Tulips "Sound Tape Recording" CD+
- FLIP84 Paper Tulips "Sugar Leper" 7"
- FLIP85 Popdefect "Live At Big Bear" CD
- FLIP86 Mad Daddy's "Live At the Court Tavern" CD
- FLIP87 Babyland "Who's Sorry Now" CD+
- FLIP88 Mercury 9 Project "Project 1" CD+ (?)
- FLIP89 The Crowd "Letter Bomb" CD+
- FLIP90 Sluts For Hire "Happiest Band On Earth" CD+
- FLIP91 Farflung "The Raven that Ate the Moon" CD
- FLIP92 The Cheifs "Hollywest Crisis" CD+
- FLIP94 At The Drive In "Acrobatic Tenament" CD+
- FLIP95 Various "Welcome to Las Vegas" CD
- FLIP96 Abe Lincoln Story "Dance Party" CD
- FLIP97 Various "Rock and Fucking Roll Vol. 2" CD

¹ Flipside / Gusto Productions

² Flipside / Rock and Fucking Roll Records

³ Flipside / Blackjack Records

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LEATHERFACE

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bringing 2 great bands
together on 1 classic record

THE BYO
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Now, in a time where there are thousands of faceless, nameless, imagination-less, cookie-cutter "Alternative" bands instead—so much warmed-over metal and 10th-rate punk—Stubbs' tantalizing songwriting and erudite, generous-heart-on-sleeve lyrics, on top of the band's crisp, explosive playing, and most of all, their outright, undeniable desire, seem a total anomaly as well as antidote. That this unexpected LP is a reality, and that Leatherface's ardent onslaught will fire off stages here soon, is that rarest of things: A long-shot wish fulfilled.

Jack Rabid, editor, The Big Takeover

Like a group of primalists around a campfire, Hot Water Music proceeds to transform a crowd of bored teenagers into the kind of mobilized unit you might find at an English labor rally. Kids are either singing along, dancing wildly or, like myself, simply staring in amazement. Leaving a day of malaise behind, I feel like I'm watching the Business taking a whack at Fugazi's Repeater.

Matt Pincus

see 'em both on tour

5/21 SAN DIEGO	SOMA	6/8 CAMBRIDGE	GREEK AMERICAN
5/22 L.A.	TROUBADOUR	6/9 BURLINGTON	tba
5/23 POMONA	GLASS HOUSE	6/10 PROVIDENCE	STUDIO 159
5/24 SAN FRAN	BTM OF THE HILL	6/11 NYC	tba
5/25 PORTLAND	tba	6/12 NW BRNSWK	MELODY BAR
5/26 SEATTLE	tba	6/13 LANCASTER	CHAMELEONS
5/28 SALT LAKE	DV8	6/14 PHILLY	1ST UNITRIAN
5/29 DENVER	BLUEBIRD	6/15 DC	tba
5/30 TEA, SD	LAKOTA HALL	6/16 RICHMOND	TWISTERS
5/31 MINNAPOLIS	U OF MINN'gtr hall	6/17 LOUISVILLE	SPARKS
6/1 MILWAUKEE	THE RAVE	6/18 SALEM	533 UPRISINGS
6/2 MADISON	O'CATZ CORRAL	6/19 COLUMBIA	VEW
6/3 CHICAGO	FIRESIDE BOWL	6/20 ATLANTA	ECHO LOUNGE
6/4 DETROIT	tba	6/21 ST. PETE	SAPPHIRE CLUB
6/5 CLEVELAND	CLEVELAND FEST	6/22 ORLANDO	tba
6/6 BUFFALO	SHOWPLC THRE	6/23 GAINESVILLE	tba

JUST ADDED
LEATHERFACE
ON THE WARPED TOUR

6/25 AUSTIN	6/30 SAN DIEGO
6/26 HOUSTON	7/1 L.A.
6/27 DALLAS	7/3 S.F.
6/29 PHOENIX	7/4 TAHOE



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CORRESPONDENCE

FUCKING HIPPIES

De@r, Flipside:

I'm tired of @ll the shit us pe@ce punks h@ve to put up with. I w@S in the m@ll the other d@y smoking cloves (my w@y of s@ying "fuck you" to @uthority) when @ll of a sudden these big, burly jocks @me up to me and st@rted pointing @nd l@ughing. I look just like @nybody else, m@n. I h@d my 14-inch liberty spikes up @nd I w@s we@ring @ t-shirt (it s@ys "Don't Fight, Smoke Dope" on the front @nd "Hug @ Cow, Don't B@t It" on the b@ck. Cool, huh?), spl@tter-bl@ch@d Levi's, p@tent le@ther Docs @nd @ b@ckp@ck with the Flux of Pink Indi@ns @nd Cr@ss symbols stenciled on it. Why do these people think th@t bec@use I'm completely opposed to violence of @ny kind th@t they h@ve the right to oppress me? Pe@ce punks @re people too, @nd if I keep being oppressed by @ll these trendy w@nkers I'm seriously going to be@t the living shit out of someone. Th@nx for your time, love,
Hibiscus St@rflower



DIE ALREADY

Flipside,

I just want to say that old punks suck.

Thanks,

Kip Mendelson

EAR VICADIN

Todd,

I've discovered a connection for synthetic opiates. I'm listening to Wilson Pickett over and over. On this Easter weekend I'm wondering, is an event still a ritual even if you don't participate in the ritual? Best,
Hayes

REFINEMENT OF SLAUGHTER

Hi there,

Please can you forward this message to Bart, the guy who did the Delivering The Goods article about cover versions in issue # 116? Hey man, here's an Argentinean punk rock fan that wants to tell you that "The Bitch" song covered by Pinups (Adolescents in disguise) was originally done by Slaughter and the Dogs. They were one of the best UK punk bands ever and came from Manchester. That song is the b-side of their 1st ever release, 7 inch "Cranked Up Really High" on Decca Records, 1977. You'd better get hold of a copy of their 1st LP "Do It Dog Style" because is a fuckin' timeless masterpiece of an album. Honestly, I think is the best UK punk album ever done... million times better than any '80s or '90s punk album. On the LP (never re-released on CD so it's a hard-to-find item) you can hear a bloody great covers such as NY Dolls "Mystery Girls," VU's "Waiting for the Man" and Kasenetz Katz Supercrews "Quick Joey Small"... Steven Morrissey (Smiths' fame) and Billy Duffy (Cult fame) were once part of this legendary band but never recorded anything with them. Oh! Also, "Surfin' Bird" was originally done by The Livingtons, a 50's r'n'r act.

Cheers, lad -Mariano Asch, Argentina



PRIYA RAY

variety: creamy 'lectric santa/monostadt 3/fukktion. Priya has no insurance when she becomes conscious she'll need to know just how much we all care for her and letters and cards will be greatly appreciated as will benefits and any possible labels interested in releasing the many things she's recorded. This is going to be a very difficult situation for Priya, her loved ones, and everyone who's ever been inspired by her...

We have tons of material we have yet to release. Interested persons, please contact me. Everything is such a fucking mystery at this point. Her condition and the future of the band are of great uncertainty. If you have any questions please feel free to ask. For any more info, feel free to write me or send Priya's mail to Priya Ray/ Robert Price, PO Box 160094, Atlanta GA 30316

DWI? START WALKING

Hey Todd:

Nice job on the government seizure article in the latest Flipside. We have this problem on Long Island as well - one county (Nassau) will seize your car for the first DWI, the other (Suffolk, where I live) will seize it upon your second DWI. It's gotten to the point I won't even have one beer and drive anymore; there's nothing to stop the police from just smelling alcohol on your breath and taking your car, letting you fight it out in court to get it back. What unconstitutional bullshit.

See ya,
Dave

BOOKED SOLID

Dear greatest zine ever!

I have almost every issue from 18 on. Does that mean anything to you? I bought them all at the time, none at trade shows. Does that mean anything to you? Is it possible to get the ones before 18? I have worked on small magz. and I know it's not "that" expensive to print full color, glossy. Would you ever consider printing a special "pictures only 1977 - 1984 special." A huge collection of every live shot, shots of the fans, the venues, the riots, record covers? With the right distribution, that would fly! A mini, self-worked, F.S., book! Anyway, just thought I would send a little note to say Flipside changed my life. I was just a poser kid from the valley when I joined the scene in late '79, and without you guys, and flyers - to say when's what - I would have never grown up to relish in memories so vivid and great - I'd wonder if I had dreamed it all.

Your friend for life, Can-Control

(Hey Can, Thanks for the compliments. We're glad that you've been reading us for that long. Shit, I personally, was five years old on the other side of the world when Flipside was started, so you've got me beat. As for back issues that aren't listed on the second page of the magazine - they're gone forever, from us, at least. Contrary to the belief of the hoards who ask us, we're not secretly keeping a whole bunch. As for a Flipside book, that's quite a task since we're so involved with the day-to-day wrestle of putting out a mag every two months that it may never happen. It'd be cool, though. Maybe when cloning technology gets better, we can make a couple more AIs. However, with more secure technology, the website is being developed. AI's being secretive. Fuck, I don't even know what it'll look like, but I know that we're going to be posting more and more archives in it as time goes on. Hell, you never know, we may get fancy for our 25th Anniversary Issue, but don't cross your fingers. We're happy that current mags come out. -Todd)

01-MAR-99

GENTS & GAMIS -

TELL REVIEWER "BART"

TO CAP A CLUG; RE

HIS REVIEW OF FOOTUS

CORRUPTUS' LIFE.

JIM THIRLWELL HAS

BEEN ON THE LUNGEON

FOR OVER A YEAR -

NOTHING PRESENTS HIS LIPS

ASIDE FROM CAFFEINE

& NICO TIME THESE DAYS

LONG GONE ARE HIS

DRUNKARD DAYS / DATE.

- A CONCERNED CITIZEN -

Assessment engraving for the Month of the Family: William Hamilton, 1840

Assessment Book for the Month of the Family: William Hamilton, 1840

Assessment Book for the Month of the Family: William Hamilton, 1840

Assessment Book for the Month of the Family: William Hamilton, 1840

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Assessment Book for the Month of the Family: William Hamilton, 1840

ALWAYS
ZIP CODE

FLIPPE SIDER

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PASADENA, CA 91106

BOTTOMS UP

Dear Alcoholic Flipside Assholes,

If we read one more word about you guys drinkin' beer or eating roast beef sandwiches, we're going to blow your fucking offices so sky-high that people on Saturn are going to need telescopes to see you. All of you pot smoking, hippie twaker blood warts can just fuck off.

With all sincerity,
The Denver SXE Mob

P.S. Drunk Ted's days are slowly ticking off...

NEVER SOULED OUT

Todd,

Hi, this is Bryan from the Bouncing Souls. I just noticed a message from back in December regarding top tens. Oh well, guess I missed it! I must have been away on tour... Anyway, I saw your address and I just wanted to touch base and say we're still here! You guys have always been one of the best zines out there all the way back to when

you were just a half-sized when I was still in high school. When punk's dark days hit the scene like a bag of shit in like '94-'95-'96 and it turned into a finger-pointing sellout yadayada - it sucked a lot of fun out of the whole thing. And all along I remember you guys just being cool like you always were. Open-minded, what a concept! All hail Flipside. Tomorrow I leave for a three-week tour with Lagwagon. We'll be out west so maybe we'll see some of you guys. Check out <www.bouncingsouls.com> if you get the inclination! It's pretty cool... Well, thanks for your time, I'm out like a trout. -Bryan

(The real funny thing is that I saw Bryan two days later after this email. We'd already set up an interview and he didn't even know. I think The Police had an album called this: synchronicity. I like it when stuff like this happens. -Todd)

FLIPSIDE? NEVER HEARD OF IT

Al and crew,

Just thought you'd be interested to know that a new "NME"/"Melody Maker"-styled, oversize, newsprint, pop-radio "music" weekly has made its debut at newsagents across the UK this past week. It is called "Flipside Weekly" and covers all the hip, Top 40 bands in the UK. I doubt you cats authorized use of the



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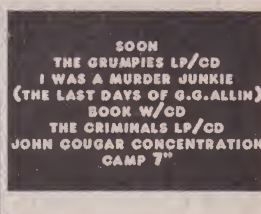
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name, and I'm sure they've heard of you. Maybe you're in league; I don't know. I ain't so damn punk rock that I'm gonna have a conniption if you are, but it doesn't seem likely to me. Well, thought you'd be interested to know. Reply if you wish, I'm always here.

Tim

"Nothing Left"/"Mass Movement" fanzines and general pain in the arse
(Hey Tim, this is the email I sent them. They didn't respond.)

Hi Flipside,

My name is Todd and I'm co-editor, co-publisher of Flipside Fanzine out of Pasadena, California. We've been publishing continuously for twenty-two years and have international distribution (We use Cargo/London for our UK distro). It has come to my attention that your name is also Flipside. I think this is confusing - another magazine called Flipside. We've spent the better part of a quarter of a century with this name and we're pretty darn fond of it. Can you please explain why you're using it. Many thanks.
-Todd, Flipside)

ITS THE BOMB

Hello,

This is 1st time I write you. If I send you less money for zine next time I will send you more. I don't know U.S. postage, sorry. Maybe I will go to war in Kosovo so hurry up with sending please.

Uskokovic Sale, Serbia/Yugoslavia

COMRADE HIROSHITO

Dear Flipside,

I thought that all of your readers should be informed about an insidious conspiracy being put into action even as we speak. You know those Keroppi dolls from Japan? The little frogs with the big eyes and falsely beatific smiles? They're part of a plot the Japanese have to take over the country. They plan to lull the youth of America into submission with hugs and happy faces. Then they can just walk right on in with their little UFO buddies and take over the USA without having to waste a single bullet. Incidentally, Barney was the Russians' attempt to do the same thing. Good thing we figured out that one in time, or we'd all be eating at Gorky's and sucking down vodka like we'd never see tomorrow. Anyway, just thought I'd let you guys know before it was too late. I'll tell Elvis and Morrison you guys said "hey."

Know Your Enemy,

Anna Synn

THE ANSWER IS IN THE QUESTION

Al,

You're still with Flipside? Good to see that! I've not bought a copy in ten years but decided to when I happened to see it on the magazine rack at Tower Records. Wow! Good to see old Flipside is still out there. I started reading back when I was 14 or 15 (I'm 30 now) and still have all my old issues from that time. The classifieds used to be great. I had 60 penpals at one time thanks to placing an ad with you. Well now 98.33% of them have stopped writing, but I still correspond with one. We're both housewives now with fond memories of the old punk rock, but just don't keep up with the new "scene" anymore. My tastes now run more '80s garage and '70s glitter. So, what happened to your classifieds now? They look like they're all about moneymaking ventures. Ah well. Good luck with the future of Flipside. Hey, if any of my old penpals are reading, this is Susan from Pasadena; Flipside reader from 1984-1990 or so. Drop me a line if you remember. PO Box 115, San Pedro, CA 90733

WHAT ABOUT FOLKS WITH DEEP TANS?...

Dear Flipside,

Mr. Racecar here, ruminating over the last Flipside or two. Sick Boy's got to fucking chill out. Prison people have way too much time on their hands. Very creative intro in your letter: "Oh no, the poor little white boy got beat up by the big ugly blacks!" Way to sway us over to your cause. It's called reality and it's worse in prison where even the blacks, Mexicans, and God knows what else are ignorant and racist. People are brought up intolerant and stupid (all races) and stay comfortable that way so they feel that it's OK. Aryan is derived from Aries? I was born in March and I am Mexican. Does that make me a nazi-can? A lot of people are assholes. A lot of blacks and Mexicans will mock you if you are not cool and hip-hop. I remember these guys at school making fun of a black girl because she liked goth. She was ridiculed for being an individual. The mainstream hip-hop culture is shit. It is vapid and fucking expensive to get involved in. You have to be dressed to the nines and always get the latest "cool" record, which usually comes out every other week! I'll stick to punk rock, thank you, where I can stick to the same shirt and pants every time I go out. Just 'cause you were born a certain race doesn't mean you've accomplished anything special. Any chump can do that. Fuck white power. Fuck brown power. Fuck black power. White power people better at least grudgingly respect others because, unfortunately, minorities are baby machines ("Didn't your mom and dad know about birth control?" -FYP), and will over-run this country in a couple of years. So sit back and relax; it's a hell of a toboggan ride!

Sick boy, I am not a PC sheeple, but that really pisses you off so maybe that's more punk rock than your childish hate viewpoint. All real punks should not quote the bible or other religious material to attack others. That is so gay! Your next mission, Sick Boy, since you have the time, is to write about the entire history of rock and roll.

Now onto Quisp (Where's Quake?). Thanks for rubbing in the fact that I am too young to experience "real" punk rock. If I had my way, I would get my ass kicked every time I walked out the door, but that's not the case. People have become desensitized to punk, or have they? That one guy was killed in Texas and there are always ignorant retards around.

As for the columns, I'd like to thank P. Edwin Letcher for always bringing the fun back to music. Thanks to ShitEd for laying down the truth. I want to get a gun and fuck every PC pussy who doesn't live where crime is and want's to take my right away. Society is a straight jacket. I've been watching the Simpsons and Eight Is Enough and listening to Germs, Partz, the Stones, and everything on GTA. "My baby got run over, wah wah ooh, by a steamroller." -Adicts
Love,
Johnny Racecar

PUT THE BONG DOWN

Dear Flipside,

I've got this problem that I've yet to see addressed in your magazine and I need help. You see, about seven weeks ago I felt a certain, well, discomfort in my posterior. It usually felt strongest whenever I sat down. After a few days, though, I got used to it and forgot all about it. Anyway, a couple of weeks later I got out of the shower and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. There, planted squarely on my right butt cheek, was a cyst the size of a fist. This wasn't an ordinary cyst, though. It looked exactly like former president Richard Nixon. Luckily for me, I wear baggy pants, for I was able to hide the cyst from my punk rock peers even as it grew in girth (currently it's about the size of a human head). Another has begun growing on the left cheek now, and it bears an uncanny resemblance to Russian Czar, Peter the Great. Let me tell you about last week, though. This is so hard... Umm... It was after gym class and I snuck in to take a shower after all my friends had finished. Unfortunately, I forgot it was my birthday and they all snuck in to surprise me with a cake and a new jockstrap. Guys, I cannot even begin to describe the howls of laughter that reverberated through that locker room! But look, I can deal with the kids at school making fun of me, I can deal with being called

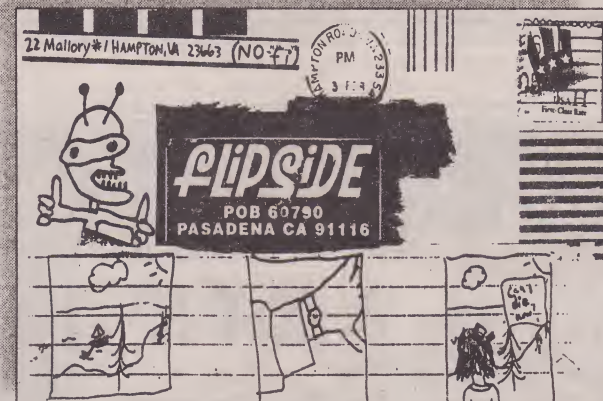
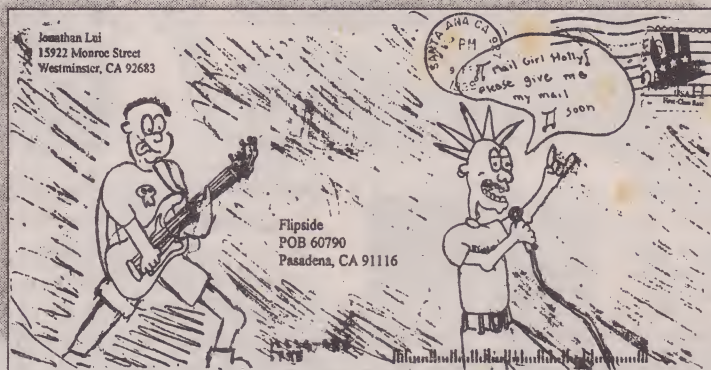
"Rushmore" by every two-bit comedian in town... I can even deal with the cute girl next door asking if I can make my cysts talk. But what is killing me is that some sorry sack of shit leaked my predicament to the national fucking media. Now I'm getting calls from Maury, Sally, Geraldo, "Hard Copy" and the fucking Fox network every four minutes. Rikki wants to know if the cysts are cheating on each other and Jenny wants to give them a "celebrity makeover," whatever that is. You guys gotta help me 'cause I'm going fucking shit-house, man. What do I do? Yours in misery,
Ryan Masterson

HISTORY IS FOR POSERS

You are minus 1000 skiffle points,

I'm not the sick boy - just because you (sick) don't have anything in common with the "minorities" you've met doesn't mean you should dismiss the whole race! The simple fact is that most of the human race (white, black, whatever) simply can't stand loud, fast music. Play real punk rock in your average college dorm and see how fast the room clears. What do you mean they can't accept themselves (non-whites) being in punk and skating? Have you interviewed every single non-white in those scenes? Do you have psychic powers? Virtually all the "white music" I've listened to rarely seems to have anything to do with a specific white soul searching agenda. Unless it's hidden. I'm sure if you looked them in separate rooms, a white punk band and an Asian punk band would eventually write the same fucking song. No, you are not a nazi. If real nazis took over, they would probably ban punk rock altogether and I know even you wouldn't want that. Who gives a shit anymore about the fucking Civil War? It was over 130 years ago. Give it a rest. The reason we have so much social ignorance is that people keep living in the past and can't move on towards the future. I like how in each letter you write there is always a Jew attack seamlessly written in. If you hate 'em so much, stop going to banks and hide your money in your mattress. Is John Wilkes Booth haunting you and he won't stop until you exonerate him publicly? Looks like you've fought everyone. Does anyone like you? A bunch of whites did march together after Million Man; they were called the Promise Keepers and they were ultra-conservative religious faggots. 12 Tribes of Israel? Isn't that where Jews come from? "Uh, yeah, but some of them traveled around, so they're not Jews anymore."

You bring up Hindu religion. Stop it! From now on, try to explain your theories without referencing religion. While in prison, only read porno mags, not the Bible or the Koran, etc. As for gays, I don't include much fiber into my diet and the other day I took a nasty constipated shit. It actually hurt me and I'm glad I'm hetero and don't have something going in and out of my ass. Let's talk about other shit. Did anyone see Jerry Only and his daughter on MTV in January? They were talking to the vee-jay who pretends to be a heroin addict/retard. His daughter is kinda cute and Jerry looked out of place! Worst band of '98 (it's almost 2000!) Is Sugar Ray. I know Todd gave them a positive review (Flip with Joykiller), but they are constantly saying they don't give a shit about their music.



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Whether you're punk, pop, or metal, you can at least put some pride and integrity into your work. Imagine if Pete Townshend said, "Our music is neither good nor bad" like S.R.'s Mark McGrath said. Lunacy!
I'm too punk to own dinner plates,
Johnny Racecar
P.S. This is most likely the final season of Mystery Science Theater 3000 on the Sci-Fi channel. Original creator Joel Hodgson will be appearing in the premiere episode. Everyone please watch this season and cheer out www.mst3kinfo.com won't you? Thank you.
(When I saw Sugar Ray open for the Cows, I liked 'em. They were dressed like dead Presidents and it reminded me of a bank robbery. Can't say I've heard of them since, unless it was on a car that passed with its stereo on. Wouldn't know. I take it they're still around? You should spend some time watching some quality TV, like whales humping or wondering if Teletubbies get dizzy looking at their TVs upside down and not worry about a person that'll be forgotten soon enough. Pete Townsend rules still, even if he is deaf. -Todd)

UNITY THROUGH DIVISION

Flipside Readers:

Why can't punk unite? I've been listening to this music since 1998 and I just can't understand why we can't all seem to get together. Instead of fighting with each other, we should all unite to destroy this capitalist system that keeps us under its thumb, waste some pigs and kill off every poseur ska punk we can find. Just thought I'd get that out in the universe for discussion.
Kill the peace punx,
Sid Fishes

KNOW BOMBS, NO REMORSE

Al, Holly, Todd,

Greetings from the Texas prison system. First let me say thanx for running the interview and sending me a copy. The funny thing is, had I known that Flipside had become a forum for kooks like Sickboy, who is obviously not sick but retarded, I would have a lot more to say... So I'm gonna say it now.

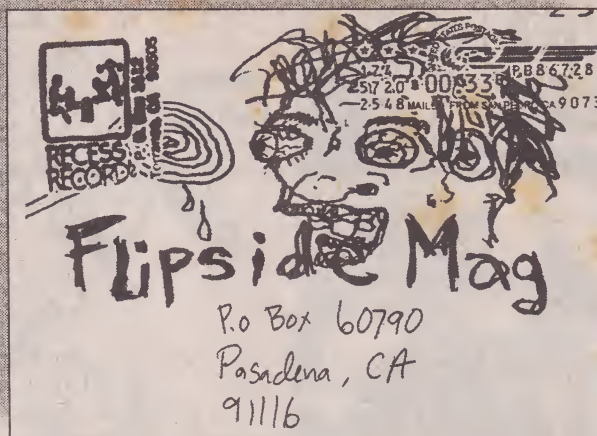
The very first thing I read in Flipside is the letter section and in the issue you sent the first letter was from Kirin and labeled "Anatomy of a With Hunt" in which she ranted on about free speech and the poor folks at Resistance Records had been raided, how the "black metal" band Blood Axis couldn't book a show as they were involved with racist, then to top it off, she says it is no wonder that these people turn their backs on the "scene." I found all this highly funny. Resistance Records were not raided because they were racist, but because George Burdi (aka George Eric Hawthorne) was too incompetent to keep up with his taxes, never mind that he has also been involved in violent physical attacks on punx, anarchist, and anti-fascist activist in Canada and the USA, and never mind that he has close links to the folks at church of the Creator. All of that doesn't matter to the tax man.

Blood Axis is another story. Were they censored or just exposed? That is the real question. I have heard members of racist bands themselves laugh and joke at how they played at a punk venue and no one even "caught on" that they were singing songs about Hitler's pretty mustache, and in my opinion, I think punx have a right to know what the band they pay money to see is about. Punk is about more than standing in a pit and nodding your head to whatever the idiot with the mic says. It is about making a decision for yourself and it seems to me that folks made that decision when they found out that Blood Axis' singer was/is a racist. The black metal scene is rife with nationalism and racism and it is our duty to tell others that and to tell them we will not tolerate them.

But the thing that really gets me is the comment about "It's no wonder that people turn their backs on the scene, it's no wonder people get fed up and walk away." To say this, one must first assume that they were a part of the scene in the first place, right? Well, I've been around punk rock for over half my life (and I'm no spring chicken) and so far as I have seen there have been no folks like this in the punk scene. So far as I remember, it was punx that fought every day with racist boneheads that would show up just to ruin our shows. So far as I can recall, it was us that started the "Fuck off nazi punks" thing. In fact, I can't recall a time when racist bullshit like Eric Hawthorne has ever been allowed to be part of the punk scene. Maybe I'm wrong. You let me know.

I came in on this debate a bit late and I don't have a clue who Paul Mendelowitz is or what he stands for, but given other's comments, I can feel safe in saying this. There is nazi trash of every color, creed, and nationality, etc. Fascism is an ideology that is present in all societies. The state of Israel has its form (Zionism), the German state had nazism, and the USSR had Stalinism. So hearing that there is a Jewish person spouting national socialist rhetoric is no surprise.

Now to Sickboy. I wish I was there to show you what I mean instead of just addressing this with words. First, I can't even believe that Todd and ShitEd bothered even answering to your stupidity, worse, printing it. The fact that you list MDC, Bad Brains, Minor Threat, GBH, and several other bands as the "real punk/hardcore" says a lot about you. It says you have been listening to music that you didn't even understand. Not for a week or for a few months, but you listened to it for years. Boy, you are a poor example of the "master race." What kinds of rocks do you have in your head? I'm sure the great folks in MDC are proud to know you were a fan. And I'm sure had you tried to explain that warped logic that you exude to the Bad



Brains, they would have met you with warm and open arms saying, "Oh, he really is a true punk." The facts are that these idiots who we, the punk community, allow to spout idiocy and hate so openly are the exact reason why our "scene" has failed to move in a forward manner. It is idiots like these that make folks turn their backs. Every year we lose valuable people who are part of our scene because they get tired of battling the morons, get tired of putting on shows only to have some crew of boneheads come in and destroy the place or start fights with the punx and skins. The fact is, punk is political. It is working class, and its very nature is anti-authoritarian, and the times that we have lost sight of those things were because we allowed idiots to sidetrack us and corrupt the real nature of what it is to be punk. Do they deserve free speech? Sure, in their own rags - in their own scene, but no, they don't deserve the attention of our scene. Anyone that feels otherwise should just order a sub for "Resistance" and try to get some space in that rag. The fascist aren't interested in giving us free speech. What they would like to give us is another gas chamber - another holocaust.

Also, I'd like to add that I was a bit concerned with all the graphics that went along with the interview with me. The bombs and crosshairs, etc. While I can't deny that I've used these tools, and I can't deny that I've used violence in a political fashion, I hardly think that it is what I try to emphasize. But anyone who reads what I had to say will understand that. At any rate, it was great to see it in the pages of Flipside, especially given the various racist that had their chance to spout their rhetoric in the letters section.

Anyone interested in my case and history can go to my web site <http://www.worksintl.com/freeschrisplummer> though I have no idea what's on it, or they can write me direct. Take care and rock on! Refuse, resist, exist!

Christopher Lee Plummer, 677345 Rt 2 Box 4400 (Hughes Unit ad-seg, Gatesville, TX 76597)

(Hey Chris, Todd here. The only reason I added graphic stuff to your interview is that I asked

Claustrophobia, your contact, for some stuff to use and what they sent was almost unprintable from a reproduction standpoint. Believe it or not, we spend quite a bit of time on layouts here, and I just went with the thematics of your interview. I just happened to be handed a picture of a bomb a week earlier. As for free speech - it's an ugly motherfucker and if it's going to work, it isn't just for you or me or Sick Boy exclusively. Printing something doesn't mean agreement. If that were the truth, by the time you got through Rolling Stone, you'd have to buy a car from every full-color ad and end up with a lot of expensive, shitty music.)

POOFY HAIR A MUST

Dear Flipside,

Please run an interview with rock legend Billy Squier in one of your future issues. If you can't locate him, how about Aldo Nova or the guys in Helix? Some of us still like that good-time rock, dude. Sincerely, Judas Maiden (yes, that's my real name!)

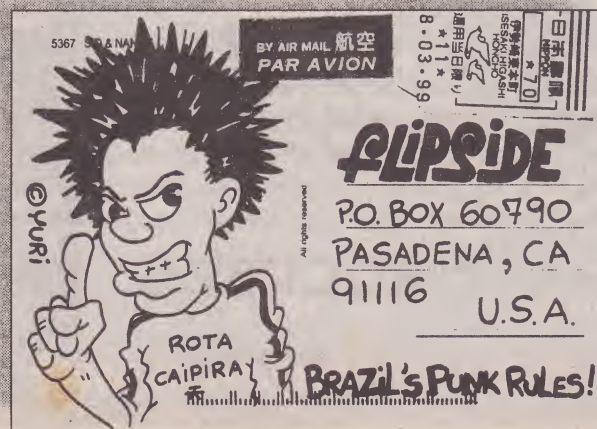
CAPTAIN CRUNCH. PURVEYOR OF DEATH. WHODATHUNK IT?

Attention: This is very cereal.

My name is Angst Sickly. I'm here to destroy the illusions the corporations have created in your head about food. I plan on this taking awhile. I just want to plant the seed and let it grow. I know that in the punk scene there are vegans, vegetarians, and meat eaters. What I have to say affects all of you, us, them. Now, I'm a student of nutrition, human anatomy, and I've dabbled in all of the new age healing. The stance I will take here is one of simplicity. I'm going to discuss natural hygiene. What is natural hygiene, you ask? Well, it's the same thing as a dietitian would teach we just minus the drugs and myths. Fuck the descriptions. Here, I'll tell you the truth, you think about it, then you come to your own conclusions.

Let's start out with the huge breakfast cereal bullshit. Eating a traditional breakfast is one of the most unhealthy dietary habits in existence in this country. All that propaganda about breakfast being the most important meal of the day is a bunch of commercial bullshit. This propaganda is swallowed hook,

line, and sinker by everyone not having an understanding of human physiology. It serves commercial interests. Even the dietitians and nutritionists, who one would expect to know better, have fallen victim to the play perpetrated by the cereal producers in the early part of this century to fool people into eating their products every day upon awakening in the morning. "Why?" you ask. Go look at the price of cereal and think about how many boxes you've consumed and let the dollar signs flash in your eyes. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day "to skip!" Your own common sense, a commodity surely lacking in today's "experts" will bear out the validity of this statement. The energy required for digestion of conventional foods is large! Digestion takes more body energy than any other function. Food put into the stomach becomes number one priority, and the body must proceed with digestion immediately. It takes a huge amount of energy, as evidenced by the traditional afternoon naps and the warnings not to go swimming after eating a meal so energy won't have to be divided between digestion and physical activity. What is your natural usual inclination after eating? To rest or to run around? Do you remember last Thanksgiving? After somehow find-



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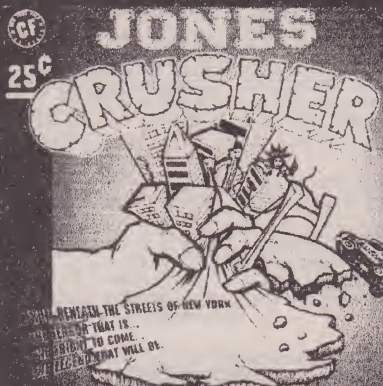
HEY FUCK-O

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ing a way to get just "one more bite down," did you feel like doing jumping jacks or like becoming one with the couch?

When you wake up in the morning, you have at your beck and call more energy right then than at any other time of the day. Ever woke up late and had to be somewhere an hour ago? I bet that was the quickest you've ever put on your clothes and got cleaned up. Am I right? If you eat a "hearty breakfast," you are going to use up a huge quantity of your available energy. That's where the all-American coffee break comes in. After eating a traditional breakfast, which is a slap in the face to the principle of proper food combining, (Side note: I'll touch on this right now, but I'll get more in depth in the next article. Proper food combining is based on the fact that your body uses different acids to break down different foods. If you've got two acids fighting each other, it usually ends up you having indigestion, acid reflux, heartburn, et cetera.) The body is working so hard dealing with it, using up its energy, that it's straight to the coffee machine for that "pick me up." The tragedy here is that the energy called upon to digest the breakfast is the energy that was to be used to fuel the elimination cycle. Oh, I haven't even told you about that yet, have I? Well, let me fill you in. Now, don't forget where we left off. We will be back there.

Every physiological function of the body operates under certain clearly defined cycles. In the 1940s, a Swedish scientist by the name of Waeland first laid out what hours of the day correspond with each cycle. He did this by determining the timing of the elimination cycle. By knowing when the elimination cycle is dominant, it is an easy matter to determine when the others, in turn, dominate because they follow a natural order. Thus, the assimilation cycle must follow the appropriation cycle. If a blood test were to be taken every hour on the hour for twenty-four hours, it would show that the bloodstream is most heavily burdened with the by-products of metabolism during the hours between 4:00 AM and 12:00 noon, indicating the stepped-up elimination cycle, because it is the blood that carries waste material to the four channels of elimination: the bowels, bladder, lungs, and skin. So the three cycles and their respective times are: appropriation cycle: 12:00 noon to 8:00 PM, assimilation cycle: 8:00 PM to 4:00 AM, elimination cycle: 4:00 AM to 12:00 noon.

Although each of these three processes are always going on to some extent, the function of each is heightened during certain hours of the day. The appropriation cycle is the time of day when the body is most capable of efficiently taking in and digesting food. Assimilation is more intense while we are asleep, and it is during this cycle that the nutrients extracted from food and absorbed from the digestive tract are most heavily utilized. The elimination cycle is when the body has accomplished its other chores and rids itself of waste. Elimination is not merely one bowel movement, it's the overall elimination of waste from all of the cells and tissues of the body. When you awaken in the morning with what is called "morning breath" or with a coated tongue, you are witnessing first hand the effects of the elimination cycle. The elimination cycle is, without question, your greatest ally in the preservation of health and prevention of disease. If the toxic waste that regularly builds up in your system can be effectively removed just as regularly, your system will remain clean, and health, rather than disease, will build. The purpose of the elimination cycle is to remove toxic waste from the body. It's your body's built-in mechanism for cleaning itself so don't mess with it. OK, remember where we were? Let's get back to that, but first I've got to say Reverend Horton Heat rocks your ass... So as I was saying, the energy being used on digesting your breakfast should be used on your elimination cycle. It is diverted to the stomach instead, thus severely impeding the all-important daily cleansing cycle. If this scenario is played out every day, that means this critical cycle is "never" allowed to perform its health-producing functions. Ill health is the only possible consequence.

By regularly thwarting the elimination cycle you lay the foundation for and guarantee diminished health. Enter fruit, the one food that demands practically no digestive energy. It is the perfect food to eat in the morning. It is the only food that should be eaten in the morning. If you wish your elimination cycle to properly cleanse your body - and why wouldn't you - the single most beneficial habit you can possibly cultivate is the habit of consuming exclusively fresh fruit and fresh fruit juice from the time you awaken in the morning until 12:00 noon. Exclusively! Anything else will stay in your stomach and hamper the elimination cycle. Of course, this does not mean that if on occasion you don't adhere to this strategy, all is wasted. No, no! However, the less often you violate this principle, the better. Even if you eat fruits in the morning only two or three times a week, that is better than nothing. But before accepting or rejecting any of this, try it. As I've said, it's the easiest thing in the world to verify for yourself. Hell, don't believe me. Simply try it for a week and see if you don't feel better. Do it for one week, then don't do it for the next week. You'll see. You don't need an expert to tell you you feel better. What I have conveyed above and what I will continue to relay to you are principles to natural hygiene and the elements of health as mortar is to brick. Alright, so there you have it. So now all you hardcore anarchists, punks, baldies, and corporate haters put my word into action. Moderation is the key to good health. Next we discuss animal products. I can feel your excitement. Dunt, dunt, dunt... fuck off!

Yeah, I'm a little pissed. Angst Sickly
PS, you are what you eat!

PAUL WHO?

Todd,
Why don't lay off that Paul guy, dude? I mean, like he's got all the right ideas and shit, you know? I'm Vietnamese and also think that we should get rid of all these fucking minorities. They're fucking up this country big time. Line up all the "mud people" and ship 'em all off to those ovens in Germany and Poland. man. They haven't been getting much use lately, anyway. And while we're at it, let's nuke the shit out of all those little islands in southeast Asia that keep giving us problems. I just want to say that I'm down with you, Paul. You are a true patriot for the imminent Caucasian revolution. Skrewdriver and Rahowa both rock, and I bet that the car that hit Ian Stewart was made in Japan and was being driven by some jerk off from Pakistan. Ian was fucking martyred for the white race, man! White Power, Johnny Nguyen

MORE TOP TENS

ADAM BALIVET's Top Ten List

1. Bad Religion "No Substance"
2. "The Big Lebowski" (film)
3. Bomboras at Club Toast w/ The Cramps (Burlington, VT)
4. The Connie Dungs
5. Less Than Jake "Hello Rockview" box of 7's
6. The Martians
7. Misfits at Club Toast
8. Nashville Pussy at Club Toast
9. Rushmore (film)
10. Unity Tour (Agnostic Front, DK Murphys, etc.) At Club Toast

BRYAN LEED's Top Ten

- #1 "Bed" by Juliana Hatfield CD (Rounder/Zoe Records)
I tried to forget her, but I can't. She's the best. She's a veteran, not a virgin! She writes, sings, plays all guitars, and produces it all herself, and the result is my favorite CD of 1998.
- #2 "Julie Ruin" by Julie Ruin (aka Kathleen Hanna - Kill Rock Stars)
This debut solo CD is full of ingeniously clever and catchy hooks, constructed almost entirely by pasting together the most simplistic sound samples, resulting in funk music for punk sensibilities, not ghetto wannabes. A revelation of hybrid originality!
- #3 Third Grade Teacher "Greatest Hits" CD (Al's Bar)
Cantu was right, this band kicks ass! My best advice: Don't be fucking rockstars! Answer your own fan mail, get in the fucking van and tour out of state while school's out and maybe then you can beat the backlash and win more fan support. A truly fun, funny, and rocking CD!
- #4 Bikini Kill "The Singles" CD (Kill Rock Stars)
Deserves a higher ranking, but it's only a re-issue EP on CD. Deserves to be heard! Now I wish that I had not ignored them back in the day.
- #5 Sleater-Kinney "The Hot Rock" (Kill Rock Stars)
Two steps back and one leap ahead. These critics darlings return to the dense, inaccessible wasteland of two albums back while daring to go slightly mellower than ever before. This album gets better with repeat listenings, reading the supplied lyrics, and applying a lot of patience and faith that eventually this too will make sense to the listener. Lots of great songs camouflaged for fear of selling out. A shame. A triumph!

PETER

Hey kids, I liked your "Top Tens" feature in #116 so much that I wrote my own (except I thought that there was WAY too much good stuff that came out in '98 to name just ten, so here's 15):

1. Dillinger Four "Midwestern Songs of the Americas"
2. Kid Dynamite, self-titled
3. Screeching Weasel "Television City Dream"
4. Teen Idols, self-titled
5. The Get Up Kids "Four Minute Mile"
6. Avail "Live in San Francisco"
7. Less Than Jake "Greased"
8. Rocket from the Crypt "RFTC"
9. Electric Frankenstein "How I Rose from the Dead"
10. Scared of Chaka "How to Lose"
11. Snuff "Tweet Tweet My Lovely"
12. Jets to Brazil "Orange Rhyming Dictionary"
13. The Candy Snatchers "Human Zool"
14. Ann Beretta "Bitter Tongues"
15. Various Artists, "Goin' After Pussy"

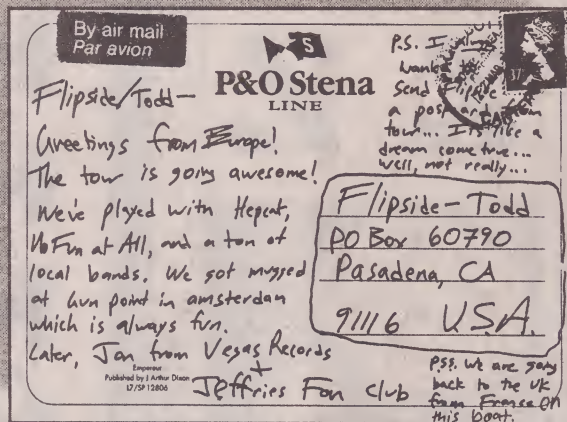
Oh yeah, one more thing. Why was there no D4 interview? I almost shat myself when I saw them on the cover, yet there was no interview. What gives? Other than that, keep it up.
Yours, Peter
(Wasn't the first time that a band was on the cover and not in the issue nor will it probably be the last. Kooky, ain't it. They were mentioned in quite a few top tens - read the editorial, that's why. Just like Sluts for Hire a couple years back (they won the Flippies). -Todd)

GREG HETSON

- Top 10 pre-fab groups
1. The Monkees
 2. Boney M
 3. Village People
 4. The Banana Splits
 5. Take That
 6. Up With People
 7. Harlem Globetrotters
 8. Bay City Rollers
 9. Menudo
 10. Milli Vanilli
- How's that?

ALAN THE GODDAM KING from HELLSTOMPER

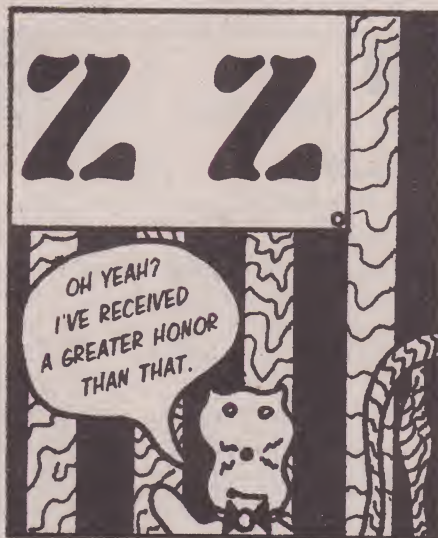
Chiming in with my top ten... Somebody's gotta represent all the white trash... Over and out
-ANTISEEN - 15 year anniversary bash in Philly
-David Allan Coe, "If That Ain't Country (Live at Billy Bob's)"
-Hammerlock, "American Asshole"
-Dick Curless, "Pull 'em off the Interstate (best of on R&T)"
-Rancid Vat's live CD
-Dee Snider & His Sick Mutha Fuckers' live CD
-Black Oak Arkansas, "Live in Chattanooga, TN"
-Bootleg Bill, "Recorded While No One Was Looking"
-ANTISEEN, "Mean Woman Blues" 7"
-Tunnel Rats, "Our War is Never Over"



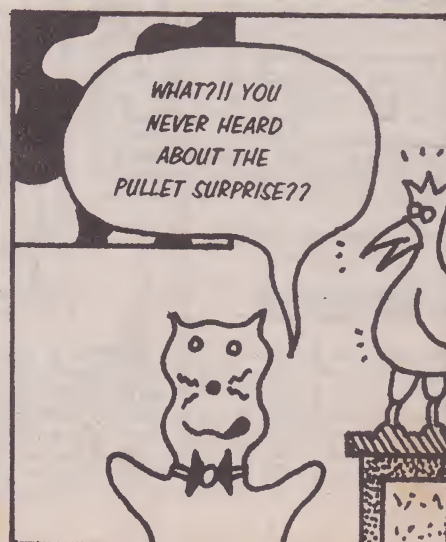
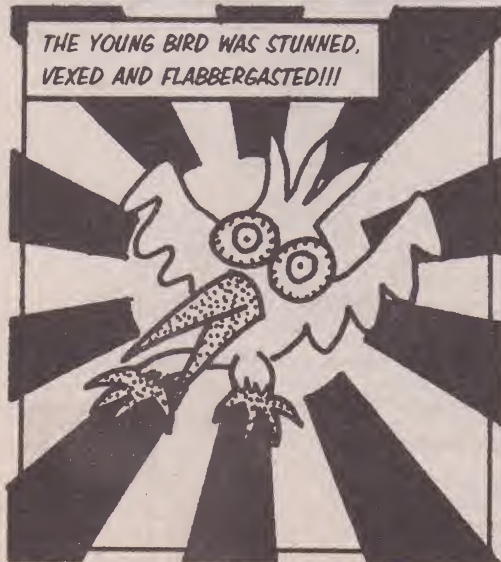
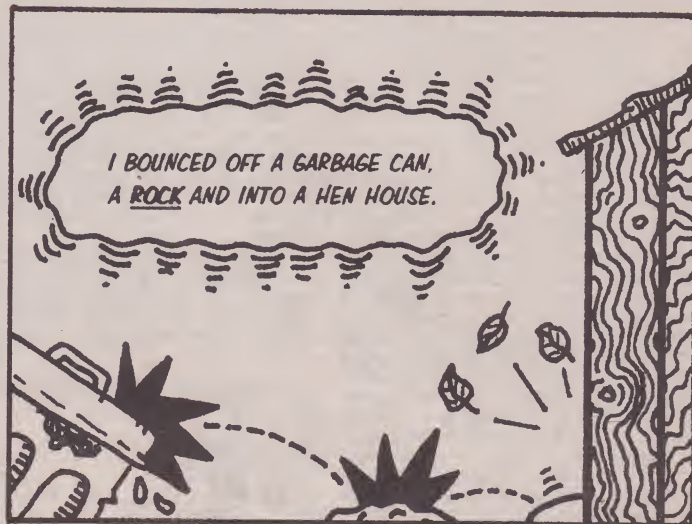
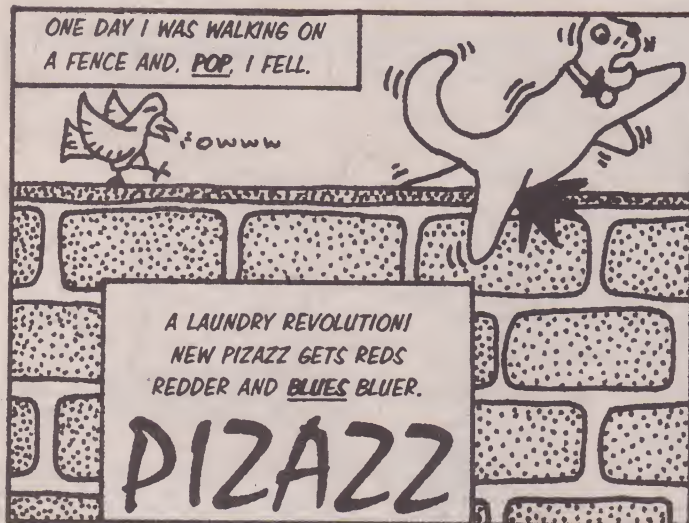


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EXCITING CONTEST: THERE ARE NINE REFERENCES TO VARIOUS GENRES OF MUSIC CLEVERLY HIDDEN WITHIN THIS ISSUE'S FANTASTIC STORY STARRING STUBBO!! THE FIRST FIVE READERS WHO FERRET THEM OUT AND SEND ME A NOTE, C/O FLIPSIDE, LISTING THEM, WILL WIN THE GROOVY STUBO BOOK, FROM WHEN STUBO SPOelled HIS NAME WITH ONE "B" AND THE ANIMATED, 35 SECONDS LONG STUBO VIDEO. SO...ARE YOU FEELING LUCKY, PUNK???



HA HA
IN WHAT COUNTRY, STUBBO?!!
HA HA
HOW'D YOU SWING THAT WITH
HA HA
NO PAWS, YOU STUMPY LOSER?!!
HA HA



THE END

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE VS. CHEROKEE PARKS OF THE VANCOUVER GRIZZLIES!

Professional sports and punk. My own experience with interviewing "team" players is that they are extremely guarded. For instance, in a "chat" with goaltender Felix "The Cat" Potvin (now on the New York Islanders) he talked about listening to the UK Subs when he was a kid growing up in Quebec. I thought this was incredible! However, he wouldn't "open up" and share

6'11" and your sister is...

Cherokee: My sister is about 6'2". On stage she is about 6'5".

Nardwuar: She has quite a few tattoos. How about yourself? I heard you have a Motorhead tattoo!

Cherokee: Nah, I don't have a Motorhead tattoo! I've got a few of them though but I don't think I'll be able to take over Corey. She's out of control, but I'll try though!

Nardwuar: What's that tattoo you've got on your shoulder there?

I am quite jealous. People may not see how jealous I am but I think it's slammin' what she's doing. It's awesome!

Nardwuar: Are there many punkers in the NBA, Cherokee Parks? I mean, people that are into that stuff?

Cherokee: Nah, not a whole lot, maybe a handful but, nah, maybe one or two of us but that's about it.

Nardwuar: Are there any players that you can think of that would approve of Nashville Pussy being played here at GM



↑ Cherokee's calf

Nardwuar: So who do we have? We have Cherokee Parks, whose sister is Corey Parks from Nashville Pussy. And Ruyter's - who's in Nashville Pussy - mom, lives in Vancouver! Welcome to Canada! It's great to have you here, Cherokee!

Cherokee: Thanks a lot! Hopefully we can get into GM Place and blow it up a little bit!

Nardwuar: We're totally cheering for you! Now, you're huge! You're 6'11", right?

Cherokee: Yuh.

Nardwuar: Are you the tallest guy? I guess Bryant "Big Country" Reeves is the tallest. He's 7'0". He's the biggest guy, right?

Cherokee: He's about 7 foot. And we've got Greg who's in training camp - he's about 7 foot, 7'1". But I'm a shade above average. The average is 6'8".

Nardwuar: Now, if I want to beef up, I want to get big - say if I want to get big like Reeves, I heard you have a plan to get big, that you go on an ocean cruise and eat steaks, Cherokee Parks?

Cherokee: Obviously I have not been on a cruise yet! If that's the trick, I've got to get down on it! I've got to talk to Big Country! I've got to see what he's doing to bulk up 'cause he's got the plan down!

DOOT DOOLA DOOT DOO

his experience of (get this) jamming with the Dayglow Abortions! That sucked.

But my opinion on *some* of these jocks has changed with the onslaught of the new NBA season. Credit that to an individual named Cherokee Parks. A few months back I awoke to an urgent message from Grant Lawrence and Graham Watson of The Smugglers. They were super-excited because the Vancouver Grizzlies had just signed Cherokee Parks. Without giving anything away, let's just say he likes the Candy Snatchers, the Hookers, and of course his sister's band, Nashville Pussy!

Nardwuar: So, Cherokee Parks, I was talking to the band The Murder City Devils the other day and they said your sister is Corey Parks from Nashville Pussy! Is that true?

Cherokee Parks: Yeah, that's true, that's true! She's been rocking with them for a little over a year now.

Nardwuar: Cherokee, what are the similarities between you and your sister. You're

Cherokee: I've got a couple stars on my neck and I've got a couple of swallows on my shoulders and on the back of my neck as well.

Nardwuar: Cherokee, can you "blow fire" like your sister can? She's done it like 700 times!

Cherokee: Hell, no! Yeah, she's got it down now where she's blowing it like 4 or 5 times a show so, uh, nah, I won't even get into the front row for that! I'll stay in the back.

Nardwuar: I think it's totally amazing, like Cherokee Parks is playing for the Vancouver Grizzlies and Corey Parks is in the band Nashville Pussy! So, do you feel jealous of your sister? I read that it is your secret ambition, Cherokee, to play in a rock band, and now your sister's band, Nashville Pussy, is up for a Grammy award! A Grammy award!

Cherokee: Yeah, that's tough! That's tough. I mean, she's been rocking, I mean, she hasn't even been playing a bass all that long and to be set up for a Grammy, so

Place in Vancouver?

Cherokee: Uh, nah, not in the league, no. And in the organization and the head office, definitely not!

Nardwuar: How about Latrell Sprewell? Is he a punker?

Cherokee: Definitely not! Maybe more of a hood!

Nardwuar: It's great to have you in Vancouver, BC Canada, Cherokee, because a Canadian invented basketball, James Naismith.

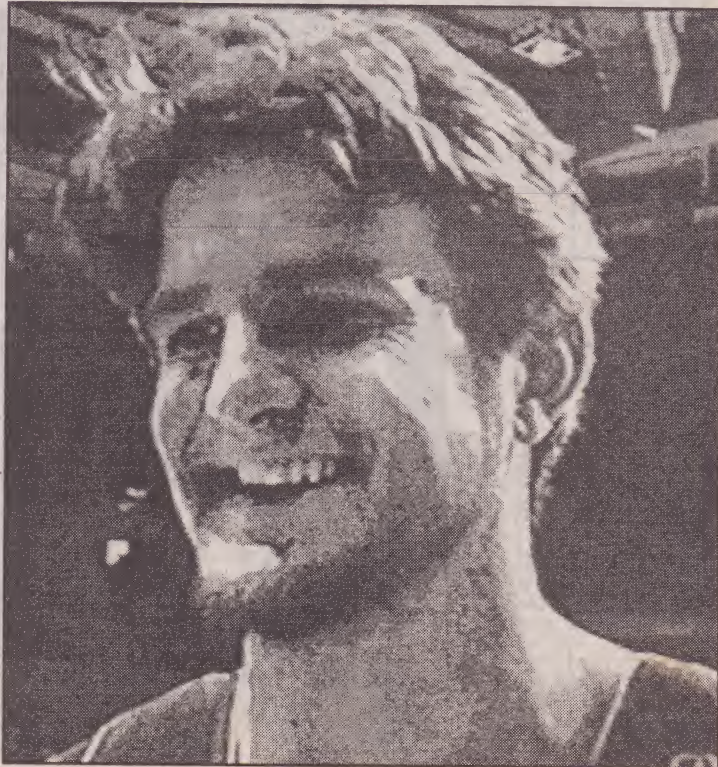
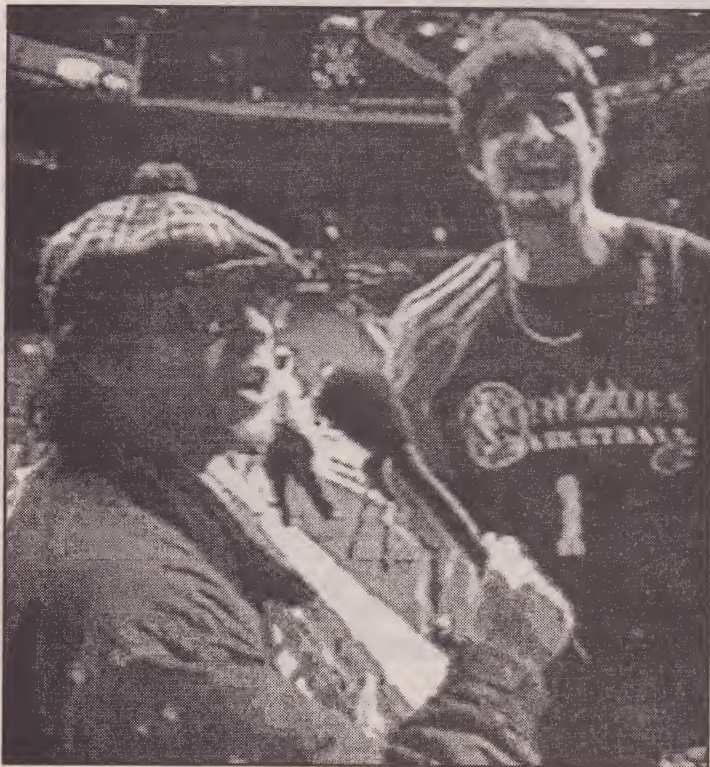
Cherokee: Yeah, I didn't know that. I know the game started in Kansas but I didn't know it was Canadian. I think that's dope.

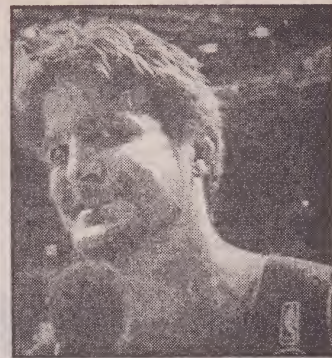
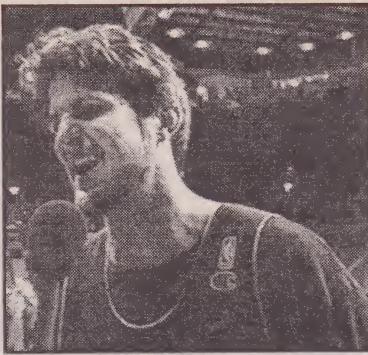
Nardwuar: And, Ruyter from Nashville Pussy, she's from Saskatoon!

Cherokee: Yeah, that's what I hear! She says her mom's going to help me out. She's knows all about totem art and stuff like that so that's cool. I mean, they're from all over the place!

Nardwuar: Because her mom lives in Vancouver, doesn't she?

Cherokee: Yes, she does. Yes, she does.





**Cherokee on Gwar's live show:
"It definitely leaves a
little tattoo on the brain!"**

Nardwuar: How did you do bulk up, though? Didn't you eat steaks on an ocean liner?

Cherokee: Nah, I haven't even been on an ocean liner, but if that's the trick, I've got to do it! As long as I get to sit in the sun while doing it!

Nardwuar: Cherokee Parks, you went to nine different elementary schools! That's pretty tough!

Cherokee: Yeah, we were all over the place. It was just me, my mom, my older sister Corey. It wasn't bad, we were always tight, so, you know, it was fun growing up like that.

Nardwuar: Did you have to fight at all? Is that where you became "punk," Cherokee Parks? I mean, Corey Parks from Nashville Pussy being a punk - did you have to fight?

Cherokee: Nah, that's just show! We're lovers, both of us. That's all a show, that fire, cocked and loaded, and all that crap, that's just show. When she's not at a show, she's a pussycat.

Nardwuar: Did you ever go to any punk gigs back then? You lived in Huntington Beach. Did you see the Circle Jerks or were you into punk then?

Cherokee: Yeah, I started listening to punk when I was like in fifth or sixth grade. I didn't even start going to shows maybe 'til late in high school. You know, I went to Seven

Seconds shows and I saw a Gwar show out in North Carolina...

Nardwuar: Gwar! Now, they almost give Nashville Pussy a run for their money don't they!

Cherokee: Definitely! Gwar's tight, man! I've gotta tell you, if you don't like their music, their show is, uh, damn! It definitely leaves a little tattoo on the brain!

Nardwuar: Cherokee Parks of the Vancouver Grizzlies, whose sister is Corey Parks of the punk band Nashville Pussy, you worked at a video store?

Cherokee: Yeah, I worked at a video store. My aunt ran a store so it was easy money.

Nardwuar: And you like bowling! So does that mean "Kingpin" is your favorite movie, Cherokee Parks?

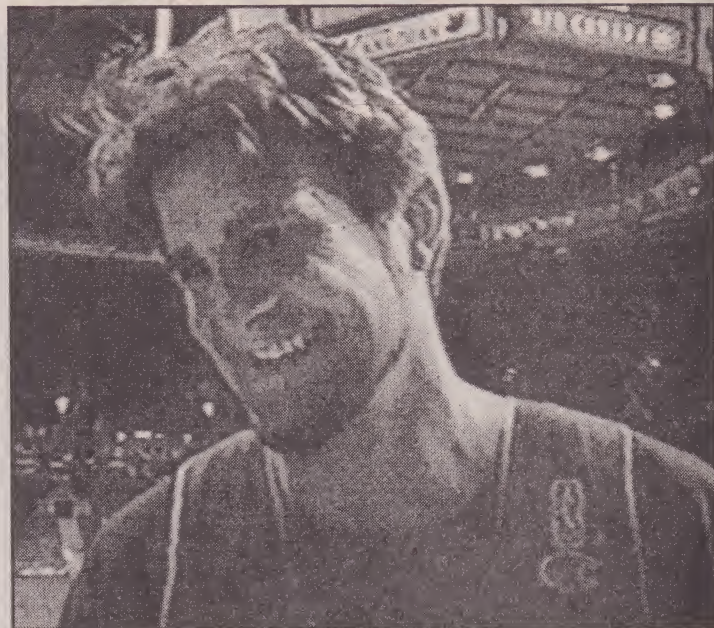
Cherokee: Nah, but it's up there! It's good! It's good stuff!

Nardwuar: What was it like shaking George Bush's hand? You shook George Bush's hand, the President of the United States of America.

Cherokee: I liked it, man. I wish I could have shook again rather than Bill Clinton but, uh, you know, he got the boot. I hope Clinton will get the boot soon, too.

Nardwuar: Okay, Cherokee Parks, keep on rockin' in the free world, and doot doola doot doo...

Cherokee: Doot doo!



All shots by Jay Mirus, Narwuar's intrepid camera man? Screen grabs by Randy Iwata.

**↓ Brother and sister Cherokee and Corey Parks, NBA and Nashville Pussy
©-Money**



As you are probably aware by now, January 21st, 1999 was "black Thursday" for the music industry. That was the day when predicted layoffs went into effect as a result of M.C.A.'s absorption of PolyGram Records. Rumors had been rampant since last December when Seagrams purchased PolyGram and the nine labels under it for 10.4 billion dollars that "reorganization" was going to be brutal. The resultant fifteen labels controlled by M.C.A. (now more commonly known as the Universal Music

the '70s they had people like Carole King, The Carpenters and Peter Frampton on the label but as far as people you may have heard of (or even give a shit about), they put out **Soundgarden**, Sheryl Crow and had very recently signed **Lutefisk**. Geffen was formed by David ("I never pay for lunch") Geffen in 1980 and the most famous artists signed to him in that year were John Lennon and Yoko Ono who released Lennon's final album "Double Fantasy" on Geffen. For the most part,

hit alterna-pay dirt with **Nirvana**, **Beck** and **Hole**. I think we can safely assume that their seats on the lifeboat are assured. As for the unlucky majority who are now adrift, quite a few of the unemployed A&R and publicist types that I know are trying to start indy labels. Dallas Don told me the other day that Lutefisk got dropped, maybe they'll get picked up by one of them. Who knows, in a couple of years "alternative" might actually mean alternative again.

I forgot to mention this last issue but The

Paper Tulips held a reunion at Al's Bar this past New Year's eve that featured original members Greg K. and Toast along with drummer-in-demand Bob Lee who all wore sparkle clothes to commemorate the gig. Bob played with The Tulips the previous New Year, so it seems like this is going to be an annual event. Greg K. has also mentioned that a full blown reunion with original drummer Squeeb isn't out of the question and may even happen later on in the year, so keep your fingers crossed. Also, if you just can't wait 'till the next Paper Tulips gig to see Toast play bass again, you should check out her new outfit **Les Beaux Peeps**. Of course, Toast plays drums more than adequately in the often under-rehearsed **Ray-O-Vac** but everyone knows it's on bass that she really kicks ass. Les Beaux Peeps (use the French pronunciation, please) also features Sherri from The Murmurs on drums, Michelle from Longstocking on guitar and Geraldine Fibbers drummer Kevin Fitzgerald on guitar, so it's pretty much an all-star line up.

Bob Lee played drums with his other band (which is normally his main one) a couple of months ago, **Claw Hammer**. This Al's Bar show was something of an event as well 'cause Claw Hammer has been on hiatus since last summer. During that time bassist Rob Walther has left the group and been replaced by Pat Hoe (alias Adam Bomb) and Andy Kaulkin has apparently joined part time to play keyboards. With so much bland music out there it's comforting to know that these guys are still around and sticking to their own warped musical aesthetic.

Speaking of reunions, **The SuperKools** are back together again! For those who may not remember (It wasn't that long ago - but what the hell, I have space to fill.), The SuperKools were an early Ramones-y sounding garage style punk band that formed in the early '90s and put out a CD on Big Dog Records as well as about five singles on various labels like Big Dog, Screaming Apple and Dionysus. They broke up and had a few false starts at

BOBISMS



Group) were condensed into four labels which will carry twenty-five acts each. Before reorganization, the fifteen labels combined carried 250 artists. Do the math. On the employee side, Geffen laid off some 110 employees and A&M closed its doors all together, bringing the unemployment total to around 500. As for the two label's rosters, the pick of the litter are supposed to be combined with the Interscope roster to form the I.G.A. Group. For the moment you can think of I.G.A. as the Titanic. Really huge and not nearly enough life boats to go around.

Now, for those of you who can't really tell one major from another (believe it or not, there are differences) I'll give you a brief overview. A&M was formed by Jerry Moss and Herb Albert (You know that album with the whipped cream-covered naked chick on the cover that sits in your parents record collection? That's Herb Albert.) in 1962 and in 1966 they moved their operation to the Charlie Chaplin studios on La Brea Ave in Hollywood. A&M was bought out by Polygram in 1989 and by '93 Albert and Moss were out of the picture. A&M has always been generally thought of as a highly artist-friendly label and in

Geffen Records was run like Geffen's previous label Asylum Records which was basically a hit-making factory. Asylum put together The Eagles and if that crime against humanity wasn't bad enough, Geffen rescued Aerosmith from obscurity in the late 1980s by bringing Steven Tyler and Joe Perry together with some pro song writers to crank out a few comeback hits for the group. (Now you know how that horrible song on the "Armageddon" soundtrack could actually have come from the same band that once did "Toys in the Attic".) Geffen Records was bought by M.C.A. in 1990 and by 1995 David Geffen had left his company to form DreamWorks SKG. Of course, by that time Geffen Records had





↑ **Clawhammer's**
Jon Wahl

re-uniting over the last five or six years but it looks like three of the original members - Jeff Cabot, Janet Housden and Jeff Martin - have finally managed to pull it off. They did mostly new material at their January Bar Deluxe gig with The Hangmen except for a few old chestnuts like "Why, Baby, Why?" and "I'm Gonna Miss You Some Day." The SuperKools are a clean and sober band these days and it seems to be working for them 'cause I think they sound better now than they ever have.

Also this past January I checked out Shampoo - not the Brit band, but a club that happens twice a month at the Garage in Silver Lake. Playing that night were **Electrolux**, **Gwen Mars** and **Astropanties** in what was a sort of sci-fi theme show. Eighties-tinged Electrolux, for example, featured a dancer that looked like a space-aged Bond Girl with a ray gun and Galaxina, the girl singer in Astropanties comes off like Jane Fonda as Barbarella fronting Missing Persons. Galaxina, I'm told, is actually former Popism singer Vilette and her new outfit is waaay new wave. As for Gwen Mars, singer/guitarist Mike Thrasher and his boys have the Oasis/Blur Brit-pop thing down so well he probably deserves to be Sean Lennon more than Sean Lennon does.

And finally, congratulations to Jenny McElrath from **Red 5** and Rocco Bidlovski from **Fluorescein** who got hitched 'late last February. Hopefully their bands haven't been dropped by their respective labels.

I ask you, what kind of heartless corporation would drop a pair of newly weds? Think about it.

-**Bob Cantu**



↑ **The Super Kools**
← **Paper Tulips'**
Toast, Bob Lee and Pat Hoe

Astro Panties
fronted by Galaxina

THICK
records

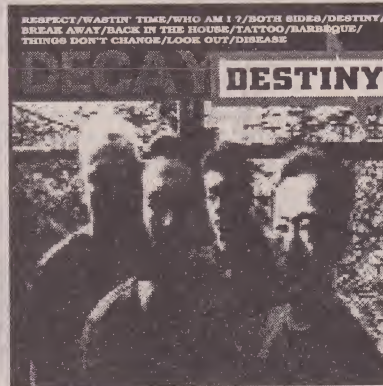
YOU DOWN SUCKA!
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SEASON TO RISK
THE **FIVE DEADLY**
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Origato! Or, as we Angelenos are wont to say, yo. I was browsing through my music collection recently (you know, picking up each piece, reading bits of liner notes, looking for release dates, feeling, smelling, that sort of thing) and it struck me that I've developed a rather strong appreciation for rock and roll from Japan. Not all of it, but more, it seems, than I used to. I don't know if there just happens to be more of it now that appeals to me, or if I was just never as aware of it as I am now, but I can certainly

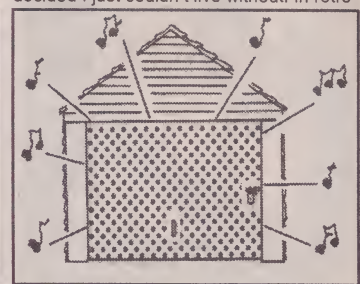
awful bands don't get on the labels that put out the kind of quality garbage that I seek out. Years from now I'll probably kick myself for not digging up the stinkers while it's relatively easy, but oh well. One last factor is the heavy accent and/or mangled English that is usually an integral part of the sound. Frankly, I love it and find these elements add immensely to my listening pleasure rather than detract from it. If you think about it, how many of us like early lggy records because his voice was so

a lovely, sentimental poem of tender love to turn me off of an otherwise happening tune.

Fast forward to the early '80s. Rockabilly and heavy metal were both enjoying yet another resurgence in popularity. I was working at Ape Leather (Hi Ellen!!) and there was always something blasting out of the company stereo. If not for the fact that some of the employees were into metal, I might have gotten through this period blissfully unaware of all the Wasps, Cireth

from the land of the rising sun who chose the rather curious moniker, **Loudness**. I mean, why choose an English word that you can't even pronounce to represent your entity with? Or perhaps something got lost in the translation and they were supposed to be Rowdness. Whatever the case, they were a fast and furious four piece who sang about kicking butts, among other things, and were one of the few heavy metal outfits, of their wave, that I decided I just couldn't live without. In retro-

NO CAR GARAGE



see an exponential increase in the number of Japanese groups that I've been following lately. The "made in Japan" label has undergone a 180 degree shift in meaning since I was a lad. I'll mention a few live shows and offer up an overview of the recorded music that's taken root in my stereo later. For right now, put on a pair of Bermuda shorts, grab your camera and come along for a whirlwind, three page tour of Japanese garage boogie woogie.

The bulk of the material I refer to is made with English speaking people in mind and is based on musical styles from the west that I already have a fondness for such as surf, rhythm and blues, raw garage rock and rockabilly. The reasons why there would be more of this spew finding its way to me from Japan rather than from other countries has to do with socio-economics and general trends in taste being somewhat parallel here and there. In some nations, the struggle for a meager existence precludes any notion of dropping hundreds of bucks for a guitar and amp set up or a drum kit to hang out in someone's living room making a bunch of racket that virtually none of the neighbors are going to tolerate. There are plenty of great musicians the world over, but in most areas they are driven to excel in more regionally traditional forms of music because that is where the money is and, naturally, that is where their hearts are. Many Japanese people have embraced things from the Western world, like baseball, fashion, technology, and art and then gone on to excel in these various worlds, often adding wonderful new spins along the way. That is abundantly clear in the examples I'll be lauding shortly. Perhaps the most obvious reason I like so much of the music that I get from Japan is that the fair to middlin' and down right god

finely trained and melodious? Some kid who can never hope to attain even that much constraint is an E-ticket commodity, right?... Of course! Some groups avoid these "pitfalls" by going into which also plays right into my hands.

The first song, I can think of, that I heard from the Far East is "Sukiyaki." The melody is so beautiful and distinct that it became a hit worldwide. The lyrics flow so well that it doesn't even matter that they are indecipherable to a large part of the public that shelled out their hard earned cash to make it part of their existence. For me, it is also a shining paragon of '60s musical art and at least one reason why I still consider its era so... well, groovy! One of these days I'm going to get off my booty and scout out the album that "Sukiyaki" came out on (if such an animal exists) and see what other gems the artist, Kyu Sakamoto, was responsible for. It's either going to be a brilliant album chock full of similar sounding masterpieces or (eminently more likely) a load of banal junk that will highlight the fact that "Sukiyaki" was good to go and the rest wasn't or it would have hit big too. Knowing me, like I do, it will be the later but I will think of it as the former. I often pick up works by love beaded one hit wonders and relish the laughably lame filler they thought would pass for music... but that's another story, eh wot? One last thought about this song of songs: I might not like it as much if I knew what it is about; there is nothing like

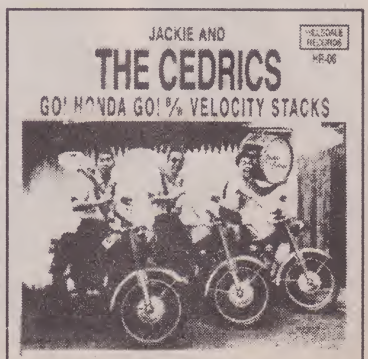
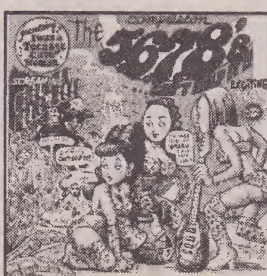
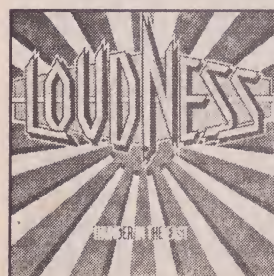
Unguls, Ravenses, Bitches, Ratts, ad nauseam. However, as was the case with my forced exposure to the Soap, "General Hospital," after awhile I was just about as avid a fan as you could ask for. I never

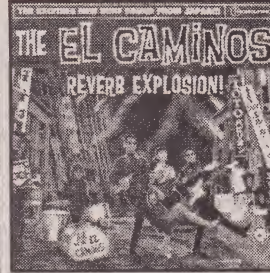
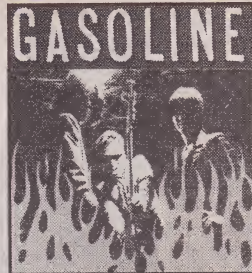
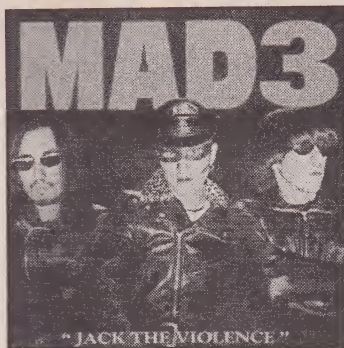
spect, I wish I had broken down and gotten one or more of their earlier LPs which were sung in Japanese. Oh well, I'm rich, I'll just pick up the imported CD versions while I'm picking up the "Sukiyaki" stuff. What's another forty or fifty bucks to me?...yeah, right.

As I mentioned, rockabilly was also the rage again. Now, while I never got those silly shoes with the stacked soles or took to combing my hair every few minutes, I did go through a phase in which any band with the word "cat" in it was worth giving a listen. There were the Stray Cats, the Pole Cats, the Rock Cats and...ya ta da...the **Black Cats**. I saw them exactly one time. If my memory serves me, they opened for the Stray Cats at Club Lingerie. They all wore leather jackets with their stylized cool cat cartoon logo, had immaculately groomed pomps, utilized a stand up bass and had all the moves. Their set was made up almost entirely of standards like, "Be Bop a Lula" and "Blue Suede Shoes." It was obvious that the singer was crooning phonetically. None of the members spoke English so it's likely the gyrating warbler didn't even know what he was getting so hot and bothered about... not that the lyrics make a whole lot of sense to begin with. If they put out any vinyl, I never saw it. If you've got a bead on



L→R Loudness "Thunder in the East" LP, American Soul Spiders/Super Snazz split 7", The 5,6,7,8's "Can't Help It" CD, Jackie and the Cedrics "Go! Honda Go! 7".
↑ Mach Kung-Fu "Bugged" 10"





L→R Mad 3 "Jack the Violence" CD, Lulu's Marbles "Jack the Lipper" 7", Gasoline's self-titled CD, Registrators "Terminal Boredom" CD, The El Caminos "Reverb Explosion" CD, Guitar Wolf "Something Else" 7"

these guys, drop me a line.

The Nuggets album was a real eye opener for me. I had heard most of the material, on the radio, as a kid, but I was reintroduced to all these wonderful, crazed, snotty visionaries again at a time when I was rather displeased with most of the modern music choices. Rather than being satisfied with all the awesomeness of the four sides of '60s underbelly hotties, I was left wanting to hear the more obscure work that didn't even rate bubbling under the charts status. I had albums by some of the bands and started hunting out the others, but even that wasn't enough. I embraced the Pebbles comps and various others that dredged up the bottom of the barrel muck that was lucky to have been pressed at all, let alone on a major label for AM air play. On one such collection, Boulders #7, there is a track called "Please Kill Me" by a Japanese band, the Mops. It mixes their native tongue with some utterly skewed English (the chorus becomes "Prease Kill Me") and some red hot, albeit commercially unfeasible, hoo tin', hollerin' and frugin'. Shortly thereafter, when I saw the "Sixties Japanese Garage-Psyche Sampler," on Columbia Records, I knew I'd hit some serious pay dirt. Holy cow, I thought (or a reasonable facsimile thereof), another Mops tune! ("I'm Just a Mops")... and a picture of them! ...and one of the groups, Outcast, looks just like the ever lovin' Dave Clark Five, for goodness sakes! The other bands, Golden Cups, Dynamite, Carnabeats, Tempters, Beavers, Bunbys, Spiders, D'swooners, Zoo Nee Voo and Fingers, do some killer originals and cover tunes like "Long Tall Sally" and (lord love a duck) "Gee Air Oh Are Eye a Groooria." If

anyone is thinking of pressing the original albums by any of these wild hipsters, I can guarantee at least one sale. Maybe I'll run across more Japanese '60s comps someday... (sigh). I used to go through the records at some of the shops in Little Tokyo but that is such a hit or miss proposition that I've given up on it. The few singles I decided looked cool are too wimpy even for me. Check out the suits on the gentlemen standing by the train. How could they fail me? They're about as exciting as new socks for Christmas, that's how. And the cross-eyed lass in the sailor duds makes them appear outrageously wild. I'll leave the work of sorting through the masses of mediocre music for the rare gems to the professionals.

In the early '90s there were a few groups that caught my attention. One was American Soul Spiders. They have since evolved into Teengenerate and I've not been impressed enough with the new sound to hold onto any of their releases.

Some of my friends swear by them,

though, and they have lots of energy so maybe it's just me.

The other ensemble was (is?) Super Snazz, an all female four piece with strong pop leanings. They have a fine rocker, "Johnny," on a split single with American Soul Spiders. I picked up a CD of theirs but it either got traded in after a few listens or ended up with my ex when we divvied up the loot. I remember being vaguely disappointed with it. As I recall they had two CDs out at about the same time and everyone I talked to said I

should have gotten the other one.

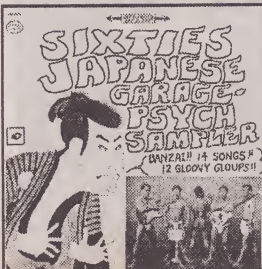
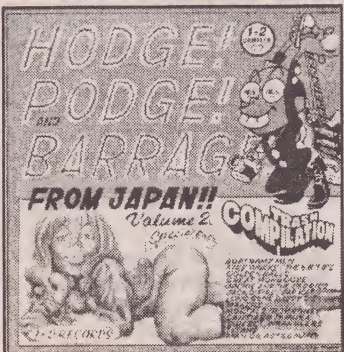
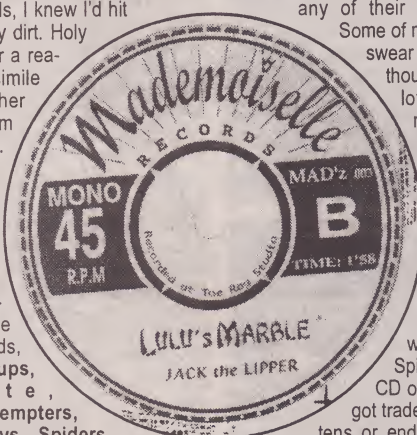
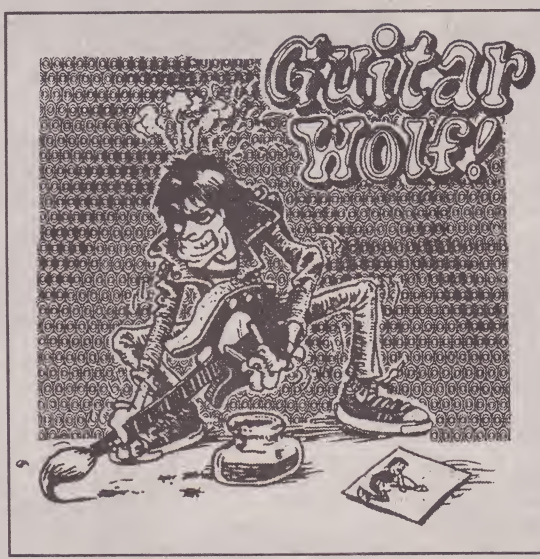
The next couple of Japanese groove machines I'm going to talk about are Guitar Wolf and The 5,6,7,8's. I became aware of both of them at about the same

Bottom of the Hill, in San Francisco. I had heard they were good but was still blown away with their loose yet powerful takes on late '50s and early '60s ravers along the lines of "Let's Have a Party," "Wooly Bully" and "Tallahassee Lassie."

The gals also write their own tunes, in the same general vein, and have an extensive repertoire of more obscure works from the golden age of rock and roll. Lead singer, Ronnie "Yoshiko" Fujiyama, has a strong, gritty delivery and accent aplenty. I sometimes think she sounds like a much older woman balling out her good-for-nothing husband but she can be sultry too and hasn't let me down once. Eddie, of Mad 3 (more on them shortly) was a member for a while. Each of the three times I've seen them was with a slightly different line up but they have always offered excitement plus! They travel with more luggage than Beverly Hills socialites and are known for spending hours back stage dolling up for gigs,

but hey, they deserve it! They are not as prolific as I'd like but I cherish all the recorded work they've unleashed and look forward to more, more, more.

Jackie and the Cedrics are another superlative act that has been around for awhile and have been putting out some swell recordings. The only time they played LA, as far as I know, was once at Jaberjaw. I have no idea why I missed it, but there you have it. I heard rumors that Rockin' Jelly Bean moved here for a while and was playing bass with The Invisible Men. When Mach Kung-fu (more on them shortly, too) played in town recently, Rockin' Jelly Bean was along for the ride and I got to talk to him. He is responsible for a good deal of the better graphic design and illustration work found on releases from the East and that is primarily what I was focused on. Somehow I had spaced on his



L→R "Hodge! Podge! Barrage!" various artists CD, "60s Japanese Garage-Psych Sampler" various artists LP, The Go-Devils 7", Six dudes in blue suits 7", Gal in sailor suit 7"

EDWIN
LECHER

being a Cedric until it was a bit too late to really quiz him much. I did find out that the band is still active. The first couple of singles I heard from them are instrumental and among some of the best of the crop of modern pretenders to the Ventures' throne. Their first 10"/CD mixes the twangy work outs with some vocal numbers, "Let's Dance," "Get a Little (Kissing)," et al. and is about as splendid as I could ask for.

The El Caminos are another shakin' instrumental band and they hail from Kobe. They have harnessed the power of a tsunami and come up with what their label refers to as "the exciting new surf sound from Japan!" While pretty straight forward, the swingin' four piece unit throws in some hopped up sound effects and have a knack for hunting out classic oldies that make up most of their material. Their originals are

good, too, and one, "Rolling Sushi," is supposed to imbue upon the listener, somehow, the concept of sushi bars that are equipped with conveyor belts that bring the tasty morsels right to the diner. Which brings up an interesting point; there is some silly vocal noodling on one track, but the rest of their CD, "Reverb Explosion!," is nothing but retro blasts of guitar, bass and drum tomfoolery... so... what difference does it make where they come from? I don't know.

"Hodge! Podge! and Barrage!" is a series of samplers from the Japanese label, 1 + 2, that combines American bands such as **Roy Loney** and **the Long Shots** and **The Makers** with their Japanese



counterparts. As well as The 5,6,7,8's and Jackie and the Cedrics, the CD I have, volume #2, features work from seven other Japanese artists. I wonder if I'll ever hear anything else from **Golden Balls**, **Great Mongoose**, **Jap Kat**, **Long Gone Daddy 0's**, **Sunset Wranglers**, **Santiago Tamura** or **The Titans**. I hope so; this is choice stuff, I tell ya. The only other Japanese labels, that I know about that are putting out this kind of garage manna are Time Bomb and Less Than TV. I wish them all blissful lives and prosperity up the yin yang. In the mean time, keep putting out these classy spasms, please.

Guitar Wolf mentioned one of their favorite bands the first time I saw them and have given them a plug at every opportunity. **Mad 3** is worth every gosh and golly lavished on them. They have adopted a trans generational (decadal?) formula that seems to work for them. Guitarist, Eddie Legend, is a personification of the '50s while drummer, Kyo, and bassist, Haruto, embody everything '60s and '70s respectively. They combine these musical styles into an excitingly down and dirty slug fest of a sound that includes onslaught of all the noise they can coax out of their equipment. Personally, I think of the band as the toughest example yet of Link Wray taken to sonic extremes. The only time I've seen Mad 3 was at Bar Deluxe and while I loved the band over all, I was flat out bowled over by how fookin' gear fab extraordinary Eddie is! Anybody can flail away at an E chord for a while, lean the guitar against an amp and get a standing ovation while the thing literally plays itself, but this cat knows his axe on a very personal level.

Mach Kung-Fu is yet another fine example of what rock and roll can be if all the cards are played out correctly. When they did a couple shows in town, a few months back, I made a point of catching both sets and even got an interview. Their English is (how you say?) limited but far better than my Japanese (nil). The band is made up of Very and Shake who trade off

(↑to↑) **Ron E. and the Rotters, The Flakes, Grand Royal Prix**
©s -Edwin

EDWIN'S

HUNGRY FOR JIVE!
SO EXOTIC WITH KADJ WUBBER!

SATURN V
HEAVY METAL

THE METALUNAS
X-MINUS-ONE

THE SCREWS
DAN BROWN
MICK COLLINS
MARTY MOORE
TERRI WAHL

THE VON ZIPPER
THE GENERATION

FIERY **FIVE**

HOT STUFF

Riding With Mary

Written and photographed by Mary Ellenberger

Talk about the post-holiday blues! This has got to be one of the most dull Januaries in history! One would think that bands would be touring here in droves to escape the colder climes, but with the weather so severe elsewhere, they probably couldn't even get their vans out of the driveway. Last year, we had "El Nino." This year, we got about an

Michael Quercio, "Paisley Underground" pioneer from the Three O'Clock, leads the Jupiter Affect through much the same material as his former band, Permanent Green Light. The kookily maniacal Chris Bruckner makes like Keith Moon, while Jason Shapiro (Celebrity Skin) and local rock scribe Dan Epstein trade leads on guitar. Michael's distinct tenor and masterful bass technique combined with his brilliant songwriting make this a unit not to be missed. I saw many per-

rock hits, but the performance suffered from their sour, poor-sport attitude. So sorry guys! Everybody was getting sloshed at parties or crying in their beer over their gambling losses at Sucker. By the time the Hellworms hit the stage, I was trashed on Surfers on Acid, courtesy of alterna-darling Rufus Wainwright. (Pity he plays for the other team.) What is a "Surfer on Acid", you ask? Take it, Bev Ridge:

"It is a shot made of Jagermeister, Malibu



members of the band, were wearing leiderhosen. They were very punk, oddly pop, and they dressed funny.

Now, I have heard carping here and there about how all we write about at Flipside is who put us on the list, who we were hanging out with and who was buying us drinks. It may come as some surprise to you that if we didn't mention these things, they might stop happening. Most people like to receive publicity. It's not name-dropping, it's a job. Anyway, I always keep the best stuff to myself.

Cuba Las Vegas, the suave, sophisticated, Nick Cave-alicious quintet, has been a fixture at Goldfinger's on Tuesday nights for

RIDING WITH MARY

inch of rain for the entire winter. I'm not complaining about the weather by any stretch, but something isn't right.

Club Sucker at the Garage seemed to be my only salvation in this bleak season. Shows featuring Gasoline, Los Super Elegantes, Jupiter Affect, and The Hellworms were well worth the subsequent Monday morning back-to-work hangover. Flipside's own, Gasoline, were especially tight and the hostess, Miss Vage, wouldn't leave Craig alone after their set. As I've said before, Los Super Elegantes go over the top with the dramady schtick. During their set, Martin and Milena tested the admiration of the tightly packed crowd by urging them to pass their bodies from the stage to the far end of the club and back to the stage again... twice. They're used to sold out crowds in the San Francisco Bay area and are now testing their appeal hereabouts.

mutations of PGL and I like this line-up better than any of those. They've released an EP/CD on Aerial Flipout Records (8205 Santa Monica Blvd. #1-305, LA, CA 90046-5912), but go see um live for some kick-ass pop!

On Super Bowl Sunday, it was pretty slow going at Club Sucker for Spunk, from Houston, TX, who were underwhelmed by the lack of response from the LA audience. They played a searing set of hard, fast ZZ Top-on-crank punk that culminated in a jacked-up medley of cleverly segued arena

Coco Rum and pineapple juice. At the Garage, they make them in highball glasses with ice and vodka to fill the glass. Potent and potentially very nasty, arm yourself with a designated driver if you should choose to go surfing on acid at Club Sucker."

The Hellworms were what I have come to expect from an Alternative Tentacles band - extremely talented and technically fine-tuned, unique and hard to classify. They seriously rocked and I hope to see them again soon in a more wholesome condition. I do remember the bass player, if not all the



Top of page:
Jeffrey Lee
Pierce drawn by
Gwynne Kahn
↑Cuba Las
Vegas at
Goldfingers
←Steve of the
Gain at Poptopia
→Kevin the
bartender and
guitarist for
Le Beau Peeps
with the
Eyeliners Lisa,
Laura, Gel.
Guess where?
Opposite page
(↑to↓)

This is NO!,
Slowrider at
Spaceland,
The Dining
Room Set at
Tempest



it seems like months now. The club is very dark and loungey (watch your step!) and would be the perfect spot for an illicit rendezvous. I wouldn't recommend going there to meet someone new - things could get scary! Cuba Las Vegas is easy on the eyes and ears and very well suited for this intimate sort of nightspot if you're looking for a change of scene to give your eardrums and throat a rest. I especially like it when Steve D. breaks from vocals and blows that smooth sax.

Just when I thought I should give up and hibernate for the rest of the southern California "winter," along comes Poptopia. Thankfully, it was not the bloated overly ambitious production that was last year's festival. Even so, I skipped several of the obviously interesting shows. I did make it out to the Martini Lounge to find that I had missed the Jupiter Affect (those Poptopians run a tight ship) and had to cool my heels a couple of hours while bands of the pop ilk that I find snore-worthy took the stage. I hadn't seen Flipside coverboys, **the Gain**, for something like five years. They gave the staid crowd a much needed aural transfusion of upbeat, invigorating, catchy mod-punk with tons of personality. Their cover of "Fox on the Run," a glam gem from the Sweet, was glorious! The crowd came alive and cried for more.

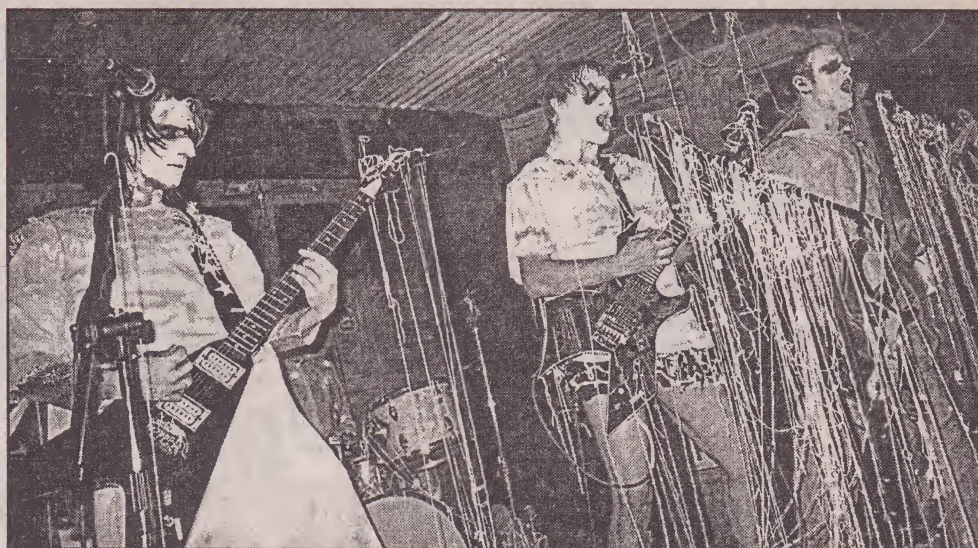
On Saturday, Poptopia started at noon with a day show at the Gig in the heart of the trendy Melrose shopping strip. The club was pretty plush with lots of cushioned divans, state of the art sound and - gasp - a smoke machine above the stage. I was expecting to find narghiles in strategic locations, but no luck. There was a peculiar day-for-night feel to being in a dark nightclub in the middle of the day with sunglasses digging into your scalp. I arrived in time to see **Nipper** and the **Seaturtles** perform a number of well arranged and cleverly jocular tunes. Thoroughly engaging, considering this was their first show, everyone in attendance was moving with the beats and grinning or laughing at the lyrical humor. This was some very entertaining pop with a broad appeal.

The next highlight of this show was the **Masticators**. Lisa Michaels, one of the Seaturtles back-up singers, was the frontwoman of this otherwise male group. Uber pop-meister, Robbie Rist, was the drummer. The band performed spirited original pop tunes, and Lisa reminded me of a perky Susanna Hoffs, enthusiastically playing guitar and singing with a clear, pleasant voice. They seemed to really be enjoying themselves and their chemistry carried over to the audience.

The Dining Room Set have never sounded better. Their R&B flavored pop songs always draw comparisons to the Jam. I feel like I'm being transported to a dance party in some parallel early '60s universe when I see them. Their sixteen song CD is now available, and it's a good 'un. Contact Growth Recordings, PO Box 1162, Sun Valley, CA 91352. After they played, I was too popped to ... er, you get the picture.

I'm a big fan of **The Apples In Stereo** and couldn't wait to see them live. The show at the Troubadour was their only LA appearance in two years, and they opened it with a thrilling cover of the Beach Boy's "Heroes and Villains." I heard that last time they were in town, only frontman Robert Schneider was miked. This time around, all five performing members had microphones, so the vocal harmonies that are essential to their sound were in full effect - and a joyous sound it was! If your tastes run to happy, sappy, alien hugging, really pure acid kind of pop, the Apples are your cuppa. I can't say that they "rock" in the usual sense of the word, but they do. I was hyperventilating for at least an hour after they stopped playing. I got so high from the positive energy of their music. OK, call me a fruitcake, but I find the Apples In Stereo exhilarating! (The Elephant 6 Recording Company/spinART)

The three best friends your car ever had are still in business and so are **The Dickies**. It's good to know that in an ever-changing world, some things never do. The Dickies are as much fun to see now as they were twenty years ago. It had been a long while since I had seen them perform, so I caught them at the Whisky Au Go Go where they played some new material that was as good as the familiar classics. They do have new records out on Triple XXX and Fat Wreck Chords, and are working on a retrospective comp for ROIR. If you are one of the OG who got to see them way back when and you happen to have photos, please contact them at their website for information. It's <http://home.earthlink.net/~dickies/>. They would appreciate it, I'm sure.



I was running all over town on Valentines Day to shows and parties. The most phenomenal thing I got to see was **No!** at the Garage's Club Sucker opening for **Stone Fox**. This time, they took the stage in thrift store nightgowns with chalky face paint and blackened eyes. When they started to play, the lights went down and it was revealed that underneath the nightgowns they were covered with strings of multicolored lights that were sequenced to the music - human color organs, if you will.

By the second song, about a dozen cans of silly string were discharged on them. The music is kind of a strange Balkan influenced hard rock that is cool without the theatrics. They never do the same production twice, so it's worth it to see them every time they play, if you like a little shock with your rock.

The **RC5** rolled into town for a single show at Spaceland. I had been curious about them since I'd heard a lot from people in Seattle. They seem to have MC5 aspirations and sound kind of like

a slightly slowed down version of Zeke. They look really young and they're accomplished players, but it didn't seem like anything I hadn't heard before.

Rock en Espanol was featured at Spaceland with **Slowrider**, **Union 13**, and **Tijuana No.** The cookin' Latin grooves of Slowrider reminded me of old school bands like El Chicano and Santana with a punk/rap overlayer. Eight musicians were in the band the night I saw them, including Jon Wahl

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PLAYING WITH MY ORGAN...



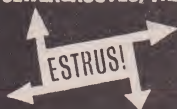
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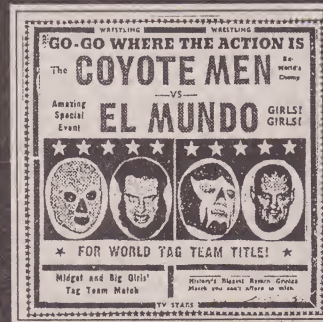
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←The Shakes '99 at Al's Bar

→The Jupiter Effect - Michael Quericio goes for a high one.

↓Some members of Half Acid relaxing at Mr. Tease Bowl

↕↕The Apples in Stereo rock the Trouadour



RIDING WITH MARY RIDING WITH MARY

(Clawhammer) on sax and percussion, and Pat Hoed on bass, who has been in numerous punk bands past and present. Several percussion heavy numbers were featured. They have an honorary member, Tammy, who does interpretive dancing throughout their set.

Union 13 kicked things into high gear with straight ahead P.R. I went up close to the stage to get a good look at them and noticed that no one was on the floor in front of the stage. I heard that a handful of meatheads were pushing the music fans off the floor. When I found out who the repressed homosexuals were, I told them they were meatheads, and they wasted no time in proving the accusation by pummeling me into the monitors at the edge of the stage as soon as the music started again. Moshing is SO over! If this is your idea of fun, go to clubs like Cuffs or Eagle for some real man-on-man fun, or, better yet, I'm sure you can find a very manly aggro guy to slam you in prison. If you use the music you're listening to as an excuse to push girls and other mild-mannered music lovers around, you are a selfish, infantile, sociopathic meathead who doesn't give a shit about the music, or anybody else's right to enjoy it, and I sure do hope that you will never be allowed to breed and pass your deficient genetic matter to another generation. Punk rock radicals Tijuana No were a really great band, but I found their "Fuck America!" politics a bit tiresome since they don't seem to have any answers to the problems we all face.

At Tempest, the club that hosts Rodney's new disco Flash, and mod dance club Café Bleu, the Dining Room Set had their record release performance. Their Gig show for Poptopia was better. Opening for them, was a downtown band called **Mak Twain**. They played moody lounge music with shimmering curtains of guitar distortion and keyboards, interesting drum patterns and smokey lower register female vocals. I look forward to seeing them again.

The Shakes are back on the scene, this time as a three piece. Pete Gilabert, Janet Housden and Kurt Anderson on drums is the new line-up. I saw them at Al's Bar. Pete's voice and guitar playing have never been better. The good news is that Kurt is a great singer and they will be able to have three-part harmonies for their fab power pop songs. The bad news is that Kurt had the flu on this particular night, and couldn't

really nail the notes, but his drumming was right on. Watch for them! Janet's former band **the Superkools** is making the rounds again, too. They sounded great at Gabah on a bill with the **Leaving Trains**. Janet busted the E-string on her bass - she's been playing so much. Living legend Falling James and his all-female Trains line-up gave a stellar performance. They must be practicing or something.

Missed the return of **Shoegazer** at Al's Bar by dawdling. Heard reports that they were utterly amazing. Oscar and Mark, the guitarists and songwriters, have returned with a new bass player and drummer. In particular, the new drummer who was a big fan of the band before joining was receiving rave reviews. Pat, the old drummer, was at the show and told me he has a new band called the **Keepers**. He was no slouch, so I'll bet his new band's worth seeing. The **Murder City Devils** asked the musical question, "Why did Johnny Thunders have to die?" They're a hot band to see and hear who rock hard in the punk and roll category. I finally could hear the organ this time which gives their sound a Stranglers-like complexity.

Last but not least, the **Eyeliners** man-

aged to make it back to LA for a show at Al's Bar with Toast's new band **Le Beau Peeps**. Those babes from Albuquerque had a buttload of shows lined up around town for the weekend before, but had to cancel. We're so glad they made it to this one, at least. They had played a huge gig at Gilman Street the night before with the **Avengers**. They make me smile 'til it hurts,

they are so amazing. Laura, the lead singer and drummer, just bagged herself a Paiste endorsement. The Eyeliners are all loaded with talent and good looks.

It's been a slice of heaven... see you on the flipside!

-Mary, XXXXX

PO Box 3393, Chatsworth, CA, 91313-3393, or the Flipside box, if you prefer.



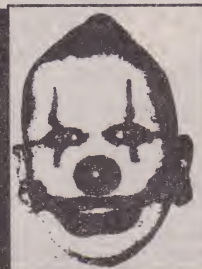
Hey gang, this is Rich Mackin here. I am really busy this month, as I am doing both a spoken word tour of the midwest, (which will take up most of my time) and organizing a zine fair, not to mention turning 27. Anyhoo, the reason anyone knows who I am is a direct relation to the fact that about five years ago I asked what the 'm's in "M&Ms" were. I write letters, and unlike columns, when you write letters, sometimes you get letters back. Submitted for your disapproval, here are

some of my submissions to Corporate America, and the caring responses I have received... and that's what I do with my time. Yes, I know about Lazslo Toth. The Beatles played rock music, Metallica play rock music. that doesn't make them the same thing. Gee whiz.

Rich Mackin
PO Box 890
Allston, MA 02134
richmackin@earthlink.net

Dear Reader,
Yes, all these letters were really sent. Yes, all the replies are true. All spelling and/or other errors are known and either specifically on purpose, or are mistakes left on purpose in order to better emulate the average American consumer.
Any ideas? Questions? Please Respond

SUCKER PUNCHLINE



June 21, 1994
Rev. Richard Mackin
1191 Boylston St. #60
Boston, MA 02215



Dear Rev. Mackin:
Thank you for your inquiry about "M&M's" Chocolate Candies. In 1940, a man named Forrest Mars, Sr., and a prior associate formed a company to make "M&M's" Chocolate Candies. The "m" came from the first initial of their last names. "M&M's" Chocolate Candies are produced at a rate of over 100 million pieces a day. They are made by a method known as "panning." Panning is the elemental sense of the process is the coating of candies by rotating them in a coating material in a revolving pan. Panning can be used for syrups and other materials such as chocolate, fats, etc. The principle, briefly, is to coat the center with a layer of material, which on evaporation leaves an even layer or shell of dry substance. This process is repeated several times until a covering of the desired thickness is built up. The colors are panned separately, but they are mixed before the final process is completed. The "m" is printed on the candies by a machine which was specially designed to handle the very delicate process without cracking the thin sugar shells. The process is similar to offset printing. We appreciate hearing from you and are pleased to enclose a booklet telling a few things about M&M/MARS products which we hope will be of interest to you. Sincerely,

Donna Ditmars
Consumer Affairs

Dear Ensure,
I just saw your ad in which a little girl is sitting on a porch with her granpa, and says to him, she says, "Granpa, will you marry me?" and he says something about how she is so much younger than him, and while I appreciate the fact that he doesn't seem to want to rob the cradle or nothin', but I think it's creepy does he seem to object to anything besides the marriage itself. I mean, for all we know, he just isn't ready for the commitment, but is more than willing to shack up or just see each other casually. There is no discussion of who owns the porch, so they might be shacking up already. This is really gross. I mean, can have more energy, but you don't need to give them so much energy that they live in sin with their grandkids. Please send me stuff,
Richard J. Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave #4
Allston MA 02134

April 15, 1997

Mr. Richard Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave. #4
Allston, MA 02134

Dear Mr. Mackin:
Thank you for your letter expressing interest in Ross Products. We are always pleased to hear from our consumers.

It is helpful to hear consumer feedback regarding our commercials. We have informed our marketing department of your comments. By bringing this matter to our attention, you are helping us to determine consumer satisfaction regarding the advertising of our products. Thank you for the opportunity to correspond with you.

Sincerely,

Susan Kemmer
Susan Kemmer
Coordinator, Consumer Relations

Dear little debbie people,

I am feeling mixed emotions. The other day I went to a different grocery store than I normally do. I saw a box of SUNBELT brand Granola Bars, and was excited to see that they were baked by LITTLE DEBBIE!!! I bought a box, and they were delicious! I will have to go back to that store and get more. But I am dismayed to see that a LITTLE DEBBIE product does not even have the LITTLE DEBBIE logo! Why is that? Are you ashamed of your heritage? I for one LOVE the LITTLE DEBBIE logo, and I think that it should be fully featured every time LITTLE DEBBIE is printed on a box. As you know, I think that the picture of LITTLE DEBBIE should be printed on the side of boxes, not the front, but I especially think that it should be on at least once on every product! Be proud to be the great company that you are!

Sincerely,

Rich Mackin
Rich Mackin
1191 Boylston St #33
Boston MA 02215

October 9, 1995



Mr. Rich Mackin
1191 Boylston Street, #33
Boston, MA 02215

McKee
Foods
Corporation

Dear Mr. Mackin:

Thank you for taking the time to brighten our day with your compliments! It is because of people like you that our products have been such a success. We appreciate your interest in SUNBELT® snacks.

Our snacks are quickly becoming America's first choice at snack time. Their wholesome goodness, purity, and value can make all our lives a little easier . . . and sweeter.

No detail is overlooked in bringing our customers top quality snacks, and we are pleased to know our efforts are appreciated. We hope you continue to find them irresistible at snack time, because we really do enjoy making them that way!

Sincerely,

ANGIE GENTRY
ANGIE GENTRY
Consumer Affairs Representative



Dear Rich Mackin,

Satisfying you is the most important thing we do, so we appreciate this opportunity to make up for any inconvenience you have experienced and to focus on making sure it does not happen again.

Again, thank you for contacting us. You are a valued guest and we are looking forward to welcoming you back to the great taste of Taco Bell.

Sincerely,

Patrick
Patrick Guest Service Representative

May 14, 1997

Rich Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave
Apt 4
Allston, MA 02134

I have never heard of you until recently, when I was suddenly bombarded by your ad repeated ad nauseum. In this ad, two bullies are chasing a boy down the suburban streets of Anytown, USA. He escapes to his home, at which point he immediately microwaves one of your food products. This summons what is implied to be the Red Baron, who in actuality looks more like Tom Selleck in his MAGNUM PI days. The boy then opens his door to find the waiting bullies, who are terrified of the costume clad actor, and retreat.

Lets see, what's wrong with this?

1) In the beginning, the bullies repeatedly refer to the boy as "crybaby". Since he bares little resemblance to Johnny Depp's title character in the film of that name, we can assume that he cries a great deal, but this point is never fully explained or exemplified.

2) Where are the boy's parents? They are physically not there, and they do not seem emotionally there either. The child is a latch key kid with no self esteem and evidently has a hard time socially. Another example of family values breaking down, and who do we blame? The family? No, we instead forbid gay marriage. But I digress.

3) What exactly is your product? Major brands with heavy saturation and obvious name (ie, Coca cola, a well known product is obviously a cola) can have awareness ads without detailing what they are, but you cannot.

4) I don't know what history classes YOU took, but in mine, the RED BARON was a German fighter pilot in WWI. Germany were the bad guys that we, the good guys, fought against. Unless you guys are neo-nazis, you are complete idiots. What's next? Goebbels burgers? Attila the Hun-gryman frozen TV dinners? If you want to name food after evil men, can't you at least stay local?

5) The red baron did not have a moustache. Look at the enclosed photo. You can't just take a historical figure and give him any face, Tom Selleck ish or not. Would you like me to make a product named so-and-so the dumb microwave food guy and have the logo be an Asmat warrior from New Guinea? I mean you might, they look cool what with their feather headdresses, nose spikes and stretched earlobes, but I assume you are not so adorned.

6) If bullies hate that kid so much to chase him home and wait for him to eat in order to beat him up, do you really think some costumed guy will really scare them? They wouldn't know he's the Red Baron, bullies aren't very studious. Even if they

were, they would be thinking "hey this guy looks like a poor man's Tom selleck dressed somewhat like the Red Baron." and, given they way our society is getting, they would probably "bust a cap in his ass." Maybe then they would become infamous killers and thereby have junk food named after them.

7) The purpose of an ad is to educate the public of a product's existence and properties. Your product seems to have the selling point of evoking poorly cast actors. Couldn't taste very good. There is going to be a lot of disillusioned nerds out there when they get beat up because no protective Nazis materialize to protect them. Get ready for the lawsuits.

Please sent me information on what you are going to do to try and redeem yourselves.

Thank you

Richard J. Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave #4
Allston MA 02134

NO REPLY!

White Rain
c/o Gillette
Box 61
Boston MA 02199

Oct 2, 1996

Dear White Rain,
Hello. I am in a band called Top Dead Center. I sing and write some songs. One of the songs is called "sold out" and is about getting a real job despite pressure from the punk rock community. I realized that phoenetically, "sold out" sounds like "soul doubt" which also applies to what the song is about. After that, I started keeping an eye and an ear out for other examples of this type of thing. I realized that your name "white rain" is pronounced the same as "why train" Is this in reference to the fact that you don't need to train animals to torture them, or in your case, to not torture, and then euthanise painlessly?

Please respond.

Richard J. Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave #4
Allston MA 02134

Dear Companies involved with STAR WARS promotion,

I have been studying religion recently, and one religion I have studied is ISLAM. There is an Islamic exclamation of "ALLAHU AKBAR!" which means "God is greater." Since "Allah" is the Islamic word for God, I can only assume that "akbar" means "greater", which is odd because "Jeff" does not mean "lesser."

But I was thinking of the character ADMIRAL AKBAR, who appears in the latter part of RETURN OF THE JEDI. I find it odd that part of a phrase exalting a monotheistic diety would be utilized in a pseudo-pagan film. Now, now, I realize that many of you are saying, "but Rich, the force is obviously a metaphor for the Tao, and is typical philosophically of Eastern religion!" But this is true only in theory, for in practice, Jediism shows visible phenomena related to "mastery" of the force, more again to wiccan spells than an eastern sence of SATORI. But anyway, the aforementioned discrepancy seems to complicate itself further by the fact that Admiral Akbar is a member of a race called the "Calamari", which is well known to be Italian for "Squid". Squid being greater makes sense, as they have the GREAT diversity of any type of animals, ranging from school-swimming varieties 3 inch adults to monstrous loner squids reaching 80 feet in length. The size of these also is great in itself. But Lucas' attempt to revamp the Islamic exclamation to mean "God is Squid." is cryptic.

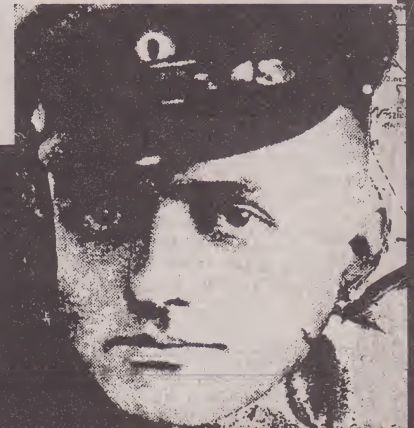
Perhaps what Lucas is referring to is his science fiction predecessor, H.P. Lovecraft. More people know Lovecraft as a horror writer (perhaps he should've changed his name to 'Horrorcraft'), but his work certainly referenced Alien Life Forms. His most well known creation was CTHULU, a godlike being oft depicted as a huge man with a cephalopod for a head. Usually it is thought to be an octopus, but it could be a squid. But this is disturbing, since Cthulu seems based on the demon mentioned in archaic text such as the NECRONOMICON CTHH, or Cthah, later referred to as Cthh 666 by Aleister Crowley, who considered himself a manifestation of said. This would of course mean the DEVIL, so that the final statement made by Lucas is

GOD IS THE DEVIL

Please let me know your thoughts about this,

Rich Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave #4
Allston MA 02134

cc: Taco Bell
Dorito's



October 17, 1996
Mr Richard Mackin
1298 Commonwealth Ave #4
Boston, MA 02134
Dear Mr Mackin:

 The Gillette Company

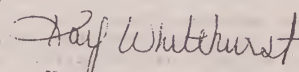
World-Class Brands, Products, People

Thank you for sharing your opinion about the humane treatment of animals. The Gillette Company is very interested in learning from you and other consumers how you feel about our policies as well as our products. That is why we record all contacts with the public and try to respond individually to all matters brought to our attention.

I have enclosed the 1995 Safety Testing Report for you. We hope the information clarifies our policy and provides details of our efforts to reduce animal testing.

I am glad that you contacted us and have allowed us to provide you with this further information. Just as we at Gillette believe that you are sincere and caring in your concern for the humane treatment of animals, we hope that, whether you agree or disagree with our position, you understand that we are sincere in our concern with your safety and that of our employees.

Sincerely,


Kay Whitehurst
Director, Consumer Service

Summer is upon us, rearing its ugly, sweltering head and all the happy "sun" people can have it, 'cause as far as THIS guy is concerned, the only redeeming value summertime has to offer is the sporadic tours that bands from all over cram into as little time as possible during those hot and shitty weeks. Seems the same lately with a handful of releases that bands have been hammering out just in time for "fun in the fucking sun" days...

selves that question, wondering if he's jumped ship on the drumming gig. I'll tell ya why he is - because he CAN. Anyone who's seen him play leads knows this, but don't worry, he has no intentions of shitcanning his percussive past. I'd like to sneak in some quick congrats to Sean here at this time being that he is the proud father of a brand new baby girl born last December, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if she's gonna grow up like her daddy, sporting a pair of

Hellbenders, and was happy as a shitfly in an outhouse to find out that The Hellbenders and The B-Movie Rats are in the works to have a full-length split out sometime this summer on Deadbeat Records. Not only that, but they're also gettin' a cut slapped on the "Drunk on Rock Vol. 2" comp. from the peeps over at I-94 records as well. Like I was ranting and raving about The Hellbenders last issue - put them on top of your must see/must listen to list, 'cause if

just let nature take its course and save the big congrats fer later. Anyone who was fortunate enough to catch the Intruders last time they were hittin' the road this past winter, along with the Sloppy Seconds, saw first hand that Marky "Dy-no-Whists" Ramone can STILL beat it out full force like the rest of the best. Yeah, yeah, yeah - CALL me biased or whatnot, but I'll tell ya what - YOU go watch that guy pound the piss outta those skins, THEN you can call me whatever you want. Jackass. And those of you out there who know what drumming is all about KNOW what the fuck I'm squawkin' on about here. 'Nuff fucking said 'bout that...

On other Ramones-related fixes, a live release from **The Remains** is also out now being that the release date for it was mid-April (hope it's out by now!) and that particular release is a live set from Coney Island High in NYC, where they played often. The Remains featured Dee Dee Ramone on guitar and vox, Marky Ramone on drums, C.J. Ramone on guitar & vox, and Barbara Ramone (Dee Dee's wife) on bass cranking out song after song of the Ramones' back catalog. Last I heard, this release was supposed to get worldwide distro, so Ramones fans from all over shouldn't have a hard time nabbin' this...

A coupla days ago, I trucked it up to Santa Barbara to check out a band that friend of mine was tellin' me about, **Blazing Haley**, and if you have already heard and/or seen these bastard children of Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins, then I'm pretty sure that you'll agree with what I'm about to spout off here... Hailing (no pun intended, guys) from S.B., Blazing Haley consists of Dave Kruger, who bangs that upright bass of his with as much passion as Jerry Lee Lewis used to have when he whomped the ivories (did I mention that his bass is covered with fur that is GREEN as Oscar The frickin' Grouch?), and Chris Story on drums, who makes ya wanna go out and destroy all the half-hearted, limp-wristed drummers who put you to sleep... he's kind of like a punk rock Gene Krupa - beat smackin' and no slackin'... On guitar, Brian Lakey keeps the melodies buzzing like an agitated wasp's nest, twanging and bending in and out of each song with chunks of monster riffs in between, and then there's the animated lead vocalist, Matt Armor, whose vocal cords cut just as damn good live as they do on their CD, which you can check out in the record review section of this here issue. Now, I've got to admit that I was a little hesitant on going to see Blazing Haley, being that there are just WAY too fucking many so-called "rockabilly" groups clogging the stages these days, but you wanna know somethin'? These guys are definitely NOT one of the countless, 18th generation "Fonzie" bands that are pumped out by the dozens. They perform well above all that carbon-copied crap and lameness. All I had to do was watch and listen that night and then it nailed me like a swift kick in the ass. They have something great happening and anyone who is a fanfuck supreme of vintage r'n'r is gonna go for this band. If The Blasters and The Rev. had a gig goin' down, then Blazing Haley would be an ideal band to round out the line-up. If you get the opportunity, check out a live set from these Santa Barbaran beezulbubs of the rock realm - it's a heck of a lot more fun than being sent to hell after you die as punishment for listening to shitty bands that sucked from your past life, and if this holds true, then hell had better be expanding its holding capacity...

I had a super-fucking cool surprise shoved inside my mailbox waiting for me the

DESIGNATED DALE



The Snake Charmers should have their full-length ready to go and lurking about in June. For the folks unfamiliar with the Charmers, you will more than likely recognize a few of the mugs in this outfit when ya go check 'em out... the line-up features Joe Truck (known to many as that NYC transplant/tattoo guy who now works over in Balboa at Electric Tattoo) on vocals and rhythm guitar, and Mr. Sean Antillon (also known to many as the drummer of all trades ala The Gears, Neurotones, etc.) on lead guitar. "Why is Sean doing the lead guitar thing now?" a few people have been scratching their heads and asking them-

drumsticks in her little hands as soon as she's taking her first steps. (Hey, you never know WHAT the hell might happen - it IS in her blood, Sean!) Time will tell, I suppose... Anyhoo, the first 3-pack of tunes I got a taste of was from their "Nuthin' for You" 7 inch and if the full length follows suit, you little rock and fucking roll enthusiasts will have to organize a devil's dance party with the Charmers up on the bandstand, along with the past-but-still-thriving spirit of The Stooges, with Godfather Iggy's blessing, of course...

Was talking with Hans Molnar, one of the lead guitar/vocal henchmen of **The**

The Candy Snatchers, **Pleasure Fuckers** or the late **Humpers** are the rock forte of yer record pile, than the 'Benders sound is sure to make you screech like a banshee once they invade your ear canals with their white-hot stylings of r'n'r. They really ARE that good, McRocko, so don't be left behind wondering with your thumb lodged in yer keister...

As I am writing here (late February), I've yet to see emerge the full-length from **Throwrag**, which will surely kick everyone's ass once it hits their speakers, but with a glimmer of hope, it will be doing just that by the time this issue goes to print (keep yer pointy phalanges crossed...) They DO, however, have a 7 inch out that's sure to get your blood boilin' with two of their most key cuts - "The Beast in Me" and "Race with the Devil" (see rekkid reviews), so get one in between your greedy fists if the chance comes about. **Throwrag** is a one of those few bands that all you need to do is listen to or just see once and then you're hooked. Few r'n'r bands today provide just that - the true spirit of r'n'r...

And speaking of which, some of the most incredible EVIL spirits of rock, **The Candy Snatchers**, have had their newest full-length out for a few months now, "Human Zoo." The closest feeling one can get instead of standing in front of the stage while the Snatchers declare r'n'r war on the audience is to find the biggest pair of scissors in the house and jam 'em into a power outlet. Don't forget to fiendishly giggle while doing so. That's the exact same feeling that their newest CD ensues. Here's hopin' that these kings of krazed rawk will mow across the states this summer and mop up the blood with whoever stands in their way - live sets from these fuckers are an EXPERIENCE, folks, so to hell with Di\$neyworld or Di\$neyland this summer. (You'll probably end up dead anyway, the rate they're going...)

As you read along here, the new full-length from **Marky Ramone and The Intruders** should be spinnin' atop your turntable or inside your CD player by now. Last I had spoken with Marky (you gotta keep in mind that it's late February as I scrawl this), he was giving me some info about the happenings with their latest batch of rock efforts - Lars from Rancid got the gig as producer and production was to go from Feb. through sometime in March taking place at Coyote Studios, located in the heart of the Intruders' stomping grounds, Brooklyn NY. Was also informed that this release was getting a pretty cool "rekkid deal," too, so rather than go into specifics and jinx it all, I'll



DESIGNATED DALE
DESIGNATED DALE

other afternoon when I arrived home from work - a care (or "we really don't fucking care") package from Atlanta, Georgia's own, **The Despised**. I instantly recognized the name and logo from spinning and checking out their newest 7 inch, "Scourge of the South," a couple of issues ago that caught me off guard as really, really pissed-off sounding and as ripping as I listened. To quote that kick-ass Humpers number, that "Scourge..." 5-songer is simply "fast, fucked, and furious." Hard-cored, balls-out blasts that do the job for creeps who want the real deal when it boils down to ordering up a healthy portion of I'm-so-pissed-I'm-seeing-RED-and-now-I-wanna-dive-feet-first-into-the-audience type of assault for their ears. Chances are, if you reside down in the greater Atlanta area, you've been able to go see The Despised swing their rockin' wrecking ball live or get your mangy hooves on some of their stuff. If not, check out their contact address as they have a couple singles floating 'round as well as a full-length in the works. Fans of that hell-on-wheels outfit, The Fuckers, will most likely get into what The Despised have going on - full throttle, no brakes, broken bones and bleeding fun that'll have the neighbors calling the police in no time flat if you ever have 'em over playing in your backyard, or better yet, that very same neighbor's backyard.... a party's a party, right? It would probably be fairly safe to assume that a cassette copy of The Despised was blaring on the stereo deck of a certain Ryder truck on the way to a certain location in Oklahoma a few years back.

(Hey, Shayne - still life drawing or dramatization on that picture sleeve? yukyukuk...) It's gratifying to hear bands like this that still make the loud and angry type of punk that quite a few bands try to pull off at times, but fail miserably or just don't make the fucking grade...

A CD that was recently tossed my way DID make the grade, however, and the unhonorable students that made it all possible were those auspicious Austineers, **The Bulemics** with their full length out now titled "Old Enough to Know Better... Too Young to Care." If there are any of ya that latched on to their last two 7 inchers and were left with a crooked smile as your ears ruptured, than this CD is gonna be a welcome addition to your condition. Sonically tough and screaming guitars coupled with high-end pitch make this latest effort from The Bulemics proof that you really don't need to produce an album to the point to where it ends up too damn slick. Like their past couple of small vinyl offerings, they continue their sound formula on "Old Enough to Know Better..." the same way - stripped down to the bone style just like Papa Stiv and his Dead Boys used to apply when they would go lay tracks down in the studio. Works for me, buddy boy...

Ahhhh, let's see, here - human waste, fecal matter, human hand grenades that ol' G.G. Allin was notorious for hurling upon his audiences - just what the hell do all these things mentioned have in common?...they all are synonymous with the name of a band that has been cranking out of my stereo speakers lately, namely **Turd**, with their lat-

est batch of rockers, "Turdsville U.S.A." A lotta dolts out there that wanna bitch and moan that this isn't "punk" enough or WHAT-EVER the fuck can go noose up and finish themselves off - it's no one's fault but your own if the heavy rock influences that they showcase aren't up your alley. Folks that dig the raw, simplistic riffs, like that of the Stones, the heavy groove of Ace Frehley & Kiss, or even the gritty appeal that graced The Cult some years back will find Turd to their liking, I'm quite sure. I'd even go as far to say that a few, if not more, of the members in Turd are staunch believers of the MC5, and there ain't a damn thing wrong with that at ALL. Like Brother Mark will time and time again attest to the non-believers - "It's OK to rock. C'mon, man, don't be scared. It's all right." Just where the hell do ya think that all the ground-breaking punk bands from the late sixties through the seventies came from, anyway? A magical punk tree in the Surepal forest just north of the town of Yeahrightdick? Get fucking real. I'm no wizard or authority when it comes to ANY damn thing (as some master-minded, ultra-brilliant fucking genius on his WebTV seemed to think lately - eat it, pal) but it doesn't take a brain surgeon to come to the conclusive fact that punk rock, in its early years, had obvious blood lines dating back precisely to the days of (then) primitive rock and fucking roll, like the main men that still matter today with their music - Chuck (fuck Elvis, CHUCK'S the king) Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Buddy Holly and so forth. Even the impeccable songwriting

prowess of Phil Spector made a noticeable impact on the early years of punk with songs that he did with The Ronettes, The Crystals, Darlene Love, and even Ike and Tina Turner. Deny it if ya will, but THAT'S the way it is - there's a motherlode of vinyl from those magic years in rock and roll that will pour the truth into your ears, whether you like it or not, every time you spin some on the turntable. All right, enough of my tirades. It's just that it starts to rub me the wrong way when anyone starts bad-mouthing the r'n'r that ultimately matters. Don't knock the rock, ya know? Before I get the fuck on here, a quick nod to all of the bands that have been keeping in touch and sending in their music to invade my hearing - keep the two-inch tape rolling...

Now if you all excuse me, I gotta split to go see those monsters of melodic rocking, All Systems Go, rip a new asshole in the waiting audience at the Palace out here in Hollywood. More on their LA attack and beyond next issue...

I'm Against It

-Designated Dale

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Blazing Haley, PO Box 149, Santa Barbara, CA 93102-0149: www.blazinghaley.com

The Despised, 2924 Windfield Circle, Tucker, GA 30084: www.despised.com
Turd, 7510 W. Sunset Blvd., Ste. 1093, Hollywood, CA 90046



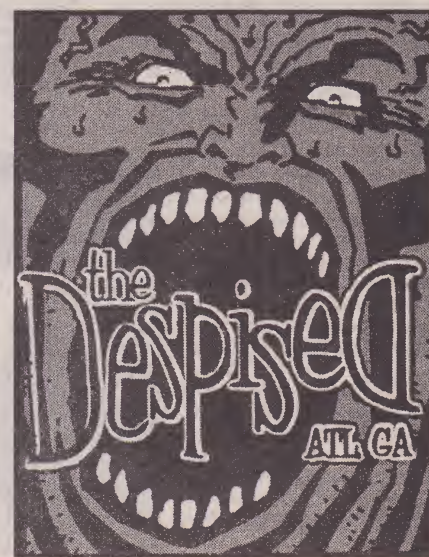
Previous page:
Sgt. Mendoza
dancing in the
Tropics Lounge,
Fullerton, holding a
stunning Mark C.
Nical action
figurine
(\$12 ppd.*)
© Gary Hornberger

This page:
↑ (l>r) Blazing Haley
CD, Throw Rag "The
Beast in Me" 7", The
Snake Charmers

← Just guess.

→ Atlanta's, not New
Jersey's, Despised

(*get a clue)



NOTABLE DISASTROUS ANNIVERSARIES

Spewing Goo...

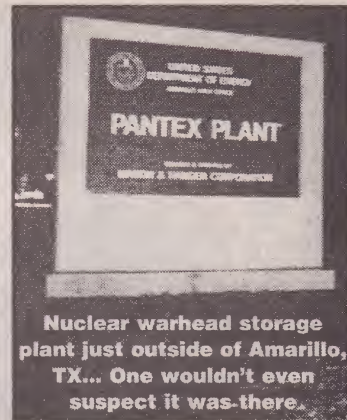
March held a double whammy for disaster anniversaries, the most recent of them on March 24th when in 1989 the tanker Exxon Valdez ran aground in Prince William Sound, Alaska and spewed forth over eleven million gallons of crude oil into the water. Had someone thought quick they might have employed some of that left over napalm the government's trying to get rid of to ignite and burn it off as in the recent Northern California oil spill.

NATO NEEDS NO VIAGRA AT 50?

What can be said about Kosovo and the NATO airstrikes on Serbia? I would venture forth with the statement: It's all pretty fucked up no matter how you look at it... and unfortunately with propaganda being wielded with the precision of a surgeon's scalpel (or that of a blacksmith's hammer) on both sides we probably won't really know the finer specifics till years after it's all been said and done in this latest of post-Cold War shipiles that's been undug.

to this till the airstrikes appeared on CNN?

One thing that I was somewhat offended by on the homefront was seeing the upper middle class kneejerk reaction of students and peaceniks waiting for the next war to protest. Quickly gathering their placards with generic slogans of "STOP THE BOMBING," which were probably gathering dust in someone's garage as souvenirs of Desert Storm, and marching over to the federal building to protest. All this because any sort of bombing is perceived as automatically bad regardless of what issue is at hand in a "conflict."



Nuclear warhead storage plant just outside of Amarillo, TX... One wouldn't even suspect it was there.

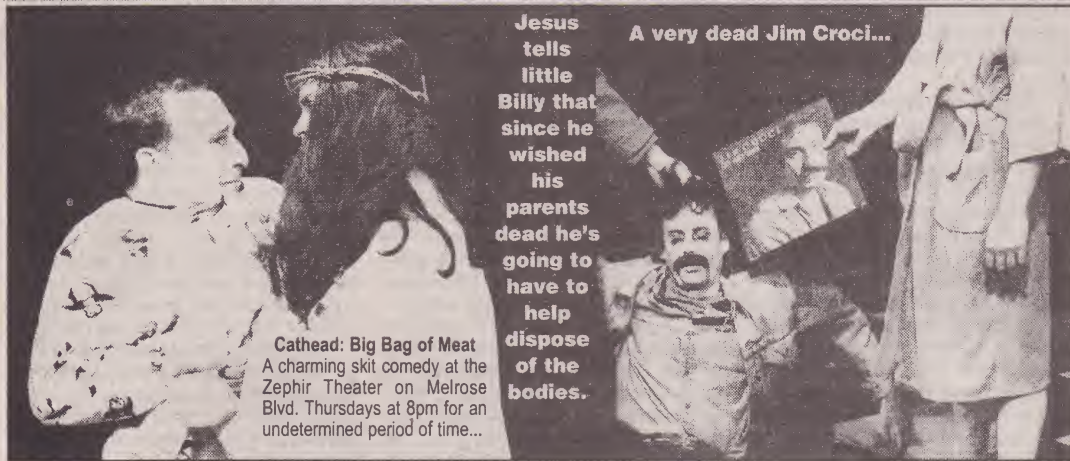
to get the hell out and running every which way they can... What can and should be done to help. Saying "stop the bombing" doesn't help. I have not heard too much outcry for solutions to this humanitarian problem or the question of where thirty or so thousand (according to the Red Cross) people disappeared literally overnight. While protestors are throwing rocks at the U.S. airbase in Aveno (sp?) Italy I can't help but wonder if it's because they actually want to stop the bombing or because they are rather giddy at the prospect of perhaps dealing with an influx of refugees.

Seeing people gathered in Belgrade for a concert in the park with "bulls eyes" pinned to their chests daring NATO to bomb them seemed rather idiotic to me rather than a defiant gesture... I wonder how many of them gathered in the park a couple of months earlier when Serb forces were amassing on the Kosovo border for an offensive of sorts as soon as winter broke and spring made conditions favorable?

What I think is most disturbing to people is that at a cusp in the future of the planet when reality is constantly becoming more and more globalized, people prefer to and have others mind their own business in events such as this.

Americans would rather sit at home on their fat asses and not have the sports segment of the nightly news be shortened by the "conflict" of "ethnic cleansing." The record breaking stock market is more important and there are humanitarian issues to be concerned about at home such as token donations and programs for the poor. Of course, there are also "ethnic cleansing" issues being fought right here such as the Drug War and the whole right to die thing, and medical marijuana, and... Besides, it is a well known fact that their sons and daughters didn't join the military to fight on

MORTVARKORAMA



Cathead: Big Bag of Meat
A charming skit comedy at the Zephyr Theater on Melrose Blvd. Thursdays at 8pm for an undetermined period of time...

Jesus tells little Billy that since he wished his parents dead he's going to have to help dispose of the bodies.

A very dead Jim Croci...

Probably would have made a hell of a smoke cloud, but it might have saved some cute creatures in the area. Debate about the environmental impact to the Prince William Sound area still continues to this day.

What's a little radiation between friends?

Twenty years ago, March 28th brought the U.S. its worst nuclear accident at Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania. This event became a real bad take on the famous "Who's on first?" routine from start to finish - gauges failing, forgetful technicians absentmindedly leaving valves open or closed resulted in a third to a half of the reactor core melting and a unhealthy helping of radioactive gas being released out of the reactor. Coincidentally, the film "The China Syndrome" was released just days before, and probably banked on such good misfortune.

Immediately noteworthy sources began to argue about the extent of the accident and confusing reports caused thousands of people to flee for their lives in anticipation of an explosive radioactive cloud. In the meantime, President Carter visited the area in an attempt to calm the population and unbeknownst to him his two top atomic advisors were nearly engaging in fisticuffs over calculations of what was happening inside the reactor.

Fortunately, the outcome was more pleasant than not and Three Mile Island didn't blow sky high in a mushroom cloud along with President Carter. However, this mishap may be a direct cause for the fact that no new nuclear powerplants have been built in the U.S. since.

There are a few things that are seemingly probable:

- 1) There are a hell of a lot of Kosovar Albanians trying to flee across the borders. This they probably would not do if things were all that peachy.
- 2) We, NATO, are trying to bomb the Serbs into submission with a minimal of bad publicity resulting from civilian casualties.
- 3) Slobodan Milosovich is not a nice fellow merely trying to quell a civil uprising within the limits of democratic rule of law. Otherwise, he would not be seizing opposition media in Serbia and leaders of those media sources would not be mysteriously turning up dead.

Reaction in the U.S. has been rather mixed, somewhat confused and pretty much ill-informed - after all, how many people even gave any thought

Personally I think that generic protesting without any real issue behind it tends to cheapen any sort of other protest on a specific issue in the eyes of the general public at large and tends to justify the labeling of anyone carrying a placard for any case as a "peacenik." On the other hand I've also never seen any protesting related to actually trying to get the UN to stop the "ethnic cleansing" that has gone on during this decade.

The big question in this "conflict" that is being shoved to the back of any sort of discussion is that the people in Kosovo are trying



One of the worst maintained graveyards Morticia and I have ever seen. Albuquerque, NM

Stanley Kubrick gave us some of the most memorable movies of this century. R.I.P.



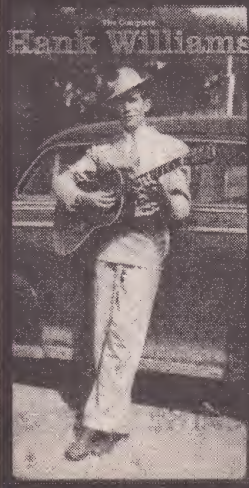
foreign soil and die for someone else's children or cause - they joined to earn money for college and to acquire job skills. We've got our own stack of shit to deal with, right?

The foreign contingent would prefer that those damn American cowboys stay on their side of the ocean and be content with their own shit... Two whole continents! After all, why do we always have to show up and blow the hell out of everything? Things would have worked themselves out during WW2 and there wouldn't have been that pesky imaginary Iron Curtain to fuck with people's heads for fifty or so years. They're proud of their shit in Europe and they don't want to share it. Funny enough, China is probably just enjoying the show on CNN and is glad that they've neither got to share or take anyone's shit.

Hank's Box The Complete Hank Williams

Well, it's a heavy amount of cash that you'll have to come up with for this one unless you're a master shoplifter... Most places have had it for about \$130.00 or so. Unfortunately, in the decision making process the benefit outweighs the drain on your wallet for the fan or audiophile. The Complete Hank Williams box set is a masterfully compiled work from Mercury Records that will cap off your collection unless you find some rare bootleg.

Packed into a "book" type box you'll find a hardcover book with ten CDs - the track listings give the recording dates and first release numbers, any release information and record company. Each page has photos from around the time of the recording. The CDs fit into following pages from the notes in pockets, two CDs to a page and on the reverse there's either a picture of the actual record label or record cover. Dividing the sections is a velum page with either a drawing by Hank Williams or some of his handwritten lyrics. The accompanying book is a pretty good biography with loads of pictures over its 122 pages. When it comes down to it, even if you have to purchase this, it's worth spending a week's paycheck or whatever on.



OSCAR SHAKES HANDS WITH BECK AT THE HOUSE OF BLUES

This year Oscar day Excite! and Absolut vodka hosted a party at the House of Blues. As one might imagine, the food was available all night and the booze flowed free of charge like water from a broken fire hydrant. This made for some amusing people watching. The crowd was, for the most part, comprised of the more "cut-loose" sort from the Industry's second rung. I believe that some recognizable stars were slated to make an appearance but if they did I'm sure that they hid themselves from the peasants in the Foundation Room. At the Foundation Room's entrance a crowd of people had gathered to get in and were being held at bay while desperately manipulating cell phones in an attempt to locate "friends" which would have the "pull" to get 'em in to that magical place where things surely would really be "happening."

Meanwhile, the stage was set up with giant projection screens airing the Oscars for the vassals and their maidens in attendance. It is a long-standing tradition that someone makes the comment that "the Oscars are Hollywood's excuses to reenact the high school prom every year," and so it is and the comment was made. Well groomed gents with drink in hand, impossibly proportioned females swaying atop stiletto heels getting drunker with every sip, it's all very prom like, but with the ingredients for an "easy" night of it afterwards provided.

As for the awards, it was the same shameful setup as every year with the token "outsider" being showered with love as a token. Fortunately, this year's lucky patsy happened to be Roberto Benigni who's actually deserving in a way. Tackling the holocaust through comedy doesn't seem like something an American would have the balls to do, and I guess his being an Italian helped with this. He won Best Actor and his movie won Best Foreign Language Film which actually seemed deserved considering the field being full of extreme mediocrity. If you haven't seen any of his other films you might want to, especially the ones that he's done for Jim Jarmusch: "Down By Law" (with Tom Waits) and "Night on Earth."

Emergency Broadcast Network did a bit of video mixing during the commercial breaks. Personally I thought that they might throw something a little more daring up on the giant screens, but perhaps they didn't want to disturb the attendees. At one point I noticed the senator what's-his-name blowing his brains out loop, but that was cut before he even got close to putting the gun to his mouth - a damn shame since it probably would have given the crowd one more reason to have another strong vodka drink.

After all was said and done in regards to the Oscars, it was time for Beck to do his thing and propel everyone to the next stage of drinking. He opened and closed his set with extended renditions of "Electric Avenue."

In a funny way it seems that a genie popped out of a bottle and said, "Psst, hey kid! I can make you a rock star and you can do whatever you want! How 'bout it." And thusly the marriage with Geffen occurred and they both lived happily ever after. The set consisted mostly of crowd pleaser hits such as "Devil's Haircut" and the like - the packed dance floor responded ecstatically. Somewhat amusing to watch such a horse and buggy show... One thing I must point out is that whomever the soundman was, he deserved to be shot. If you like a little music with your bass constantly compressing you might have enjoyed it, but to me the sound was shit at least 50% of the time.

With Beck going off stage and the drinking threatening to escalate to truly decadent proportions Morticia and I made our way to the exit past the females babbling to themselves in line for the bathroom, the males slapping each other on the back and winking... I for one probably wouldn't have watched the Oscars had we stayed home.

FISHING WITH JOHN

Nothing short of grand fish stories

Regardless of whether you enjoy the fine gentlemen's sport of fishing or not, these "Fishing with John" videos will offer you some fascinating philosophical insight. Basically, each video contains two episodes of John Lurie fishing with a friend (#1 with Jim Jarmusch & Tom Waits. #2 with Matt Dillon & Willem Dafoe. #3 with Dennis Hopper in Thailand). Nothing much happens other than the odd fish being caught, but the discussions in the interim are quite poignant ranging from the topics of life, the universe, and everything. One of the extra added bonuses is the music which is written by John Lurie and is both eerie and introspective. [Soon coming to DVD]

COOL-OFF TIME PRESCRIBED FOR KEVORKIAN

After one hundred thirty assisted suicides, many trials and many years the former pathologist, Dr. Jack Kevorkian has received 10 to 25 years for 2nd degree murder. The "gray panther," Dr. Jack will be appealing the verdict and this is not the last we'll be hearing from him. It remains to be seen whether or not he will go on a hunger strike as he has promised before and undoubtedly this will cause the prices of his artwork to increase as incarceration often does for artists of questionable morals.

Making friends at Disneyland: AArtVark & Morticia with Dean on left & Doug on right...



WEBORAMA

• Web reviews by AArtVark & Morticia

The Crispin Hellion Glover Resource Center

<http://members.aol.com/plutogirl1/crispin/>
The mission of the Center is to provide the visitor with a wealth of information on the creative genius of Crispin Hellion Glover. The Center serves to collect, preserve and exhibit items pertaining to Crispin Hellion Glover. The archives are always growing, so be sure to visit often!

NATO Official Homepage

<http://www.nato.int/>
Have a browse if you can. It seems to have been the object of many hackers' pastime since the bombing began to tie this page up...

Alien Abductions Incorporated

<http://www.alienabductions.com/>
Why wonder if they're ever going to come for you? Why even invest the time, trouble, and expense involved in an actual abduction when the highly trained and professional staff at Alien Abductions Incorporated can provide you with personalized, realistic memories of the alien abduction that you have been waiting for your entire life?

The National Museum of Funeral History

<http://www.nmfh.org/index.html>
The National Museum of Funeral History was founded not only for the purpose of preserving historical artifacts from the 19th and 20th centuries, but more importantly to encourage public education and enlightenment of our country's proud heritage of funeral service.

The Day After Roswell: A Former Pentagon Official Reveals the U.S. Government's Shocking UFO Cover-Up

<http://www.ascension-research.org/corso.html>
"To say this is a significant book, if not the most significant book to appear on a UFO subject in decades can hardly be considered an exaggeration. If even a portion of Corso's extraordinary claims are true, the implications are staggering. Corso has told a fascinating story, at times cinematic, with enough meat to keep UFO researchers chewing for years to come."

The Classic Typewriter Page

<http://xavier.xu.edu/~poll/typewriters.html>
If you like manual typewriters, this'll give you a wealth of information and a hell of an education!

Jayne Loader's Public Shelter Featuring Scenes from The Atomic Cafe

<http://www.publicshelter.com/main/index.html>
A great site for those interested in the Atom and the whole social scene that developed around atomic anything. Hours of fun exploring this site which is linked to an indispensable wealth of information, resources, and more. Not to be missed by the enthusiast.

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Today I was thinking about how the possibilities to accomplish incredible things in the scene seem limitless these days. The playing field seems to be the most even it's been in a long time. You can either do something to make it interesting and fun, or you can just stay complacent and piss and moan about how wonderful the past was, point fingers, lay blame, and whatever else to not do anything, which is mighty pathetic. If you think punk is boring and fucked up it's because you're boring

killer punk with a Stooges influence. Great music and great stage presence. The singer would smash bottles, take the broken neck and proceed to cut himself up while singing. He had scars so bad that when the lights hit his stomach right you could see shadows along the cuts. More power to him. Other people's self-destruction is my entertainment. The Weaklings set ended when the vocalist picked up the drum kit, including symbols, and threw it into the crowd. Hell yeah!

minutes too long. Finally the mighty Sabbath took the stage, or should I say they were elevated upon the stage, as they rose up from underneath. They played all the classics, but then again all the songs are classics. For a bunch of old guys in their 50s, they have a lot of energy, more than most any punk band I've seen in a long time. Ozzy was in fine form, fucking around with the other members while they played, throwing buckets of water on the crowd, and whatever else. It was great.

the wall with the rush of bodies looking to get a piece of the action. I'd see them again, although the singer told the crowd that this was a one time deal.

Friday, January 8th, Danny and I found ourselves at Al's Bar to see The Stitches. I'll tell you it's quite a thrill to walk into a place and getting a lung full of that second hand smoke. Then your eyes start to burn, and even better, it's great to go home reeking like a fucking ashtray. Man, I can't think of anything better. Anyway, we came in in time to catch **Moral Crux** (Washington), who were actually quite good. The crowd seemed to be in a daze though. Then the **White Trash Debutantes** from San Francisco took the stage. Uh... Hey, at the end of the set one of their amps caught fire! Then The Stitches came on and killed us all! I have to say they are the best punk band of the decade. They have it all, the music, the attitude, the energy, the stage presence... I went home with all the songs running through my head, and woke up about three hours later with them still going through my mind. Hell, the tunes lasted me the entire trip up the 5 that Saturday (January 9th) morning as I headed to San Francisco.

Made it to the City in time to get over to Mission Records to catch **What Happens Next?**, **Capitalist Casualties**, and **Dead Bodies Everywhere**. What Happens Next? features members from All You Can Eat, Fuckface, Your Mother, and Spazz. They play old style hardcore, which is pretty good. I believe there's an EP and 10" in the works. The bass player is great, has only three strings, and goes fucking berserk! Plus Devon's a great front man. He's way acrobatic, has a great voice, and you know the rest... **Capitalist Casualties** came on and played a surprise set for **Curtainrail** (Japan) who were the headliners. Of course **Capitalist Casualties** were great. Then **Dead Bodies Everywhere** came on. Jason from Agents Of Satan sings for this band, and it's nice to hear his sick ass voice again. Pretty good stuff. **Society Of Friends** and **Curtainrail** were next, but I had to cut out and meet some friends for dinner.

January 23, we found ourselves at the Juke Joint in Long Beach to see Smog Town and The Stitches, a show that we had been patiently waiting for since we found out at the first of the month. For some strange reason there was a small turn out. Your loss. These are two of the best bands out there. Why bother with that prefabricated "punk" garbage on MTV or KROQ when you can get the real issue? Smog Town began the evening, playing all the favorites, and a couple of new ones. Their guitar player is pretty damn good! He'll be playing all this punk stuff, then out of nowhere use some surf stylings to shake things up even more. They have a 10" on Dead Beat Records coming soon. How can I sleep knowing this?! Then the Stitches took the stage playing the hits, and also debuted a couple of new ones. Jeezus! They need to get a new LP out soon, as what they were playing is incredible, pushing the level of quality even further.

NEWS: Ruido are recording for their Sound

CAUGHT IN MY EYE

ing and fucked up. Simple.

January 2, 1999. What better way to start the new year than by going to see Smog Town? Danny and I made it over to Al's Bar to catch these guys, along with a few other bands. **False Alarm** opened up the night, they were OK, then they were followed by **Fag Rabbit**, who apparently have a new bass player, or so I was told, that night. They were good, some songs lasted a little long though. **Smog Town** came on, and at first I thought they were OK, then a couple songs later I was convinced they are great! If you like the legendary Huntington Beach sound as documented on the "Beach Blvd." comp then you'll love this band. My friend and I made it a point to see this band every chance we get for now on out. **Los Mongos** ended the night, but we only stuck around for a couple songs. Danny suggested we go and get something to eat, and that's an offer I can't refuse! But I will say this, how can you not like a band that encourages the crowd to throw lit firecrackers at them?!

January 9, 1999 we found ourselves down in Long Beach at Java Lanes. **The Starvations** started the festivities. They were pretty good. They have

a bit of a Gun Club influence going on, which is cool. They definitely have the potential to leave a mark. They're in the process of working on a full length. Then **The Shock**, or **Le Shock**, took the stage and posed the night away. They put on this whole belligerent act, with the singer making homophobic jabs at the crowd in effort to get a rise. I'm not pulling some PC trip, as I'm pretty secure in my opinions and ideologies and enjoy tasteless humor as much as the next well-balanced person, but this whole calling the crowd queer is pretty tired. You're gonna have to come up with something more original. It just tells me you're not clever, and basically full of shit.

Then **The Weaklings** took over, and all the lame garbage was soon a distant memory. This band is great! I had never heard them before, and was for some reason expecting limp pop, but these bastards kick out some

Then **The Stitches** took the stage. It's been a while since I had the pleasure of seeing these guys, and what can I say? As always, they are incredible! They played all the favorites, "I Just Wanna Fuck," "Sixteen," "Talk Sick," and more. The crowd was going off, and the night ended on a high note. Stepping outside, the night seemed a little too bright, but I soon discovered it was due to the thick fog. It was kind of nice, though a little tense driving home through. I stuck my hand out the car window, and it was soaked when I pulled it back in. I have never seen fog so

Perhaps the best show I have ever seen.

On Thursday, January 7, I caught a ride with the **Lifes Halt** guys and went up to Ventura to see **Floorpunch** at the Lazer Star in Oxnard. It was an evening of straight-edge hell. **Carry On** were supposed to open the show, but showed up late, leaving **Lifes Halt** with the duty. Of course, **Lifes Halt** put on a pretty good show, and it's nice to hear them through a good PA for a change. Then **Carry On** finally showed up and played. From the last time I saw them to this time they hadn't improved any. I was told last time it was



thick, not even when I was living in San Francisco. It didn't clear up 'til we reached Lynwood.

For all the smack I talked about bands reuniting in an issue or two ago, I have to eat a big slice of crow pie right about now. My wife scored tickets to the **Black Sabbath** reunion at the LA Forum (where they recorded the classic Kiss "Alive 2" double album!) on January 5th. First let me say, that next to **Black Flag**, **Black Sabbath** (with Ozzy) are my all-time favorite band. And I was more than skeptical that this show would be good. I was expecting **Spinal Tap**, but this was, fortunately, not the case. We missed **Incubus**, but from their t-shirts with the shitty rave looking graphics we probably did ourselves a favor. But we did have to sit through about three or four **Pantera** songs. Man, they really suck. Every song sounded the same, and about 10

because the PA was going out, but from seeing them at this show it's clear that they are just awful. They spend more time pulling all the typical poses as demonstrated on a million straight-edge record covers than they do actually playing the songs. I mean how can one take a band serious who has synchronized jumping? If I never see or hear this band again it won't be any loss. Plus, their parents were there. You know a band's lame when their parents show up to video tape their show. **Stand Your Ground** played next and weren't much better. I've heard their first demo, which was pretty good, but they have a new singer who sucks. Why bother? Then **Floorpunch** (New Jersey) came on, and were actually pretty good. Much better than I was expecting. Their records stink, but live they're worth your time. The crowd was getting into it, and pretty much pushing the band up close to



← and ↑ Stitches
 ↓ What Happens Next at Mission Records
 → Smogtown at the Juke Joint



Pollution EP soon. It's going to be 11 tracks of thrash. Damien from Bred On Deception and Phil from bands Sepsism, and Purgatoria, are now in **Bad Acid Trip**. Felix from Lifes Halt has started a record label called Western Disease (the name was taken from a Juggling Jugulars song). His first release is the **Dirty Dirt and The Dirts** EP. If you want one, send \$3 to Western Disease, 1744 W. 25th St., LA, CA 90018. Speaking of Lifes Halt, their debut EP is finally out. There's a limited edition of 100 with a Black Sabbath spoof cover. For the limited edition, you may want to write to Felix at the Western Disease address, but for the regular edition, send \$3 to the label responsible, Youngblood Records, 217 W. Main St., Ephrata, PA 17522. Youngblood Records is also planning out a hardcore comp LP of various bands around the world, including Rain On The Parade, and a few Southern California bands as well, such as Lifes Halt, No Reply, and Dirty Dirt & The Dirts. Members of Dirty Dirt also have a side band called Liquor and Guns. I think a demo is in progress. **Missing 23rd** have a split 7" with **Repeter 800** on 24 Hour Records, 154 East Thompson Blvd., Ventura, CA 93001, or e-mail: two4recs@hotmail.com. **Kontraattaque** should have their EP out by the time this sees print. They recently played a show in Tijuana with Subsistencia. **Gazpacho** have a demo coming out. For more information e-mail them at spitshine@hotmail.com. and ask them for their gazpacho recipe while you're at it. There's a comp in the works of some of the latest Southern California hardcore bands. The collection will feature Lifes Halt, Dirty Dirt & The Dirts, No Reply, Missing 23rd, and more. I'll let you know more as soon as the details start to come in. Capitalist Casualties have a split coming out with **Monster X** (the last of recorded material from this defunct band). The new Capitalist Casualties LP will probably be out by the time this sees print. **Spazz** have finished recording their new LP and are now in the process of getting the art work together. Prank Records is reissuing a vinyl edition of the classic **NOTA** "Live at the Crystal Pistol" cassette. Hell yeah! **Juggling Jugulars** (Finland) have a new EP coming out called "Aliens." They say it's their best stuff yet. They have an impeccable track record, so this new EP is bound to be amazing. There's a new label from over in Denmark, and it's called Kick n Punch Records. They have a couple of releases lined up - one is a comp 7" with **DS-13**, **Intensity**, **Fair Fuck**, **Point Of Few**, **H-Street**, and **Line Of Fire**. The

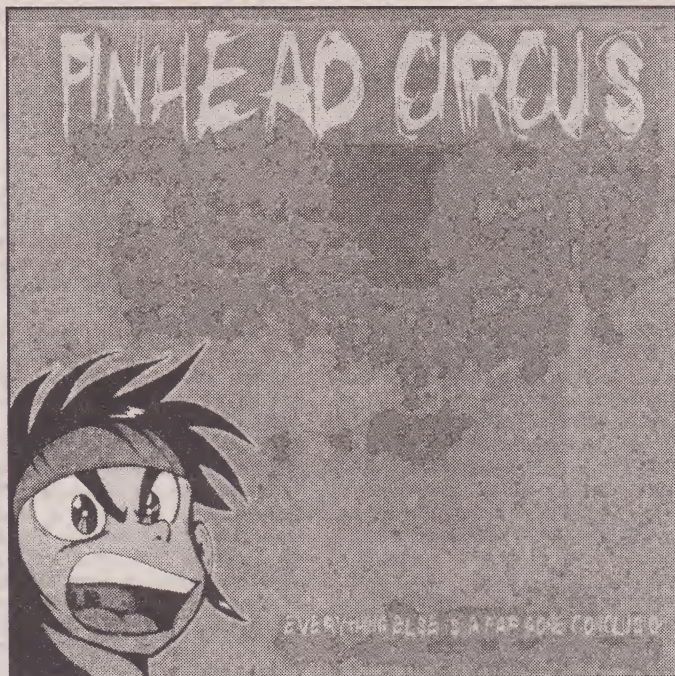
other is a full 7" EP for **Fair Fuck**. For more information, write to: Tommas Svendsen, Svanevej 20 B., 3.TV, 2400 Copenhagen NV, Denmark.

DEMOS: No Reply "Demonstration Tape 1999" - The first time I saw these guys play, something inside me said these guys have a huge potential to accomplish quite a bit, and this demo tape makes that feeling even stronger. No Reply consists of member from Deficit, Lifes Halt, and Justice. The music is straight on hardcore with thrashy and tuneful elements combined. Maybe a cross between 97A and Gorilla Biscuits, or Minor Threat, if you need a comparison. The lyrics tend to be centered around two central themes - hardcore and changes, and the music is full of force, energy, and in-your-face approach. By all means pick this up, and then get everything else they put out in the future. \$2 to the Western Disease address listed in the paragraph above. From France we have a demo from a band called **Slums**. These guys play heavy crust with sick multi-vocals (there's three singers!). The music is abrasive, grindy, thrashy, and hideous. The vocals burp in various tones about war, nuclear annihilation, Nazism. etc. Cross 7 Minutes Of Nausea with Asbestos, and Exhumed and you'll get something like Slums. Write to Fight For Your Mind, L'Okara, Florimond Soyez, Chemin De La Vernue, 03800 Mazerier, France. From the land of Bruce Springsteen and the Toxic Avenger comes **Spaul**. These guys crank out furious blasts of hardcore that spends most of the time with the needle in the red. They do break things up with shifts in tempo, and the music breaks from blast to sort of calmer (not emo though!) moments then straight back into the mayhem. Sounds like the stuff that could easily come from labels like 625, Hater Of God, and Bovine. This demo also comes with a zine called Off Cycle. Inside you'll find interviews with Abnormal Behavior, and Apartment 213. There's also comics, opinions, an interesting, though brief, article on the editor's favorite bands and records, a crossword, and reviews. Pretty good stuff. Send a couple of dollars to: Vinnie Filippini, 210 Woodcliff Ave. Apt. 5F, North Bergen, NJ 07047.

That's it for now. Send your records, demos, zines, and whatever else for review in future installments of this column, and also send me some news of what's going in your area, or with your band, label, or zine. Take care,a

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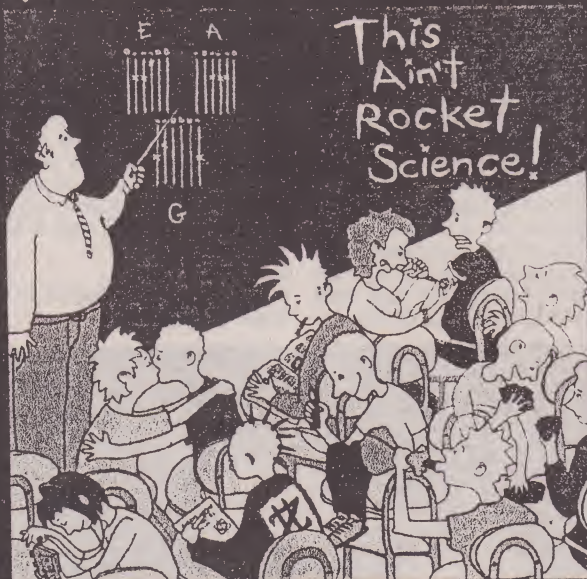
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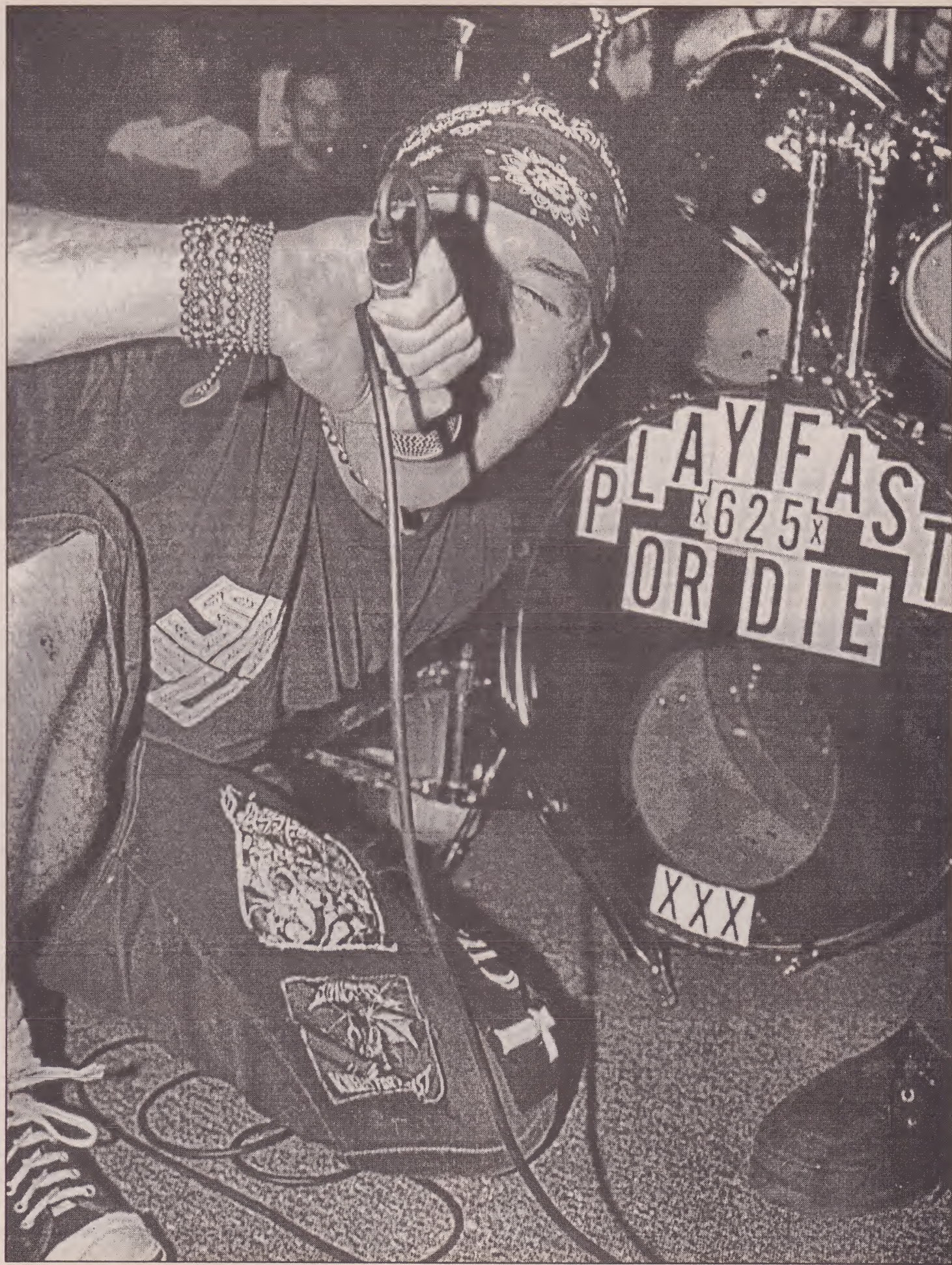
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Feb. 27, 1999. Deadline's due in a couple days, and I'm working on my second forty of OE. I'm crossing my fingers and toes in hoping that what you'll be reading won't turn out to be too much of a mess...

MODS VS. ROCKERS: Let's face it, going to clubs is hella fun indeed, but there's times when maximum amount o' jollies are had in bouncing around from scene to scene, not unlike a tennis ball at Wimbledon! So with that in mind, I bring you our first stop... Night Train! Out of all the times I've been here this

as we came in far too late to hit the lanes. Since our group was still thirsty, it was decided that there was one place and one place only where we could drench our collective need for the booze with what little time we had... and you know what that meant, baby... **JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM!** Where the boobs are a'floppin' and there ain't no a'stoppin'! Unmentionable carnality! Sleaze-a-rama insanity! Romancin' and lap dancin'! All of which came forth before the eventual blackout...

You say you're Muslim? No, now you're a Jew! And if you're a Christian.... well, then you're *double Jew!* Live music was provided by both **The Chickenheads** and **Leather Hymen**... but nothing, no nothing could compare to the event that was to be the crowning of 1999's Jewish American Princess! Flipside contributor/all-around wild woman Nam entered the contest, very hyped up about winning the sacred title. The gal passed with flying colors on the interview segment, and in Round Two performed well

win the title, that damn Nam did succeed in ripping the "J" off the JAP crown. HA! Sore loser, you say...? **HELL FUCKING YEAH!** Of course! Would you expect any true-blooded JAP to behave otherwise?! But then again, I do suspect that the judges were Gentiles... those damn schmucks, they control *everything* in this world...

QUAKE, SHIMMY, 'N' SHAKE! It's been fucking hella too long since I caught those spaz attacks **The Bomboras**... either I was doing my thing (read: trying to hitch a ride), or they were doing theirs. (i.e. touring constantly). Not long ago, back in the day, seeing these five bastards on a regular basis was a given, so you know that it's a treat in catching them when they're off the goddamn road! Been almost year now since I last indulged in their fiery madness, so when I spotted that name in the Weekly for a Spaceland appearance, being there was a must. Opening band **13 Cats** started off the eve. And were a tad lackluster, I must say. Couldn't really put my finger on it, but the lads were not up to par. Was hoping that this super-conglomerate comprised of The Stray Cats, Pole Cats, and Guana Batz would put in more oomph, but such was not the case. A last bid of energy was attempted for the encore of "Hell Bop," but by then, it was too little, too late. Whether it was an off nite for these fellas was kinda hard to tell. And who should upstage them but the one, the only, the original... Thee Bomboras! The band hasn't lost an iota of pure energy when it comes to the live enactment, as they tossed out many a morsel for their hungry assed fans with Sherry dancing up a storm as if the lady's life depended upon it. The band were more electrified than sticking your wet finger into a live lamp socket, dammit! They van-

NOISE FROM NOWHERE

one was the most packed, with the ladies and gents shakin' their feet to some of the down to the ground coolest '60s sounds. A band called **The Make** made their live debut that nite, doing a set of covers from days gone by. They were quite mod, indeed. After a few more rounds on the dance floor, a change of scenery was in order. So, making a quick jump on the freeway it was off to... Bowl-A-Rama! We unfortunately arrived far too late to witness **Deadbolt's** moody swamp action, but catching roots rockers **Big Sandy and His Fly Rite Boys** made up for that, as they were a kick in the overalls whilst keeping the onlookers dancin' something fierce. Didn't get to catch any bowling,

YES, YOU TOO CAN BE A JEW! Leave it to that crazy ass Reverend Al and his merry cohorts in hosting a celebratory evening of all things kosher, that being Jew Night at Mr.T's Bowl! When the havdalah candles melted down into bubbling puddles of wax, signifying the end of another Sabbath, the Cacophony Society jubilated our collective inner Jewry by pondering the JEW within YOU! While graciously handing out free bagels to the attendees, master of ceremonies Sy Goldstein (who arrived from an exclusive engagement at Herschel Squirtstein's Catskills Resort) made note of how "Tonight, everyone here is a Jew! You came here a Catholic? Here, you're a Jew!

in showcasing her unique Jewish talents. Then, the final round. The moment of truth. She is one amongst three to be chosen Miss JAP. The air was thick with silence. And when the runners-up were announced, she wound up finishing second to some skank who was hardly worthy of said honor. Nam came oh-so-close in snatching that title. When the newly-crowned Jewish American Princess stepped forth to meet her well-wishers, she was quickly attacked by an enraged Nam, who was on the offensive the entire fucking time. You should've been there... the poor princess must've lost a gangload o' calories in running from Nam's vengeful assault. And even tho she didn't

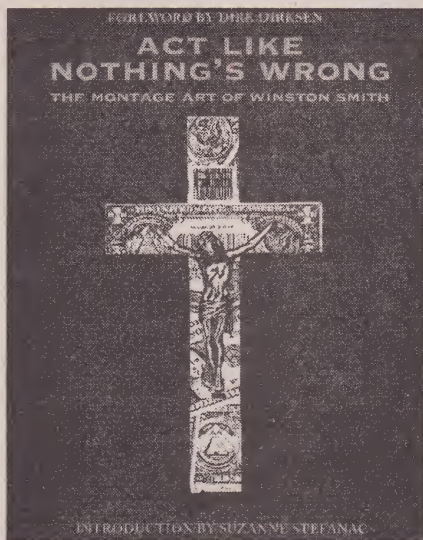


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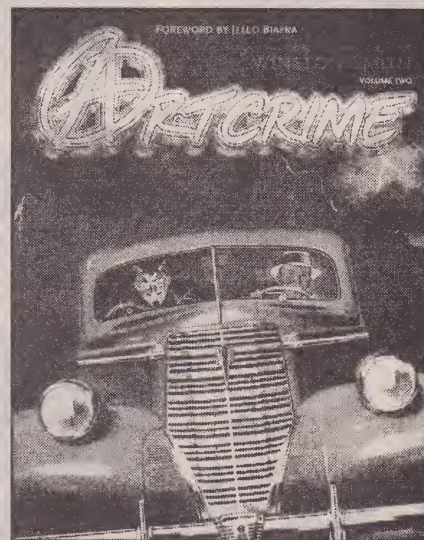
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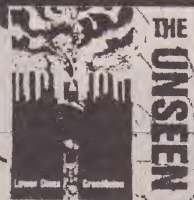
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Baby Doll Ringers
AFI-163 AFI New baby doll
CB-229 I W SATAN baby doll
LI-149 LESS THAN JAKE Baby Doll Crash Course
LW-102 LAGWAGON Men Are Pigs
GR-134 GOOD RIDDANCE Logo

OP-149 OPERATION IVY Sia Man
OR-189 THE QUEERS Punk Rock Girls
SC-163 SCREW 32 Changes
SM-161 SAMIAM #1
SU-221 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
SW-177 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
SI-103 SICK OF IT ALL Rats The Ivier
TL-160 TILT Truck Logo
SU-231 TRIBE 8 Sacred Heart
VD-150 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Skateboard
Embroidered Baseball Hats
AFI-230 AFI Logo
LK-214 LOOKOUT! Logo
OP-183 OPERATION IVY Logo
QR-192 THE QUEERS USA Band Logo
SW-180 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
SU-230 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
MTX-240 MR.T EXPERIENCE Logo
VD-245 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Monster Face
LJ-203 LESS THAN JAKE Logo
AT-216 ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES Logo
CB-231 I LOVE SATAN
Embroidered Knit Caps
AFI-231 AFI Logo
LK-196 LOOKOUT! Logo
OP-184 OPERATION IVY Logo
OR-193 THE QUEERS USA Band Logo
SW-181 SCREECHING WEASEL Logo
SU-231 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
MTX-241 MR.T EXPERIENCE Logo
VD-246 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Logo
CB-230 I LOVE SATAN
Long Sleeve T-Shirts
AT-215 ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES W Smith Logo
CB-223 PUNK ROCK HILL
NF-103 NOFX Scarie
OP-182 OPERATION IVY Energy
SM-212 SAMIAM Double
SW-178 SCREECHING WEASEL Whesl Barking
VD-247 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Sneakers w/ Horns
GD-112 GREEN DAY Billie Joe "Jump"
QR-194 THE QUEERS USA Band
Hooded Sweatshirts
AFI-232 AFI Logo
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES W Smith Logo
GM-239 GUTTERMOUTH Ashhole
GD-110 GREEN DAY Billie Joe "Jump"
LK-215 LOOKOUT! Party
NF-103 NOFX Scarie
OP-181 OPERATION IVY Sia Man
OR-190 THE QUEERS USA Band
SM-239 SAMIAM Double
SU-229 SWINGIN' UTTERS Logo
SW-179 SCREECHING WEASEL Whesl Barking
VD-248 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Monster on Motorcycle
VH-249 VANDALS Logo
Vinyl Stickers
LK-STR2 LOOKOUT! Party Logo
MTX-STR2 MR.T EXPERIENCE Logo
OP-STR1 OPERATION IVY Sia Man
OR-STR4 THE QUEERS Scarie Cat
SM-STR1 SAMIAM Logo
SW-STR5 SCREECHING WEASEL Face
TL-STR6 TILT Truck Logo
VD-STR2 VOODOO GLOW SKULLS Logo
SU-STR1 SQUIRTGUN Logo
PS-STR8 PHANTOM SURFERS Logo

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Nobodys
Generation XXX

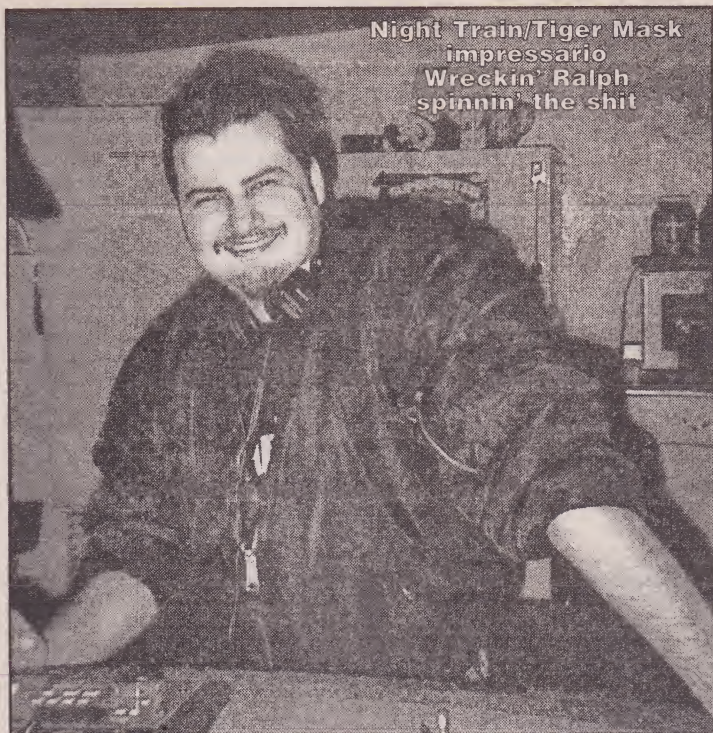


The Queers
Punk Rock Confidential



88 Fingers Louie
Back On The Streets





Night Train/Tiger Mask
impressario
Wreckin' Ralph
spinnin' the shit

dalized "Take a Chance"! Scandalized "Return of the Death Ray"! Dehumanized "Land of the One Percenters"! Good God! And despite the fog, the fire, and the go-go dancing, these hard-working thrillgivers have proven time and time again that they need not rely solely upon gimmicks, as their true talent shines forth prominently thru the speakers. And baby, that's where it counts! See and believe! Whooo! The truth is just! TFP HAS SPOKEN...

THIS ISSUE'S OBLIGATORY TIGER MASK REVIEW: With Hollywood Moguls now an addition to the LA Club Cemetery, the unanimously agreed-upon raunchiest rock'n'roll club of the '90s has been forced to go elsewhere. Currently located at The Venue Formerly Known As The Anti-Club, Gabah, co-conspirators Wreckin' Ralph and Rob "The Mick" Cunningham threw a delectable soiree of scandal once more. As per usual, the line-up was one of quality trash not to be passed up. Throwrag showed up doing their unique inbred hillbilly hoedowning, and front-man Sleezo disappointed

all the ladies out there by keeping his drawers on for a change. Then again, he did make 'em happy by not throwing up onto them, which has been an obscene custom of sorts. They were followed by Bitch School, and man if those attendees didn't eat up those teen power pop punk chestnuts like they were going outta style. If your tastes cater to, say, The Donnas or The Runaways, then hell, this is the fucking band for you. They even covered not one, not two, but three covers originally done by the Fab Four. Were more fun than giving a fireman a hot-foot. Caught bits n' pieces of **The Flakes**, 'cos like Tony The Tiger, I frosted flaked out in catching the full set. Yet it must be said that that Russell Quan, The Man of a Thousand Bands, has so far come the clos-

est in reincarnating the Count Backwards with this supercharged group. The ensemble did fully entertain via means of full-on garage punk hyperactivity, which was to be expected considering that the guys have two ex-members of the deceased CB's on board. As is my custom at Tiger Mask, the ol' liver got oh so beaten up, and by the time that **The Bobbyteens** graced the stage this one was way primed for nothing less than 150% ACTION, baby! And did they, The 'Teens, disappoint? HELL FUCKING NO! Scensters present moaned and groaned, oohed and ahhed with delight to the sounds of '70s trash set forth, performed with such gusto that would've made any Tuscadereo proud. Lotsa cuts from "Fast Livin' and Rock'n'Roll" were re-worked along with a smattering of newer gems, which were greeted by some very enthusiastic applause. Didn't think too much about 'em when I last saw their asses, but shit, I swear upon a stack of Tijuana bibles if they didn't slap me upside the chrome dome this time 'round into thinking otherwise! I shit you not, you meat beaters and pie hole

eaters out there...! **SOMETIMES YOU WANNA GO WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME, A.K.A. THE BIG P SCENE REPORT!** Alright motherfuckers and cocksuckers, let's cut to the chase... all current members of **Man Is The Bastard** are now out of rehab. Whether the band is still together per se is debatable, as no one local seems to know. The **Instigators** had to cancel an appearance in Berdoo, the meth capital of Planet Earth, due to the drummer not being able to find a babysitter. Yeah! The West Room is a fairly new hole in the wall across from the Glass House, mostly catering to punk acts. It's all ages. Same with The Council, located right next door to the Glass House. Don't



Sleezo
Just
being his
twisted
self with
Throwrag

All O's
-TFP

know if there's a particular booking policy when it comes to the shows, but the nite I decided to give it a shot I was treated to some pretty lame indie poppers that shall remain nameless. Wait. Fuck it. Why not call 'em out fer chrissakes: **OZMA! TEEN HEROES! THE REPLICAS!** You out there: if you own any releases that bear those people's logos, do the true rock'n'roll community a serious favor by torching their releases at once. Felt very old indeed walking around that place. For all I know, a budding spawn of a past drunken one-nighter could've been standing next to me. Former Foxations vocalist Julie has been working on a new project, but I've promised to keep hush-hush 'bout the moniker until they get their thing together. And lastly, does Bob Durkee have any friends left...!? I only ask because numerous folk have...

PREPARATION GBH: The place: The Glass House in Pomona. The band: '80s limeys GBH. Believe it or not, this was a major local event. Plenty of local faces

were seen at this one. Previously made some calls about being on the list. Truly felt like Homer Simpson when, upon arriving at the box office, the case wasn't. DOH! So I'm a few doors down from The Glass House, chatting with some friends I happened to come across... then suddenly, w/o warning, a fight from inside spills outdoors. And it's not a minor one, either. It's a full-on racist/non-racist skin feud. Tempers flared and blood flowed. Got close enough to catch one white power skin's face... he was more cut up than Stone Cold Steve Austin ever was, if you can believe it. Catching that fracas made me think twice about coughing up the twelve bucks to get in. As I'd much rather put my mouth on a homeless old lady's chili hole instead of dealing with that fighting B.S. It was time to go home, get drunk, and watch wrestling. I'd rather have my violence more realistic, thank you. By the way, I heard that GBH were pretty darn good.

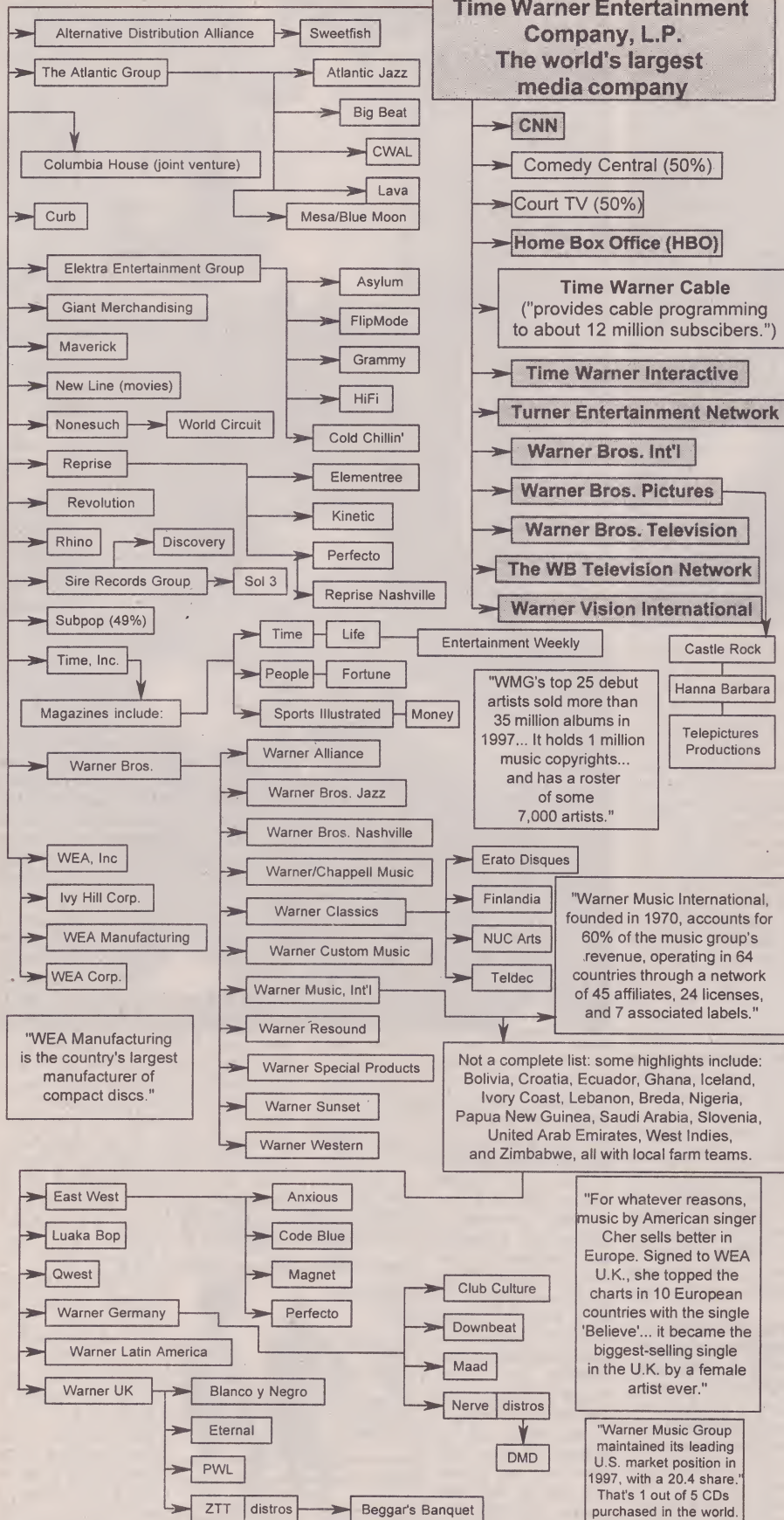
-Tim From Pomona

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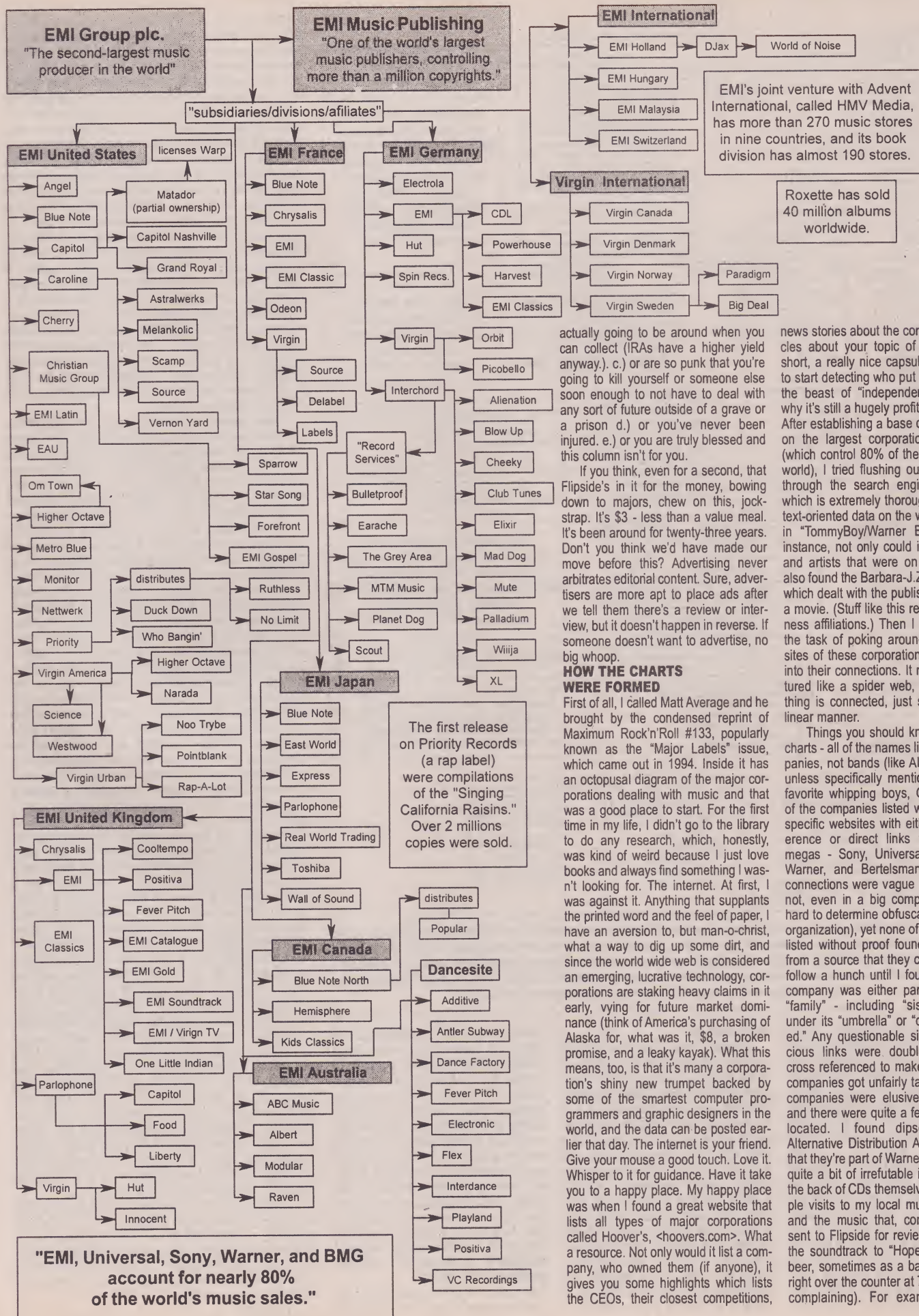
INmajorDIE?

My idea was relatively simple. Or so it seemed. Separate "independent" from "major." It wasn't a noble cause or a cry for indie purity (much more on that in following issues.). I just wanted us - Flipside - to get compensated for what we were providing, get paid what we were owed. I wouldn't expect you to know about our advertising rates, but for this time out, I think it's important to go over it a bit. Simple: major labels and those affiliated with them pay twice as much as those that have no major label affiliations. It's our policy, one that's been in operation since the mag's inception in 1977. The equation is still very simple: if record companies claim "indie"ness, my personal test is no major label affiliation whatsoever. No trace, no nuance, no sweet whiff of major sugar-daddy. And let me restate: I don't give a fuck what you are when you advertise - just pay at the rate which you owe. It pisses me off to no end to find out that people have knowingly been lying to me for months. The trouble I have concerning this little formula is that people, using the back of my head as a doormat, basically don't think they're lying and stealing from us in the form not paying ad revenue that we're owed. It's part of the game. Hopefully, we all think we're not chumps, especially when we can do something about it. So I did. I made the accompanying charts since when I'd call up labels and distros I know and trust, many people just didn't know or weren't telling. The research took much longer than I anticipated, and they are still incomplete, but much more thorough than anything I could find.

Enter the sound of the whizzing arrow that pierced the heel of Achilles. Or a grizzlie tossing around then eating the limp body of a toddler after its bounced off the ground. Problem is, millions of people daily, with new markets being opened up and exploited on a daily basis, are slurping this "independence" shit up. It insulates. "We good. We apart from the big, bad, cold industry." How can they simultaneously pull off both mainstreamization of Yanni's new age farting and embrace "alternatives" to the mainstream? It's because the stream itself has never been wider; consolidation of funds while spreading across vast, bumpy fields that rival the complexity of human beings' circulatory systems. Problem is, "indie" seldom means the same thing to two people. (Kind of like the word "big," it is defined in relation to other objects or ideas. If you say, "Wow, that's a big piece of gum." or "Wow, Washington's nostrils are big" when looking at Mt. Rushmore, it's easy to see that bigness is conditional, relying on context. If there is a piece of gum that's as big as Washington's carved nose hole, I've yet to see it and it would probably be called "mighty big.") As well, "indie" definition can, will, and has been stretched, manipulated, folded on itself, bounced, and screwed into itself like Silly Putty. In an attempt to stem the flow of our "indie" injuries, Al and I decided to make up a new term for our own Flipside purposes with our own tight, formal definition since even Garth Brooks is now probably listed as an "independent country rocker" in some catalog. We came up with the word "autonomous." Essentially, it's the same root of "independent" but it hadn't been allocated and nurtured into a buzz word. It's hard (but not impossible) for me to picture David Letterman to announce, "And now, rockers, Garbage, playing that autonomous rock" (clap, clap). It just doesn't slide off the tongue, sounds a little technical, and would hopefully dislodge people from the indie trip wire hardwired into their brain reflex mechanisms. Anyway, our definition of "autonomous" goes as follows. It's dry - it's supposed to be, but please bear with me. It's also on the first page of every Flipside: "An autonomous label is self-sufficient. It must be free of direct or indirect association to a major label which it is dependent upon for every service, i.e. billing, accounting, inventory, manufacturing, or distribution." A shorter version is - no major label connections, at all. Look, we're not saying that we're denying anyone their right to advertise; far from it. If they've got deep pockets, we want some of that largesse if they're coming into our domain.

The reason for the price difference is to give distinct advantage to the real independents, not a back door in which majors can sneak. I have so much sympathy with the person toiling in their living room or garage, having freshly xeroxed their cover and numbering 7's until their handwriting is illegible, stuffing a mountain range of envelopes to zines, radio stations, labels, friends, and bands, with a hope to all that is decent that they'll just break even or turn enough profit to buy a block of tofu, a weekender of Schlitz, or money to put on a local show - that's what I think of when I picture in my mind's eye of an independent. (Believe it or not, only three people put Flipside together from layouts to proofing to film plates for the color pages.) Sure, there are hugely successful independents, and as much as you goad me, I won't talk shit about labels like Fat. Success on your own terms isn't the enemy. All turning a profit now - on your own terms - hopefully means that you're not going to be sleeping on the street when you're sixty. If that's an unjustifiable crime, you're either a.) on a trust fund b.) believe in the fallacy that Social Security is

Other brands and products owned by Time Warner: TNT Original Movies, TBS Superstation Franchises, Cartoon Network Original Series, Atlanta Braves Baseball, The Goodwill Games, "WCW Monday Nitro," National Geographic, "Larry King Live," "Crossfire," "Inside the NFL," TV shows - "Friends," "The Drew Carey Show," "ER," "Seinfeld," "The Rosie O'Donnell Show," "Animaniacs," and Time Warner is one of the largest content providers on the web, with over 50 significant web sites and more than 500 distinct URLs and Time Warner Cable reaches thirty-five regional clusters of more than 100,000 subscribers.



actually going to be around when you can collect (IRAs have a higher yield anyway.). c.) or are so punk that you're going to kill yourself or someone else soon enough to not have to deal with any sort of future outside of a grave or a prison d.) or you've never been injured. e.) or you are truly blessed and this column isn't for you.

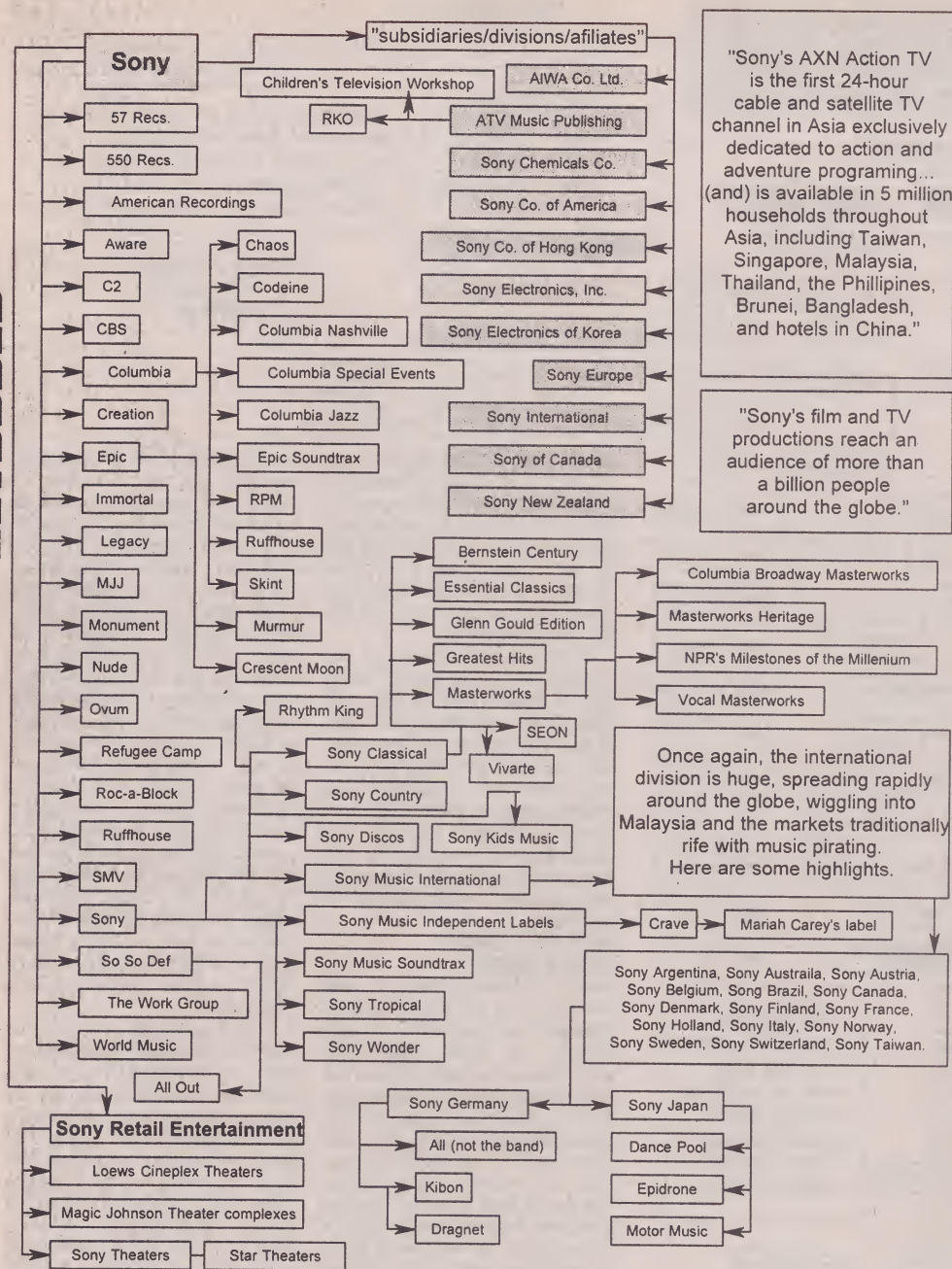
If you think, even for a second, that Flipside's in it for the money, bowing down to majors, chew on this, jock-strap. It's \$3 - less than a value meal. It's been around for twenty-three years. Don't you think we'd have made our move before this? Advertising never arbitrates editorial content. Sure, advertisers are more apt to place ads after we tell them there's a review or interview, but it doesn't happen in reverse. If someone doesn't want to advertise, no big whoop.

HOW THE CHARTS WERE FORMED

First of all, I called Matt Average and he brought by the condensed reprint of Maximum Rock'n'Roll #133, popularly known as the "Major Labels" issue, which came out in 1994. Inside it has an octopus diagram of the major corporations dealing with music and that was a good place to start. For the first time in my life, I didn't go to the library to do any research, which, honestly, was kind of weird because I just love books and always find something I wasn't looking for. The internet. At first, I was against it. Anything that supplants the printed word and the feel of paper, I have an aversion to, but man-o-christ, what a way to dig up some dirt, and since the world wide web is considered an emerging, lucrative technology, corporations are staking heavy claims in it early, vying for future market dominance (think of America's purchasing of Alaska for, what was it, \$8, a broken promise, and a leaky kayak). What this means, too, is that it's many a corporation's shiny new trumpet backed by some of the smartest computer programmers and graphic designers in the world, and the data can be posted earlier that day. The internet is your friend. Give your mouse a good touch. Love it. Whisper to it for guidance. Have it take you to a happy place. My happy place was when I found a great website that lists all types of major corporations called Hoover's, <hoovers.com>. What a resource. Not only would it list a company, who owned them (if anyone), it gives you some highlights which lists the CEOs, their closest competitors,

news stories about the companies, articles about your topic of interest - in short, a really nice capsule to swallow to start detecting who put the virus into the beast of "independent rock" and why it's still a hugely profitable venture. After establishing a base of information on the largest corporations in music (which control 80% of the music in the world), I tried flushing out other leads through the search engine AltaVista, which is extremely thorough in locating text-oriented data on the web. If I typed in "TommyBoy/Warner Brothers," for instance, not only could it find albums and artists that were on that label, it also found the Barbara-J. Zitwer Agency which dealt with the publishing rights of a movie. (Stuff like this reinforces business affiliations.) Then I went through the task of poking around 1,000 web-sites of these corporations and looked into their connections. It really is structured like a spider web, where everything is connected, just seldomly in a linear manner.

Things you should know about the charts - all of the names listed are companies, not bands (like All or Bluebird), unless specifically mentioned, like my favorite whipping boys, Goldfinger. All of the companies listed were found on specific websites with either direct reference or direct links to the mega megas - Sony, Universal, EMI, Time Warner, and Bertelsmann AG. Many connections were vague (intentional or not, even in a big company it's often hard to determine obfuscation from disorganization), yet none of the labels are listed without proof found on the web from a source that they can control. I'd follow a hunch until I found out that a company was either part of a label's "family" - including "sister sites" or under its "umbrella" or "directly affiliated." Any questionable sites and tenuous links were double-checked or cross referenced to make sure that no companies got unfairly targeted. Some companies were elusive on the web, and there were quite a few that I never located. I found dipsquat on the Alternative Distribution Alliance except that they're part of Warner. Also, I found quite a bit of irrefutable information on the back of CDs themselves with a couple visits to my local music emporium and the music that, confusingly, gets sent to Flipside for review (I can trade the soundtrack to "Hope Floats" for a beer, sometimes as a barter exchange right over the counter at 7-11 so I'm not complaining). For example, I didn't



for the consumer, and provided little information useful to the task at hand. Same goes for asking a direct question with the person who's placing the ad. They know the company line in their response about their "indie dom" and don't expect them to be forthright - they're tired, wary, and will readily show you scars of "indie battle." As soon as the question "are you indie?" passed my lips I could see the little barricades that cops set up for sobriety check points flash across my mind. Responses usually weren't especially helpful, complicated the matter, and it quickly became a sliding scale and a stern finger point, running the gamut of "We're not as big as Garbage or anything," to "We're on a major in Canada. If you were a Canadian zine, we'd pay major rates," to "Don't you know that the Sex Pistols were on a major?" to "We don't make as much money as Sebadoh," to "We're not as big as a real major" to "That's not in our 'indie' budget," to "Rob Zombie's starting his own indie label. It's not technically Geffen." Visualize me, right now, with three nuts in my scrotum. Hard to believe, and I don't blame you. I have just a hard time believing that Rob Zombie's really worried about his next meal and needs an ad price break. Again, for this section, I'm just trying to collect money that's due us and making no judgement call on the music itself. However, there are some handy ways to deal with this communication roadblock.

When dealing with record companies on the phone, I'd contact people in accounts payable about bills, not the ad placer, and would often get extremely candid answers about their business practices. Hell, it's not their money. They don't know who the fuck you are, nor are they trained to give you the "official company response." Who'd of thought, bean counters are good for something.

On the internet, always go above them or to the side of a company. Let me explain. A good way to circumvent the apparent lack of company business linkages is to go directly to the parent company itself (kind of like climbing a mountain and getting the lay of the land) or go to foreign sites. At the top of the corporate structure, Bertelsmann talked of what percentage of specific markets they controlled and illustrated its power structure in detail; unabashedly acknowledging what "significant" labels it acquired, controlled, or shared. "Significant," in their terminology, basically meant the top labels, not the farm team subsidiaries controlled in no small part by the "significant" labels. BMG boasts in their literature that they own "more than 200 record labels," but I couldn't find a complete list of them anywhere, and I don't think I've found them all. The reason that the mucky mucks are chest beating becomes relatively obvious. The closer to the core of a major operation, the tighter the cluster of money, the more the urge there is to talk of units sold, of profit, of shareholders' confidence, of market expansion, of affiliations. It's the equivalent of both bragging and reassurance. The top brass could give two fucks about the blinding lights of being cool or the flash and sizzle of a Generation X-demographed site - the bottom line is cash, a nice bed of it to lay in and rub all over their bodies like hot oil wrestling and eventually line their coffins/coffers with. It's a business and not a squat. Balled fists of prize fighters of money, that's what they're after.

Another good way to see on the internet who's connected where, get out of the United States controlled sites. I don't know if it's an American phenomenon to disconnect the word "indie" from any real meaning, but most foreign sites didn't seem to give a flying fuck if they listed the more clandestine connections where neither smaller or larger label sites admitted directly to owning or being owned. For example, I wasn't sure if certain labels were affiliated with EMI since there were no statements to that effect with the dance labels like Antler Subway. EMI Australia cleared it up nicely, providing me a list of all foreign links of "subsidiaries/divisions/afilates" and helped me strengthen other ties. I also think that foreign websites parallel the thinking of the top brass; show how much you control so investors are satisfied, none of that niggling "indie" talk that sells so well in the US of A.

I'll leave you with this - before you start chucking your irons into the coals to start branding, I bet my short and curls in a campfire that you'd be surprised at the near-invisible links that connect a vast majority of bands that you think are breathing "holy" indie air. I even bet that some of the bands don't even know of some of their connections. Tune in next time.

-Retodd

know if Royalty Records, home to both the excellent (REO) Speedealer and Two Man Advantage, was exclusively distributed by BMG. Yup. Says it right on the back. No labels are listed merely because someone told me they thought or heard so and so was on a major. If you feel wrongly accused, please contact me, Todd, c/o (<flipside@ix.netcom.com>) or Flipside, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116) and I will provide you with the web site that places your company question. (There are too many websites to list - the stack of print outs is thicker than *War and Peace* stacked on top of *Crime and Punishment*.) Be aware that your comments may be used in the columns following this one, so please, measure your

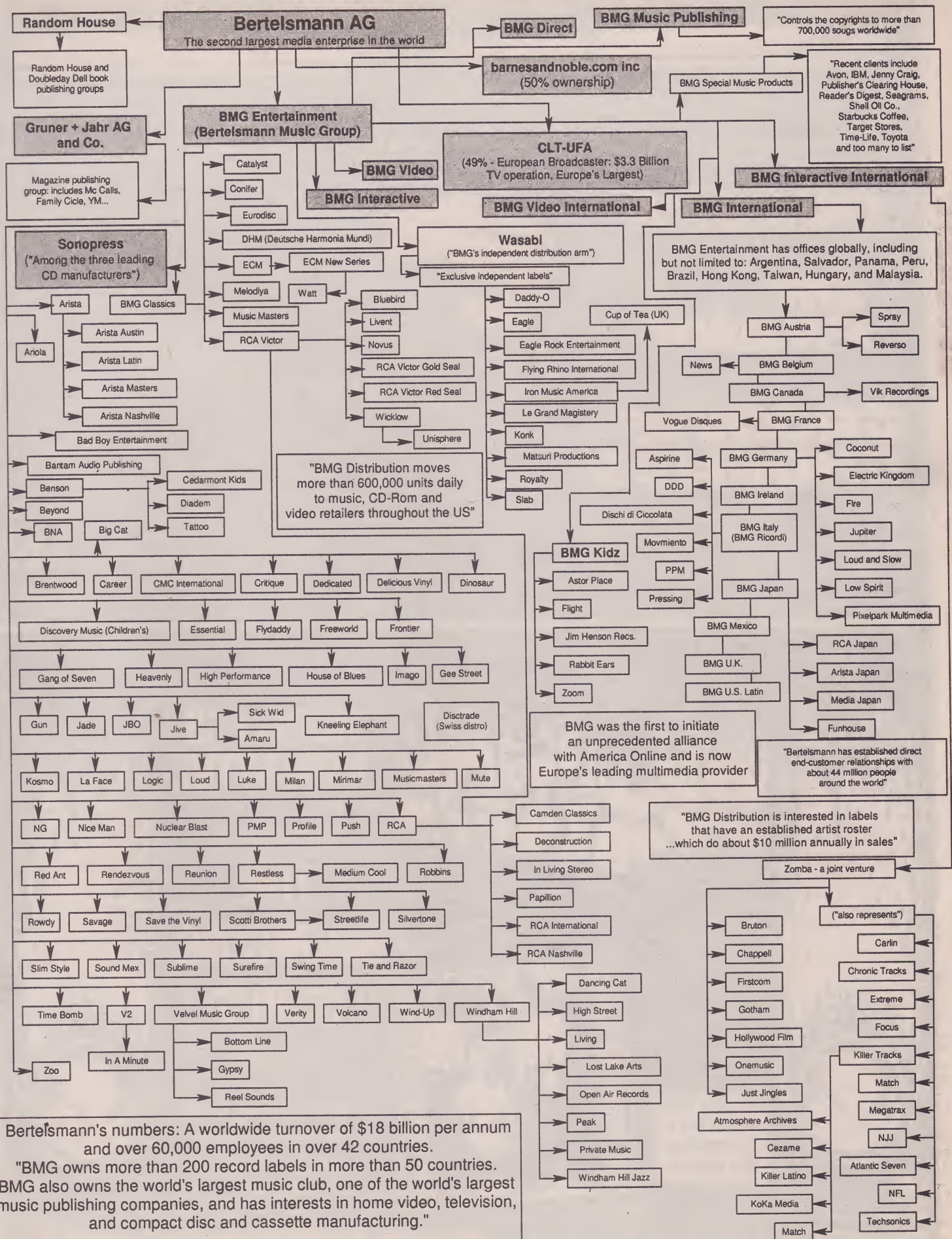
words carefully.

During the time of research (1/10/99 - 4/1/99), I became more and more acute to the dynamic, shifting nature of business, and the music business in specific. Universal purchased PolyGram, A + M has become a shell company (it still may put things out, but only in name, not as a label that has its own talent pool with A+R), some companies were completely erased, some companies I couldn't examine fully (like Ariola) because their web sites were under construction. Some of these affiliations may no longer be valid, new alliances may have been forged and renamed their operation, labels that used to be tangoing with majors may have ended their dances. It happens all the time. Just a week ago, I

heard on the news that BMG (a subsidiary of Bertelsmann) was getting together with EMI, joining forces on the internet CD purchasing site of getmusic.com. The ominous initial music-controlling octopus described by MRR is shifting (and I bet Derrida has a hardon the size of the Washington monument), swimming swiftly, its tentacles are breaking, reconnecting, kalidescooping, reaching more, and getting harder to fully detect. Like an iceberg, the music business' tip may be almost painfully obvious, but there's tonnage underneath that's much more massive and unseen.

TRICKY LINKAGE, SOME RESEARCH TIPS

Often times, I found that main sites of the music business are real flashy, designed



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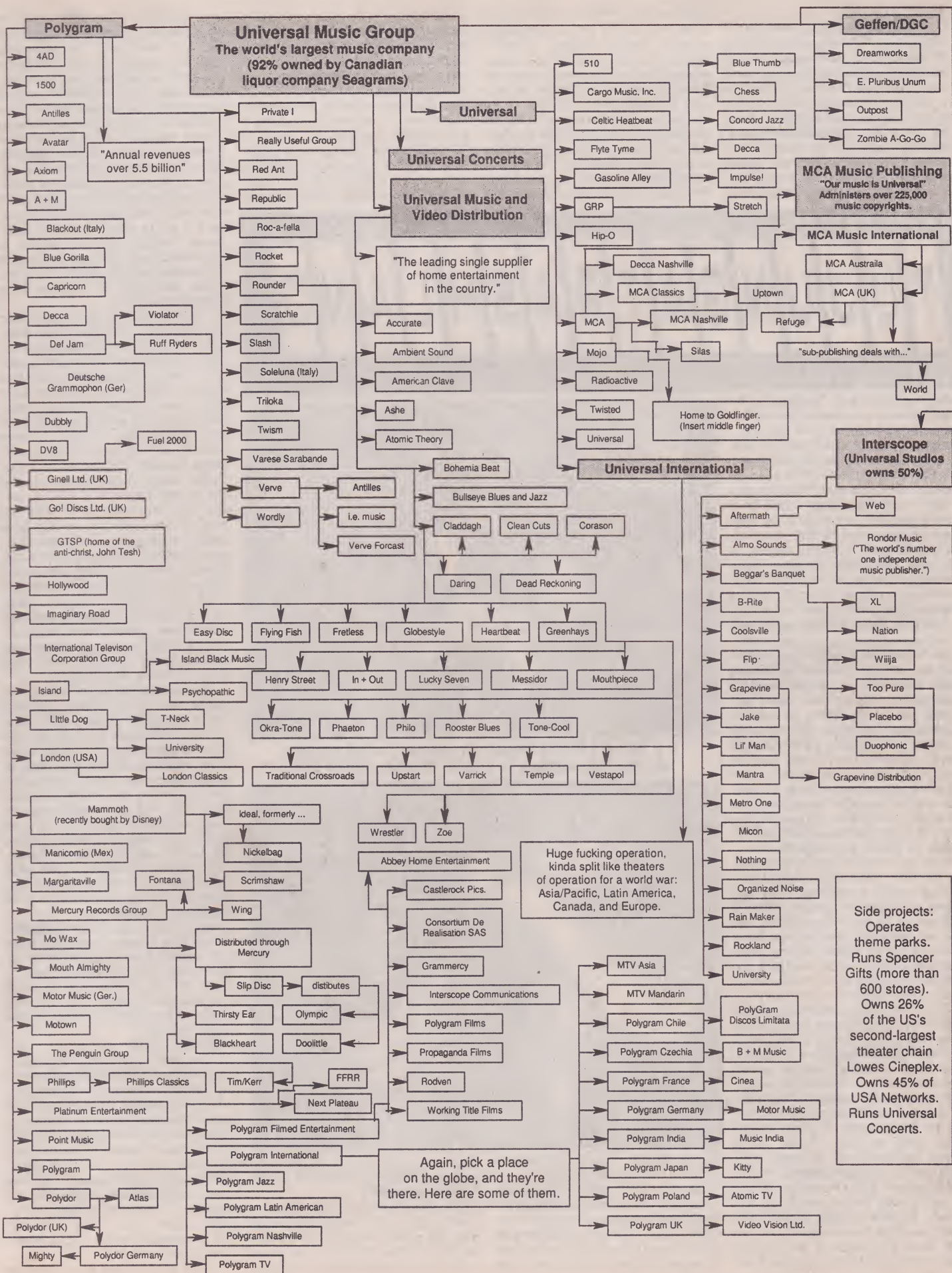
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PC PIECE OF SHIT

I received the expected and inevitable strident response to my review of the Butchies CD (Flipside #116) gently chiding them for their rather brain damaged press kit, from a Teresa Theophano. First I wish to tell her that I'm onto her. Instead of the band itself replying to me, they went and arranged for someone else, a faux "disinterested/concerned" third party to write me. Your "reward" for the attempt is that I will not print your abusive racist, sexist letter! It is so transparently obvious that I was deliberately misinterpreted

if the decal said "White Pride" we'd all see it on the evening news with FBI, investigative reporters, "concerned citizens" and all the rest of the hoopla of a combined-arms government/liberal media circus. All we ever hear about are the racist whites, racists in other groups are swept under the rug and not chastised! What the fuck is with the double standards? That's RACISM! Not that I want white racists, I don't! I don't want racists of any color. But words don't hurt anyone. I personally don't care if the guy has a "Brown Pride" decal. I only care if he wants to beat

gathering strength in the underground. It seems to be centered mostly within the punk rock'n'roll movement, in those drunk fuckshut bands that record for labels like Junk and Intensive Scare. These people are rebels, rule breakers and very anti-PC. The days of political correctness are numbered. There's even a strong new zine, published in the absolute metaphysical center of PC-dom, Berkeley California, that is aggressively anti-PC in its coverage of music and the scene. It is called Hit List, and if you're PC, you're on their list! Ha ha ha, nyah,

strong out there in the clubs. They have metal, hard rock (whatever the fuck that is; you want "hard rock," try listening to Japanese hardcore bands!), alternative (though it's not "alternative rock"), and even a Best Hard Rock Performance category. The latter is made ludicrous by having two metal bands, Marilyn Manson and Metallica in there. Metallica's also in the Best Metal Performance category, but so's Nashville Pussy! Huh? Oddly enough for all this confusion of style meaning, the Metallica song in Best Hard Rock Performance is "Fuel" which is as close to what punks enjoy as you can get and still be metal - that song fuckin' shreds. Problem is, the category is "Performance" and I hear they spent months on that album getting it just so. Perhaps that should read "Best Performance By A ProTools Specialist?"

What we don't see are categories for: Best Punk, Best Rockabilly, Best Swing Band and (yech!) Best Ska Band! What the fuck? Even bluegrass has its own category and I'll bet more people listen to punk than bluegrass! What the fuck? Don't we exist? Maybe someone should start a new music awards just for the underground? We could have categories like: '77 punk, '81 punk hardcore, oil, ska (barf!), swamp, surf, garage, rockabilly, traditional rock'n'roll, psychobilly, sludge, metalhardcore, industrial, and extreme hardcore. I'm sure you can think many more subgenres to honor, how 'bout it? Who's going to sponsor these awards and judge them? The biggest underground labels can kick in money with a stipulation that if they try to influence the judging they get their bands banned from the contest. Bands CURRENTLY signed to majors can fuck off (necessary in order to keep them and their deep pockets from influencing the contest), except for maybe an honors category for defunct legendary bands (think Clash, Sex Pistols, Rezillos, etc).

Flipside did a tongue in cheek award for a while, but it just turned into a popularity contest among local LA bands, which is way too limited. We need strong judges who know their shit musically (but aren't in a band or own a label with a band in the running. Or we could simply make a rule barring judges from voting for any band they have an interest in.) We could get knowledgeable old-timers like (random picks here, OK?): Ian MacKaye, Jeff Bale, Joe Keithley of DOA, Lee Joseph, Long Gone John, Al Flipside, Pooch Flipside, Charlie Harper and Nicky Garratt of UK Subs, Tony Adolescent, Doc Strange, etc; in other words a bunch of old timers who do know their shit.

We could call the awards the "Whammies" and use it as a forum to make fun of the major labels and their weak bullshit bands. Make Epitaph, Fat and Lookout bankroll it - they've got lots of money, ha ha ha! If enough labels got behind it they'd even find a place for it on cable TV, betcha! So how 'bout it? Dare ya!

INTERNET JUNK

Ever hear of "camsites" (live camera)? These are websites with photos taken every few minutes and immediately uploaded for your viewing pleasure. These are everything from views of cities, mountains, beaches, to the insides of offices or homes. Some of the later show the inhabitants in various activities. There range from the purely pornographic such as ones found through this page <<http://www.webcamslive.com/live-cams.htm>>, to amazing performance art sites such as Ana Zoog's: <<http://www.anacam.com/>>. I highly recommend Anacam!

There are a multitude of wild personal

TUJUNGATRASHLAND

when I used the word "mongoloid," which Teresa used as an excuse to race bait. But I will comment briefly on it and use it as a jumping off point for a small rant on politically correct speech. By the way, she is racist BY HER OWN PC DEFINITION when she accused me of being white, that implying that I was in some way against Asians! I'm of mixed race, and I'm not telling you which ones, so nyah! I used the word "mongoloid" in its street sense of "mentally deficient"; or to say it with greater eloquence: fuckin' retarded, not racially! - which I'm sure Teresa understood clearly, not even a PC moron is that dumb. What all my epithets in the record review were actually about is casual abuse. The pathetic PC puritans can't tell the difference between hating races, retards, homos etc, and merely being deliberately offensive! I was slapping the band around verbally for their bullshit, nyah! And mere speech mentioning "gay" or any race is not materially harming anyone. I can say "fag" and no one drops dead in their tracks. It's not even hate speech because it's only a word. I can say "fag" without hating homos. In fact, I can say "fag" and not even be referring to homosexuality; but PC people like Teresa live a sheltered, closeted existence and wouldn't know that fact. I don't subscribe to that PC shit that words are terrible, psychologically destructive weapons. What a dumb, BORING idea!

The current state of affairs in leftist/sexual fascist politics is unbearable - they have managed to create the equivalent of "thought crimes" - so it's time someone comes right out and plainly tells these cryptoemperors that they got no clothes! You are fuckin' nekkid! All of you PC pieces of shit have your bare asses hanging out in the thin, cold air and you don't even know it. Those are JUST WORDS! No one is harmed! I'm sick and tired of having social fascists trying to tell me what I may and may not say. I'm also fed up with the double standard where I'm supposedly wrong if I say "fag" but they can go ahead and call me a "breeder!" I'm supposedly wrong if I say "mongoloid" (though I didn't in that sense of the word) but I don't see the PC left screeching in horror because some blacks call whites "cracker" all the fuckin' time! What's with the double standard? I hate PC speech control, but if you're going to have it, apply it to everyone! No one is coming down on the racist blacks and browns, and there are plenty of them! I drive down the streets here in LA and see cars with "Brown Pride" decals in their windows and nobody says a fuckin' word about it! But



♠ ♣ Dead Lazlo's Place at CBGB's ♠ Gizz Lazlo at The Brass Mug, Tampa, Florida ♠ s-Ryan



me up because I don't look like him! ACTIONS MATTER, NOT WORDS.

So on second thought, don't apply your standards at all. Your standards suck donkey dick and inhale the gism! (How's about them words?) I have some great news for the punk rock scene, but it's very bad news for PC leftist cryptonazi puritans: there is a new wave

nyah, nyah... fuck PC in the ass! Shaddup and fuck off! Rebellious rock and roll forever! **DOUBLE GRAMMIE**

The Grammy nominations are in today's paper and what a joke! Not that I particularly want our scene associated with those twerps, but I look through their categories and I don't even see categories for what's so

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sites full of rants of the kind we in punk rock enjoy; the two best I've found so far are Laissez Firearm: <<http://www.iPass.Net/~mpenman/>> and The Misanthropic Bitch: <<http://bitch.shutdown.com/>>. A great satirical site is the Onion: <<http://www.theonion.com/>>; I laughed my ass off over their tongue in cheek proposal to have Lewinsky rebow Clinton in front of the Senate: <http://www.theonion.com/onion3504/lewin-sky_subpoenaed.html>. For those with an urge to gamble and a morbid sense of humor, Stiffs is the place to go: <<http://www.stiffs.com/>>. They irritate me by attempting to set a blizzard of cookies (fuck you and your interactive crap, set your cookies where they'll do some good: up your ass!). For those with an even more twisted sense of humor, check out Rectal Debris: <<http://www.well.com/user/cynsa/newbutt.html>>. Space Moose is a great cartoon read, definitely check out all the archives: <<http://www.spacemoose.com/>>. Another good cartoon site, a scathing political one, is Attack Cartoons: <<http://www.attackcartoons.com/>>. John Bergstrom ROCKS! A site for lovers of power pop/pop punk, try All Systems Go! (with members of Doughboys and Big Drill Car) at: <<http://www.ueeb-design.com/asg/Home/>>. I saw them last night and they are a wonderful band. Have fun Netizens!

ROCK OR GET OFF THE POT!

You know, I was sitting around drinking beers with some friends (BadTown Boys) last night and we were listening to a live tape of another band's music (Dead Lazlo's Place) and comparing it with what we heard on the radio, then got to discussing music in general and what was good and what wasn't. Gizz Lazlo mentioned that they had seen Earth Crisis that same night they played and recorded the tape at CBGB's in NYC. I'm afraid I went off, got a little hotheaded about the newest wave of metal. I ranted for a while, quite bitterly, and drummer Gizz added something to the effect that the new metal's drumming is weak and sparse, which he illustrated to me by demonstrating for me the way the Earth Crisis drummer had played that night. It perfectly demonstrated what is wrong with the new metal that claims to be hardcore: despite the tempo, the drumming only popped the snare (to the ears of the audience, the dominant trap in the kit) at half speed! Lazy fuckin' music! But the BadTown leader Tommy summed it up perfectly a few minutes later when he cut through the bitchin' and BS and said simply that punk rock ruled and that punk was the only thing that sounded right. Those are statements I have heard many times before, but they always strike me as being so very, very true. We then went on to discuss what made that so, and it basically boiled down to the fact that punk ROCKS hard, has energy, fast tempo, pushes the music, is urgent, etc - all ways of saying that it's going balls-out as hard as possible. So true. It's an approach to playing, and it comes mostly from the rhythm section of bass and drums, especially the drums. If the drummer is being lazy, forget it, it can't really rock the way it should, could, would if the drums were pounding. The bass and also the guitar(s) can rock; and can, if played properly, add their own balls-to-the-firewall

contribution to the whole. What's weird about this approach to playing is that it can be applied to music styles/genres other than punk, and turn those into raging, amazing stuff. A local band here in So Cal is an example: **Blood On The Saddle**. Greg and his friends play country plus a little traditional Celtic music. That will suck, right? Wrong! They play with an absolutely frightening punk drummer who just beats his kit to death with two clubs, and they do it in out-of-control tempos and the result is country done as thrash, as speed hardcore. And it rules because of the way they play it. But make no mistake, despite the fact that Greg is an absolutely brilliant guitarist, if he were to replace his rhythm section and tone down/slow down in order to be acceptable to radio and major labels then his band would suck! Another example was a now-deceased LA band called the **Homebilies** who did bluegrass - of all goddamned

worst of the lot are the ones who copy NOFX, without either NOFX's humor or bent attitude. Flipside's Shane Williams came up with a perfect term for that sort of music: "blandcore!" Therefore conversely, one can turn punkage into suckage by playing punk in the manner of popular radio music, easy listening, baby! It's EASY: play slow tempo, soft, non-aggressive, sing about love unrequited, and above all DO NOT CHALLENGE YOUR LISTENERS! (I can think of one band, **Lagwagon**, whose music isn't really quite punk style, but they rock just hard enough to be acceptable to the ears of enough punks to kind of fit in with us. I guess that puts Lagwagon in a sort of limbo between the two extreme examples above.)

The most annoying sort of these wanna(haveyathinkthey)be punk/hardcore bands to me are the new metal hardcore bands. Essentially what they did was take the "play with power" New York variant of

I hate the music industry. They push their weak shit through all the strongest channels of communication, radio, video, film and TV, playing to death crap that I would rather not hear. Ick, remember when songs like "Free Bird" and "Stairway to Heaven" were shoved down our throats day and fuckin' night? I remember how people would rhapsody over pure crap, unutterably boring wanking such as "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vedda" (I probably didn't spell that correctly, but know what? I don't CARE to spell it right, nyah!), that just goes on and on pointlessly? Hell, I remember being a little kid and having to listen to Roger Miller (not the Mission Of Burma one) dribble on about being the king of the road (Yeah sure, you a hobo? Get real!), when what I wanted to listen to was the cool new record which just came out with some kid named Elvis singing in second person, very personal about somebody being "nuthin'" but a hound dog! (Did I just give away my age? So what? Fuck you if maybe Charlie Harper and I and a handful of others in the punk scene are the only ones old enough to remember shit like that!) But to bring it up to date, I don't want to hear Bush or Oasis or any other weakass crap - I want music that ROCKS! In order to be rock, it has to ROCK, like DUH! Pretty obvious, huh? Let me say it again: in order to BE rock, it has to DO it.

Even in the punk scene there is a trend going that is making me crazy: the labels with the weakest bands and the safest music are getting into the stores and all the real good, raging hard, nasty punk rock doesn't get heard, doesn't get sold and dies out unloved save by a few. I want to start a war against weak rock. I hate the shit. Let's find a way to kill it. But how? Boycott MTV? Start a guerrilla campaign against radio? Write letters to the editor to your local newspapers, complaining about the weak shit played as soundtracks of movies? I dunno, but we need to do something. Don't just sit there and take it! Stir shit up. I want to know why the fuck I can't turn on the radio here in LA and hear the Humpers, or Candy Snatchers, or Bad Brains or Dead Kennedys? Oh sure, KROQ will play a few songs a day, but that's real weak rotation, fuck them! Let's see an hour of any local station playing Agnostic Front, Billyclub, DOA, Anti, Romantic Gorilla and GBH, to pick a few at random! And if their excuse is that those are too harsh and they are so fucking much into playing great music that is pleasant

and catchy, then why the hell don't they play (more random names here) Big Drill Car, Parasites and The Stand GT? Hell, they don't hardly ever play relatively harmless shit like NOFX and Lagwagon! Radio sucks corporate dick and I wish all the stations would just go fuck themselves! Them and their alternatwat acts like Luscious Jackson and Liz Phair!

Don't get me wrong, I'm not slagging off any specific genres. If you actually understood what I wrote above you will see that any music style: jazz, blues, pop, punk, metal, noise, reggae, etc, etc, ad nauseum, is capable of being cool, of rocking. And each is capable of sucking if it's not done so that it rocks. It's not WHAT it is, it's HOW IT'S DONE! Got it? Probably not. Fuck everybody, I want a beer... (Ed is Piff! -Norb) **-ShitEd**, Tujunga, Californication



things! - as thrash/punk! Again, it was the Homebilies' drummer Mike Lee whose frenetic playing, combined with the edgy, electrified mandolin of ex-Mau Mau Mike Livingston, that made that band work so well. A third example is the swamp/blues/billy of the old **Gun Club**, where the insanity and nihilism of early punk raged through their rootsy music. One can turn any sort of rock into awesomeness if it is done in the proper manner, the manner of punk rock!

The opposite side of that coin are the "punk" bands who aren't actually punk. These range from (dark/straightedge/political) metal bands of the same general type as the aforementioned Earth Crisis, to poor clueless copycats who ape the style of, say, the Sex Pistols or DOA, without managing to have the energy or attitude of either. The

HC punk and slow it down even more with slow, sparse drums, bring in metal's wanking guitars, and claim that their harsh vocals and political lyrics allows them to qualify as being still "hardcore." WRONG. They suck. Being "heavy" isn't the way to being hard, that's the way to being dull! They blow chunks out both ends, and are metal, metal, METAL! Hell, even Metallica rocks harder than they do much of the time, because Metallica is willing at times to seriously get down and rip shit up! I'm not saying Metallica are wonderful or anything, but at least they do know HOW to shred, even though they often play slower and stylistic because they would rather sell a million records to media-brainwashed morons. But Metallica aren't claiming to be hard fuckin' core and underground forever, so at least they aren't hypocrites!

MASTURBATING ABOUT TABITHA SOREN IN THE PLAIN OF JARS

(Scene Two: A rainy day in a Philly, two blocks from the porn strip; interior of first turn-of-this-century brown hotel. The rusting sign reads "Kesmon Hotel." A rabbit is putting his clothes in a drawer, talking over his shoulder to a smaller rabbit perched on a bed. The closet door is open and there are splatters of blood on the peeling wall.)

-Yeah, well my take on it is pretty simple: "He who despises himself still values him-

self as one who despises."

"Who said that? Some football player?"

-Yeah, (incredulously) doncha member Fred "the Hammer" Nietzsche? Used to "coach" the Eagles in the '80s. One night he snapped and punched a police horse in front of the Philly Record Exchange.

"Christ, I remember that. That was right after that junkie set his bed on fire and instead of putting it out he jumped from the window. I think he was in Willy Mild's band." We laughed.

This began as a suicide note but I decided to add some characters and spruce up the dialogue. I tossed in some local color and I chain smoked, my lungs turning as coal black as my heart. The City of Atlanta resembles a crumbling movie set. The colors no longer look accurate and upon close inspection the paint is fading and in some quadrants peeling. The streets are filled with silent extras that pose as I pass then resume their shrugs once my Mustang disappears along the boulevard. (Cue soundtrack: "I wanna be like Tabitha Soren/cos I'm not happy with me/don't look back like Dylan in the movies")

I have a lot of explaining to do. I hold my left hand up in a limp wrist gesture and I sputter, "I can explain that." I sit here Monday morning quarterbacking, reeling, and twisting before an easel displaying the set of changes and integrations I've made over the past two weeks. The suddenness and the finality, the simple self-minded shift...

Image is everything. I spent five minutes perfecting my voice mail message, hitting the second number several times until I was sure it conveyed certain signals to my demographic (like I have one, and if I did, like one would call). I got the "please record after the tone" as the match ignited and I drew the flame after my guttural greeting; I explained that I was going to be online for two hours and if this is "blank," check your email to make it seem like I had someone to talk to, something important to do. For a short while I had Crowley chanting in Enochian but my friend Melissa laughed at it.

The countdown to the 33rd Superbowl, the ring in the highest degree of Masonry. The celebrated ritual, the ceremony, the holy ceremonies of the past violated, to quote Tacitus. I was reading about Gurdjieff and the sudden collisions and turmoil and general weirdness that he pushed himself through to awake him from his slumber and

to encourage to get on with the great work, which is what I tell myself to explain the last few weeks of casual madness, rash decisions, overdoses and unprotected sex - "kill the fatted calf, call the family around, my son was lost and now he is found."

I write these pages with a red tinge of blood behind my right pupil. The evidence of a recent White Night OD up in NYC. I was vomiting so hard I burst a blood vessel in my skull. And special thanks to my two friends who saved my pathetic post modern

ing him (by name) to leave a number. I laughed because I had to do it. He's a friend and I want to hear what's up, sparked by the sudden reemergence of yet another person from the past with a story to tell about how their life is fucked up at the same time as mine.

I don't think the world is going to end so I'm going to get a better job. You can quote me on that. My omniscient negativity and general pessimism has been eroding when I realized that I was not trapped, that I did-

And I just went downstairs to give a friend her CDs back as I pack up the white trash housing project. I was so stoned that I couldn't make conversation, I just repeated myself and stuttered and I'm wearing a gray marching band jacket with red epaulets I found in the closet, listening to the same song over and over because they're the soundtrack.

They're THE feeling or whatever. Getting my belongings in clumps and piles to take on over to my parents' house. The white trash housing project has won. I am defeated; I can't take the negativity here anymore. The life is being sucked out of me - at first I thought it would be very Bukowski of me to live in a gray building on the northern edge of Marietta - but then it became real, too real.

I've been thinking about becoming a web oracle. When sites won't open or the computer crashes, you can call me and I'll interpret your phenomena: "It's a bizness proposal and it didn't come through, well maybe you should think twice about your investor."

The pictures I scanned and sent of my dick came back saying "No connection with the server."

I said no to the first and told the guy that she must really want his dick. He said thanks and I took ten bucks from his credit card, hopped in the Mustang and got a pack of Luckies at the Circle K. The Black Muslim was reading a tabloid, bent over the counter. I could see his bald skull through the crocheted skullcap; he pleasantly said hello above a cheap tape recorder that was playing a tape of Malcolm Ten. I paid for my smokes and silently thanked the gods.

The last time I saw my ex-wife we held an unsaid truce though I'm sure I was getting on her nerves as much as she was stroking needles across my scalp. We got back to her place and I snapped when she suggested some listening pleasure. I figured it would be some jazz bullshit or something and I was just gonna bear it cos I had a Zep boot in my briefcase in case it got ugly; I was completely unprepared for her selection. "This is a tape of a talk between Louis Farrakhan and Betty Shabazz."

-I'm not listening to Louis Farrakhan! "Well do you know who Betty Shabazz is?" -Of course I know who Betty Shabazz is, and I'm not listening to Louis Farrakhan.

Later we argued about the weather. I haven't seen her in years but if I was going to see her, the first thing I'd do after apologizing (I'm not sure what I'm going to be apologizing for but I'm sure it's something)... The first thing I'd do is ask her if she agrees with Greenspan that Clinton's proposed rescue of social security with 700 billion invested in the stock market is such a good idea. Greenspan's argument is that it will put too much power in the hands of those with political ambition and the onset of graft will lower the living qualities of us average Americans... And I agree. If this does happen you can bet that I'm getting a job at social security, I mean the hills will be alive with the sound of music - it'll be fucking great...

Swilling out stoned and getting into the pages on the Times, I've got mail and a friend is kicking and he told me that god kicked in Laos. At first I thought he meant that god gave up, god punted but then it occurred to me that maybe god just took a little time off and thought about things there, decided to cut his losses and regroup for the next overdrive type of scene - and yes they do come, don't they? I'm still playing Royal Trux and they mean so much

THE POSTMODERNIST ALWAYS RINGS TWICE



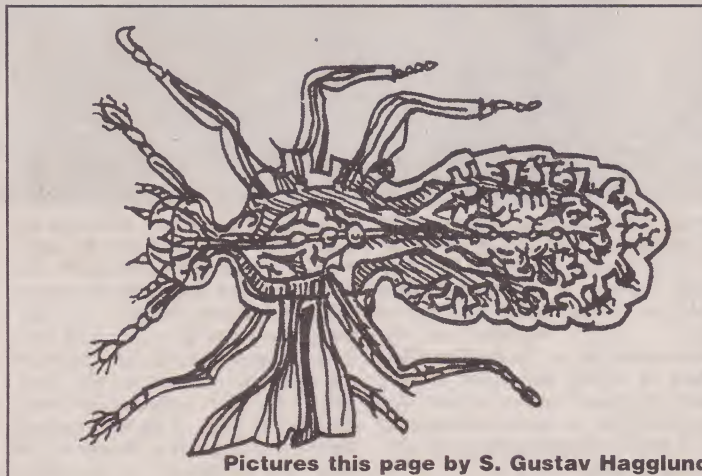
THE WEEKEND

Dark and stormy

RECOMMENDED WITH RESERVATIONS

nun mutilation scene approx

I don't think the world is going to end so I'm going to get a better job.



Pictures this page by S. Gustav Haggglund

oh so hip art fag ass. Believe me, they know who they are (I did the dishes, right?).

I got an email from an old friend who fell off the wagon. He was telling me that the violent offenders cell in Athens is no fun. So I emailed my number and then had to change the message on the machine ask-

n't necessarily have to be here or there...

Football as a metaphor for American frontier expansion: The constant streamlined military precision drills that spin out of control - the Pope's voice was hoarse and his words were slurred, I imagined him doing a bump off a Bowie knife.

more now, they scan shift with the current last year. This music underlined my same fears and feelings, only this time I feel a nodding ray of hope from their spirits...

Roger of **Stool Sample** left a message on my machine. He said that certainly the Falcons in the Superbowl was a sign of Armageddon, as was it, being the Chinese year of the rabbit, referring to the Japanese character tattooed on my shoulder.

This is my last night in the white trash housing project and I'm smoking up and kicking back and taking stock. It's the will of Allah said **Psychic TV** on their great re-cutting and re-framework of their career. Maybe it didn't say the will of Allah - more like I wanted to say the will of Allah, **Psychic TV** re-cuts and reshapes their experiences in fields that they can understand and the dissemination is part of the product. The process is the product. P-Orridge, master post-dadaist in a world that can only have post dada artists.

This writing is postmodern because of its inherently parasitical and cultural charged advertising spectacle, but this puts me one up on the justices, the Christians, the god fearers - the ones that think their work is like the shit of a magician - would you eat the shit of a magician? It depends on the magician.

The thrust of PTV & P-Orridge is his uncanny ability to produce work that is so simultaneously now and then; you can intersect his career at any point.

There's a woman with vegetables in her vagina on the **Voyeurweb**, a banana and a cucumber. I voted for them because the month is ending and I want to help. The first prize is \$200 and that's a bit of change for the weird, the fucked and the doomed. Like the signs that run the gauntlet into my housing project, The Meadows, \$300 resident referral...

When you realize that when you were a kid that you wanted an interesting life and then bang zoom to the moon, you got one - then you're thirty years old and you can't take care of yourself and you're stuck in your parents' basement typing soliloquies that no one reads or even gets: Belle & Sebastian, cranked again; don't look back, like Dylan in the movies...

Christ, every day is like Monday Night Football in Ho Chi Minh City - and this morning is no different. I looked over my rule book: What would Lou Reed do? And the pages said that there was no pass interference in the Plain of Jars. Trying to get what's left of my head together, I went to a twelve step meeting and got accosted, further evidence that my mission in Georgia is terminated, over and out.

This guy I know, yet another half-baked southern artist - the Atlanta rock and art scene is a lot like South America in the forties, everything (with the exception of the Subsonics and **Stool Sample**) is just so last year. Well this mystic, this "artist," well, he sent a spam asking for comments about his "ART" and I gave him one, apparently in some drunken state I emailed everyone, "accidentally" of course. He was livid.

I apologized and then he got into talking about "raising my consciousness" and it got into how my "I don't care" attitude is going to lead to my death. I shrugged and he wanted to know why I acted in such a way and I told him that it gave me stuff to write about.

He kept screaming and his voice drifted into the meeting, spinning from the gravel parking lot with the light rain descending. I said, "OK, what do you want me to say?"

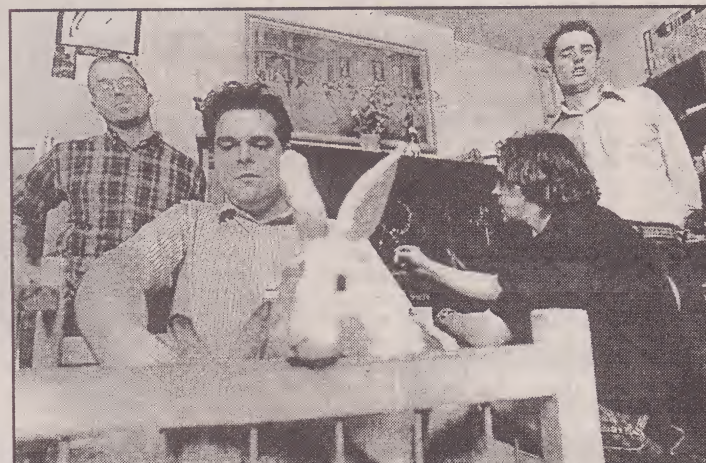
He was feeling sanctimonious. Saying he was willing to bet money that in the past

ON TABITHA SOREN

I love the way she's a groupie, a celebrity groupie, a dog that sniffs at the hydrants of culture.



Don Caballero



...the world needs as many cute chicks as it can get; it also needs as many ex-hardcore band members as possible.

three to four months I had the same conversation about my behavior.

-You'd win.

"Wouldn't you rather be here taking about what a brilliant writer you are instead of whatever fucked up shit you've done?"

I bit my tongue cos I knew I'd have the final say here in these pages. And just to kick a man when he's down, certainly my email was the most recognition his "career" has ever gotten. I really wanted to suggest that he'd be better off selling scuba equipment rather than being an "artist" - fucking mystic. Disco mystic withstanding; don't

look back like Dylan in the Plain of Jars, there's death everywhere.

A story I heard a few years back, and I'm classifying it as a story cos I don't have my source materials at hand... The singer for an ancient NY punk band gave himself the carbon monoxide treatment in his driveway on Long Island. He just found out that his old lady was the victim of a serial killer, Joel Rifkin. It seems that they were spacing out the speedballs in the lower east side and he sent her out to hook so they could cop. She never came back cos she got in his broken tail light pick-up, her body wrapped in a

tarp. I met her once and thought she was cute. What a shame, the world needs as many cute chicks as it can get; it also needs as many ex-hardcore band members as possible.

Don Caballero is from Chicago and they record on **Touch & Go**. They flew into Atlanta for a New Year's Eve gig at the **Echo Lounge**. The guitarist who plays on the right side, Ian, he has a long, thin face underneath a big Russian fur cap.

"Tomorrow we're in Tokyo."

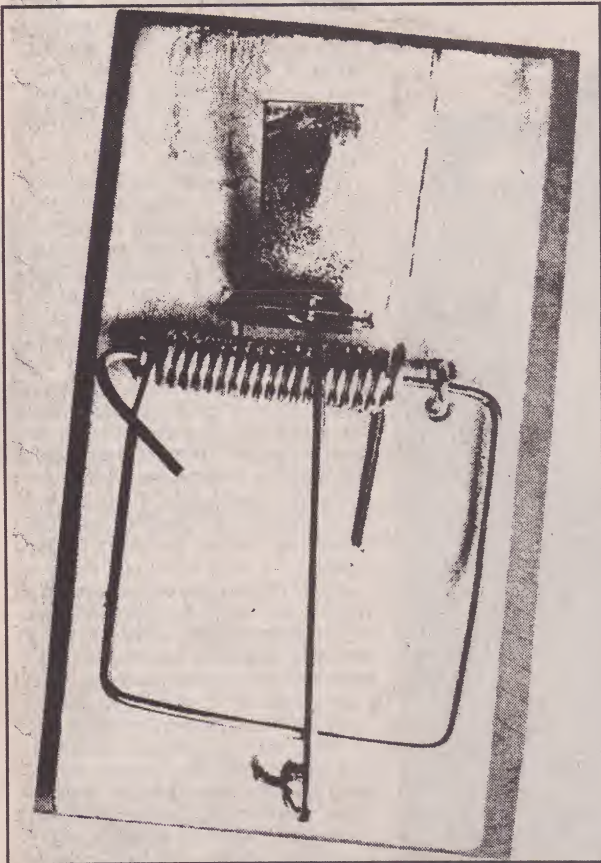
The newest member of the ensemble is Eric on bass and he poked his head up while he was arranging cable on the floor, "Yesterday we were in London for their New Year's Eve." The other guitarist was Mike Banfield, bespectacled and serious looking, pursuing a degree in library science in Pittsburgh, he and Ian exchanged serious glances while they began to tune and sound check. Rounding out the foursome is Damon, who is credited with playing octopus and his arms go every which way but loose: banging and slamming and prodding and pounding. His drum work is just punishing. And it took awhile for the drums to set up, the purple and blue New Year's Eve decorations shaking and falling to the ground.

I could see why they took so much time on the drums, the rhythms drive the music and the guitars interplay - they sorta go off each other, they build, I hate using a certain word "jazz" but it reminds me of "hate jazz" - just a ferocious structured interplay etc. like **Demo Moe** - yeah like **Demo Moe**, who can forget their screamingly loud improvs, their broken glass guitar bass drum excursions that got funneled into the ghetto of "noise"; and like **Don Caballero**, it was the drums the fueled the fire. (I have an undated note that mentions that **Don Caballero** sound like tribal music from **Joujouka**). But you don't clap at sound checks but you can spend the time discussing important elements of rock gossip. I always had a slight crush on Ms. Soren, I liked that red hair and I liked how she always looked so, shall we say, informed, on the pop cultural level. The way she leaned into the camera to tell me that some rap fucker got pumped in a drive by. I love the way she's a groupie, a celebrity groupie, a dog that sniffs at the hydrants of culture. Her tits and ass doesn't hurt. What does **Jucifer** say: "I wanna be like **Tabitha Soren**, young independent and free."

And I do, "Cos I'm not happy with me." **Henry**, who edits the excellent zine **Chunklet**, (which I really enjoy reading, it inspires a great deal of knee slapping) he was telling me about a true rumor that's been going around. I'm not sure if this is true but it is a good story. It seems that Ms. Soren was having sex with someone in **Pearl Jam** and he stuck a pencil up her butt. I asked which end and **Henry** didn't know, he stroked his chin and readjusted his glasses, "It's a true story." And he asked Ms. Soren the question in **Chapel Hill** and she ignored him.

Upstairs at the **Echo Lounge**, **Damon** was gently admonishing Ian not to sit on the pool table as it was bad etiquette and we launched into long stories about Pittsburgh scene people we haven't seen in years ("Yeah me and him had falling out after he fucked my wife," "Is he really into witchcraft?" "Yeah, he's a cop in Akron now.") Eric got his hair cut, jumping up to check the progress every few minutes. Their set was mindboggling interplay, real instrumental rock that didn't sound like faggot jazz, that didn't sound like hippie excursions - I fuckin'

The endless rip off by me of Thompson is astounding but I shrug it off like a tentative suit made of zippers with the declaration "plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it."



FUCK YOU!

"I've got a problem, and the problem is you!" Tesco Vee so eloquently put to a song. I totally understand what he means. How many of you assholes out there really like this music? Or are you out there to feed your self-serving fucking egos? It seems that most you people in the independent/ "alternative" music scene are here for nothing more than to prove you can throw tons of different chemicals in your system, and still come out alive. Or to fuck everything in sight with no regard to anything. Or to form or stick to a clique of assholes, that will overinflate your ego to the fucking point where no one can stand in the same fucking room. I HATE YOU FUCKING PEOPLE! The reason nothing gets done in this "community" (hal),

rant. Then of course there is the "my clique is better than your clique bullshit." Go ahead, put on your fucking costume and go hang with out with the other morons in said uniforms. You're a real fucking individual. Throw your manifesto, and your boring unwritten list of rules and regulations in everybody's face. Maybe one day you'll be dictator of the pack, king fucking ego!

Then there are you fucking opportunist types out there. You people are at the bottom of the food chain. You're worse than fucking cockroaches. You're complete shit! You know you are. You'll take any opportunity to try to get everything and do absolutely nothing. You'll step on, rip off, or violate anybody, if you can make a buck, get drugs shoved up your ass, or get

your fucking rocks off. If the reason that you are working at or running a record label, writing in a zine (whether it's your own or not), playing in band, hanging out with bands, running or working at a club, etc, is to make tons of cash, or get laid, or brag about your successes to look cool, go fuck yourself, better yet go kill yourself, and get the fuck out of my face! You don't really care

about the music and what it really means, this is a phase for you, something to do until the next thing comes along you can leech off of. If you could find it in your measly, putrid heart, to pull your head out of egoland, look in the mirror and ask yourself "Why am I here? Do I really like this music?" I would greatly appreciate it. I can honestly say with all of the assholes that permeate the fucking independent music scene, the only reason I'm here is because this music (in particular hardcore punk) means more to me than anything else. If the music didn't mean shit, I would have fucked off a long time ago. I truly love this music, and that's why I'm fucking here, so what about you, ASSHOLE! I've got a problem, I've got a problem, I've got a problem, and the problem is you, you better believe it you assholes I said the problem is YOU!

-Thrashead

liked it a lot. A helluva lot. Two cats from Greenville drove down to see them and they told me 'bout how I missed Belle & Sebastian and I told them how they missed PW Long's Reelfoot. My notes are concise: "Russian hat doesn't fall from ceiling at midnight like planned, Ian blows bubbles during the set, parts of one song was really beautiful, grt interplay, deep dark rumbles through floor." Twenty four hours later on acid I saw an old clip of the Mamas and the Papas and John Phillips was wearing the same type of hat as Ian.

A large 18 x 24 piece of paper covered with scribbles: "Sound having the ability to transform psychic space. How many coincidences make a coincidence? What would Herman Melville do? And I thought about how I could never get through *Billy Budd*." At Ana's there's a paperback of *Billy Budd* she purchased that morning for a quarter. I showed her the CD I got in the mail emblazoned with rabbits. She shows me the sketch on the inside back cover in red felt tip pen: a head with a Zappa-esque mustache and the words: Foreign legion. Flash to Clay Reed saying that all their bass players are in the foreign legion.

I just got off the phone with Buffy, the drummer for the **Subsonics** and she said they were off Get Hip and on their way to the West Coast to gig. "And, oh yeah, you're in trouble." And I was reminded of my behavior a few weeks back, behavior which Ana characterizes as being "like a monster autistic child."

-Jesus Christ, what's Jennifer's phone number?...

"It's Suzanne! Jim, you're so crazy!"

-Well Buffy, y'know I don't know who else to be. And I called Suzanne at work, she's the singer for **Lust** and I apologized for being an asshole. She was nice enough to accept and we chatted pleasantly, she's a nice girl. Back to Buffy:

"It doesn't matter if you think Lust suck. They're a good band if you think they suck or not."

-You're right, you're right. Critical distinctions are meaningless. The role of the critick is a parasitic institution. Unfortunately, celebrity status reigns

supreme in the creation of cultural identities. The endless rip off by me of Thompson is astounding but I shrug it off like a tentative suit made of zippers with the declaration "plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it." Since Stool Sample beat one of their former members I can't like them, and on to them, their guitarist Jeremy wants folks to know that he won our drinking contest last spring. He won. Jeremy won. The man with a tattoo of the dancing bear blowing his brains out on his forearm. He drank more than me.

Me and Ana caught four songs of their set at Dottie's, their new song is incredible, as always. We hightailed it over to see **Jucifer** who blew my mind with the low end tuneage, manic guitar work by Amber and some pounding drum carnage by Ed. As their set ended, he bent over to reveal "the end" written on his ass in magick marker. I told Amber that I thought about masturbating about Tabitha Soren once but I never consummated our relationship.

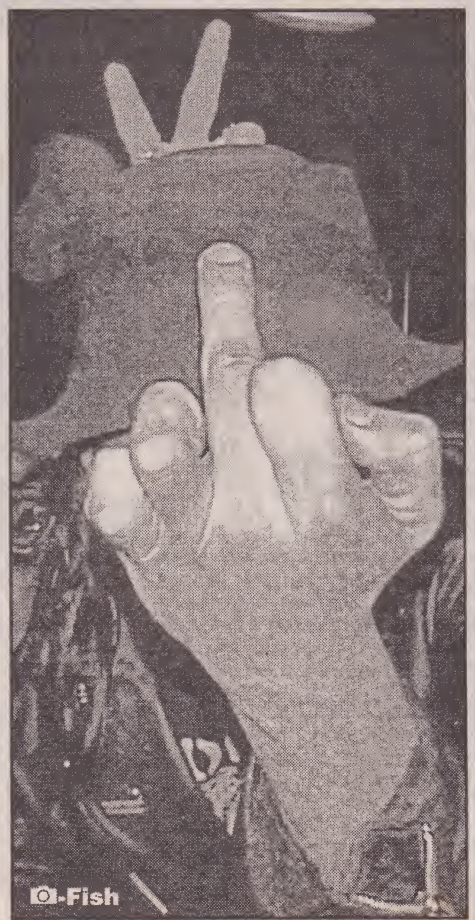
In Northern Laos there's a plateau of about 350 stone jars about six feet tall and six feet wide. Some weigh a few tons and all are 2000 years old. Archeologists claim that they're funeral urns but the legend states they're the property of an ancient god who reserved their use for whiskey celebrations after ancient battles. I was listening to the NFC championship game while driving down the Jersey Turnpike with a head full of junk. The marshes transformed into the Plain of Jars before my very eyes.

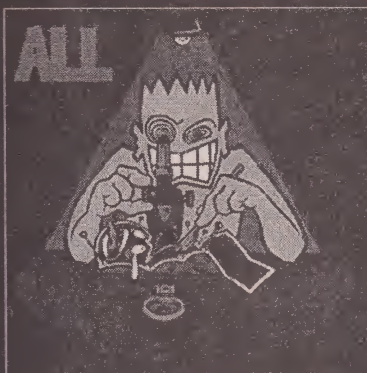
-Jim Hayes

Don Caballero are on Touch & Go
Chunklet, PO Box 2814, Athens GA 30612-0814
Jucifer, PO Box 49894, Athens, GA 30604-9894
Genesis P-orrige is on Invisible Records
Stool Sample, 4290 Bells Ferry Rd. 106-82, Kennesaw, GA 30144-1300
Subsonics, c/o Michelle V., 1939 Kenmore #104, LA, CA 90027
S. Gustav Hagglund c/o Hayes at Flipside.

TREADING THROUGH THRASHEADS THOUGHTS

is the fact that your trying to climb a ladder or mountain that isn't there. It's all a fucking joke. Some of you take the political route. Adopting a bunch of armchair rhetoric and values that actually doesn't mean jack fucking shit to you, but you'll gladly stand behind them, and alienate and divide people, as long as that particular group thinks you're jesus fucking christ, and you're profiting from it! Then if and when said particular group gets the common sense (which most of the time will never happen) to see that all you are is a self-serving asshole. Then you turn your back and high tail it to the next group of morons that will feed your ego and suck your small dick. Some of you will even divide by location, hating, and putting down everybody from a particular town. I don't know about you, but judging somebody by location is just as stupid as judging somebody by skin color. It's just plain fucking igno-





ALL self titled - CD

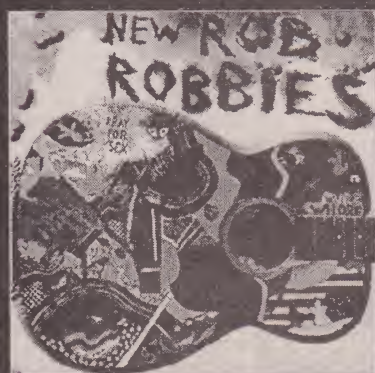
22 songs, picked by the fans,
and remixed by the band
(greatest hits?)

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and more

ALL will be back out on the
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Jake

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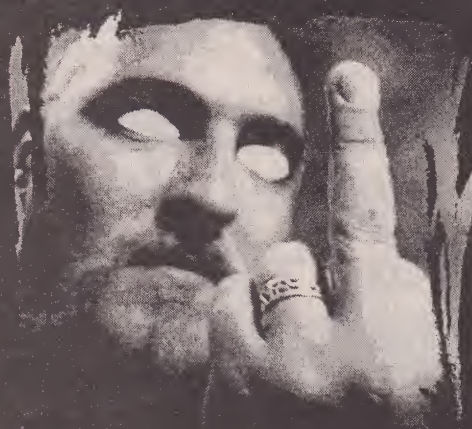
New Rob Robbies Pure Whore - CD

MIGHTY JOE - The Urinals
meet REM and kill them!

CARDUCCI - I don't think
you can handle this

Eastern & mid-West tour
in late April 99

When you are thru
fucking around ...
Mighty Joe suggests



WRETCH LIKE ME



Wretch Like Me New Ways To Fall - CD

FLIPSIDE says - Pop
thrash that has lots of
balls and Big Drill Car if
it were being covered by
Black Flag

MIGHTY JOE screams -
Rock, rock, rock!

On tour with Lagwagon in
April & May 99



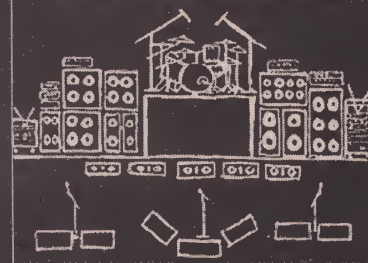
Various Artists

The Blasting Room - CD

Previously unreleased tracks
from Lagwagon, Hagfish,
ALL, MXPX, Shades Apart,
and unreleased

Descendents from their
seminal Milo Goes To College
recording session Plus Welt,
Mustard Plug, Armchair
Martian and more

BILL THE WELDER



Bill The Welder self titled - CD

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Daniel Bug Snow gets
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for a punk rock & roll
roadie rodeo, not
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THE RECORDING STUDIO

DESCENDENTS - LAGWAGON - MUSTARD PLUG
ALL - RADIO BAGHDAD - WRETCH LIKE ME
ARMCHAIR MARTIAN - KEMURI - TRUTH
MY NAME - HAGFISH - GOOD RIDDANCE
MXPX - POLLEN - SHADES APART
LEMONS - JUDGE NOTHING - WELT
ATARIS - IMMORTAL DOMINION

PO Box 36 Fort Collins, CO. 80521

(970)416-9292 fax (970)221-3962 email BLASTINGRM@aol.com

The fumbling focal point for Flipside continues to be the music. Music is such an otherwise pervasive topic that I wonder why - among the twenty or thirty pieces I publish annually - I bother whining about it. While I have heard most of the music available among all circuits, I have seen very few performances of most any band, especially those that are currently active. But I never needed to witness Mozart (Wolfgang Amadeus, not Leopold (his father) or Nannerl (his sister) or any of the other fami-

now invest heavily in keeping their fifth wheel well-greased, thus the dizzying spins in what is hot and what is (sooner than expected) not. The independent labels that only a few years ago found themselves possessive of a fertile plot (which had for the previous couple of decades been treated with less respect than the Russian tundra), did no different - or not differently enough - than the very majors they abhorred (and to which many of them surrendered for the spoils of some cash). As a result, the inflat-

important the task at hand, I have for many years - at least while I possessed a motorcar - been able to not only open mail while driving, but simultaneously eat and/or read/write. If one doubts my so-called "skills," (here I go again obliging my juvenile gene of having to prove myself for my lack of complete self-esteem!), then one need but wonder how in hell I can constantly accomplish so much were I to create lineally rather than in pairs of parallels.

But enough of my bi-monthly bickering;

known (but not always well-scribed) zine writers (Jeff Bale, Al Quint, Rev. Norb, Ben Weasel) and semi-celebrities (Frank Kozik, Tesco Vee, Winston Smith).

Impact Press (#19) is a gas for fans fueled by being clueless. Within the first twelve pages, one is treated to a "writer" that in over forty years has never been embarrassed to be an American (and only recently became somewhat shameful due to the Clinton episode, but not any of those concerning the bombing of Iraqi children, the beefing up of the American police force or giving China most-favoured trade status; it was the pettiness of the impeachment), another one that desires the homogenisation of all races and genders and thinks that such internationally instituted banality is "equality," and yet another one that knows naught of satire, sarcasm or animal rights (the final topic being so discommodated by the final "writer" as to equate factory farming of animals to the fashion of hunting carried out by North American natives). I had not the patience to push on through the deepening dreck.

Where only a year ago it was perhaps the total number of American fanzines, the 907 distros that were contacted by the **Whizzbanger Guide to Zine Distributors** (#3) may be an international (and far from complete) sum, but it is still a rather large number to my aged, curmudgeonly self. This is an occasional publication that allows any zine distro to self-promote (and of the 907 contacted, a paltry 219 responded regarding inclusion to this) within the **Whizzbanger Guide**... and while there are definite guidelines (a zine distro is not a person exclusively promoting one's own rag, nor is it a music-only endeavour, damn it!), zine libraries, zine archives and zine stores are allowed space. But I would imagine that *caveat emptor* is the predominant curse by which one must be guided when wading through the listings; what with the

descriptions being penned by the respective distro owners (as well as allowing incorrigible jerks such as those at See Hear - a place that has for years lied to and ripped off zine publishers - to publicise their listings). What would probably be a boon is a letters section regarding extraordinary experiences with distros as well as a listing of rip-off distros so as to round out the endeavour. The refusal to trade zines is repugnant, however (and a new tenet of the late 1990s zine "scene"). Nevertheless, this is a nice supplement to the various zine review guides that seemed to be (finally!) proliferating the zine milieu.

Gaining momentum but remaining somewhat in the gutter (which is not meant to be an insult), **Panik** (#7) is a rag that is available for free where it is found in SoCal-based shoppes. The topics covered tend to make the paper's charter a wobbly one (hilarious interviews, overviews of obnoxiously offensive websites, an article on filmmaker Larry Cohen, a bit on bestiality, etc.), but there is a certain form emerging, one that is counter-cultural but not "hip" - nor cretinous - in its design.

The transparency of yet another April Fool's issue would be obvious even if the majority of the columnists (who are smarmy and somewhat mindless) were not so trite in their embarrassing attempts to be sarcastic. One would think that the biggest joke is the April issue of **Maximumrockroll** in the wake

REV. TIN EAR'S ZIT PATROL

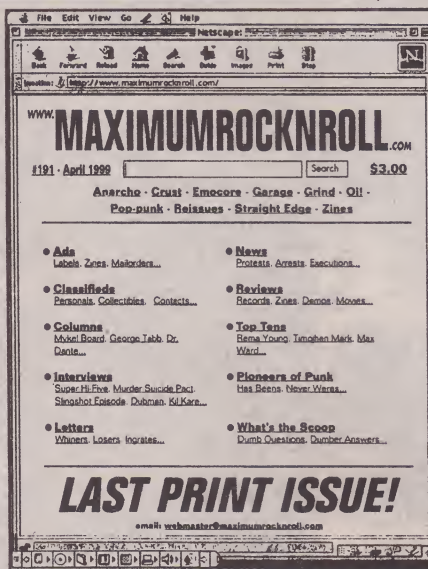
ly members before or after) to know that he was without a doubt not only the most prolific songwriter to date (626 pieces written during his brutally brief tenure of 35 years upon this planet) but the absolute best. Any doubts as to my knowledge regarding any extreme sub-genre of punk (etc.) would be wilted thoroughly were I to be so stupid as to care to even oblige such an argument by allowing any accuser to have a look in my all-but-bulletproof record crates, bank of file cabinets full of oldie flyers, photos, etc. that I created and collected during the years when punk rock was more than music to me, yet was also great music among all else that I achieved.

My point is the pomposity inherent to current music culture. The attitude I believe may be attributed the majority of Flipside readers' perceptions often seems no different than those exhibited by the despicable wastes of paper such as **Spin**, **Rolling Stone**, **Alternative Press** and other such rags that prosper by leading their tiny-minded fanatics around in a revolving door that is but a step above the one that is employed for the sake of rotating the stock of **Maximumrockroll**'s record review proles. I am grossly cognizant of the fact that nearly everyone else lives vicariously via the images projected by those with the gusto or accidental gestalt to have a temporary soapbox, but I cannot understand any more than the repulsive reaction to personal problems that allegedly prompts people to pay exorbitant fees to psychiatrists (when what one may well need is a patient friend) the supposed need for an idol by which to identify.

On a simpler level, my motive is the disgust towards the countless trotting out of ever-talentless bands for the sake of having bands to fill space. Much like the major label record industry that spawned first the negative reaction of reactionary record labels whose sole mission was to put out platters by the bands that the ever-frightened recording establishment would never have initially considered, the nuclear backlash has come home to roost now that the respective explosion and implosion have taken their tolls. The mainstream industry, upon realising the wealth in music, must

ed rosters of many independent labels - staff, bands and all else - destroyed some companies (such as Cargo Music) and corrupted others (such as Epitaph, the result being Brett's recent emergence from a two-year jail sentence that commenced upon his being busted for heroin possession). The failure of both majors and independents alike was that of incorrectly portending a perseverance regarding punk rock after the 1994 (second) wave of commercial success (which was far more financially lucrative than the first one that slunk ashore in the late 1970s) that allowed a few labels to strike it filthy fucking rich with but a band or two (although some of those bands were multi-million sellers). Thusly, much expense was made to accommodate the once well-endowed, now humiliatingly flattened tyre rolling despite the great weight of the vehicle it once easily supported.

Although there is some admittedly obvious favouritism on my behalf regarding the lowly romanticism of self-publishing, I must state that zines never had much of a chance, and this is obvious despite the seeming semi-commercial success of **Answer Mel**, **dishwasher**, **POPSmear** and a very few others. Unlike the passive demeanour of moderne music, nearly no one can read and perform other tasks (I say "nearly no-one" because, while certain songs stop me in my tracks no matter how



let us get on to the zine reviews, that I may endorse a medium which I believe often proves that about which I filled the above space.

Leaping out of the San Francisco pit that may as well be the void created by MRR's continuing cranial vacancy (the readability of which is barely buoyed by but three or four commendable columnists), **HitList** is comprised of pissed off/kicked out/quit columnists from the flagging MRR camp. This first issue may be lacking in design innovation but not in ranting, copious amounts of rhetoric, loads of reviews and even a bit of (perhaps MRR-inspired?) idiocy, but it is certainly a step up for those ex-fifteen year olds fans of MRR that want some maturity in their bay area magazines. There is certainly some disappointment on my behalf that the majority of columnists are so overly concerned about opposing MRR (nearly as much as I seem to be!) that were it not for the posthumous Tim's development-arrested baby, there might well be no reason for **HitList** to exist. However, I imagine (and hope) that the balance of east coast/west coast writers herein will shift the focus from bagging on MRR and be somewhat self-sufficient. At a hefty page count of well over one hundred, there are articles on black metal and the **Toilet Boys** (an excellent band and piece), more music reviews than I care to even approximate and columns by well-

of Tim's death. But at least the new owners (that, perhaps as a perpetual April Fool's gag, label themselves "zine coordinators") gave many of their columnists a momentary cease-fire regarding their war against those heinous scenesters that compel them to waste monthly space railing against complaints about record reviews (when not comprising a column of the excuses they have for the constant lack of subject matter for their columns!). But were I so hard up as to accept a monthly column for a zine that caters to a crowd as willingly immature as that which staunchly, stupidly defends whomever helms MRR these days, I too, would open every column with a megalomaniacal insight about my belated and empty rhetoric before boring full-blast and half-assed into the withered meat of my minute-to-minute misery.

That stated, here is my ever-present plug, and then the addresses:
Angry Thoreauan #24 ("Institutionalised") is now on the newsstands. It features cover artwork by the ubiquitous Jim Blanchard, so you had best get it quickly; once it is gone, it is gone. **Angry Thoreauan** #25 ("Coprophilia/Scatology") will be out in August, 1999, and will have a cover done by the dark hand of Derek Hess. For the first time in nearly

twelve years, I am actually soliciting submissions, especially from celebrities and semi-celebrities of any genre of entertainment/politics/etc. The subject of *Shit* is the dirt everyone abhors yet wants to read about when concerning someone else's misadventures and embarrassing episodes, so I wish to find out the fecal matters and stool-moving scenes of some of you out there. Each issue is \$4 postpaid (\$6 overseas, via airmail), available from:

Angry Thoreauan MagaZine, PO Box 3478, Hollywood CA 90078-3478
 <revtinear@angrythoreauan.com>
 <www.angrythoreauan.com>

(Lastly, please note that if you send me anything to be reviewed in *Flipside* (or *Angry Thoreauan*, for that matter), please put the address, page count, ordering information, etc., in a place where it is readily visible, if not on a separate albeit attached card. I am tired of having to re-read entire zines merely to find your fucking address; if you cannot oblige such a courtesy, you will be fortunate to receive a review (and it will certainly be bereft of any contact information you neglect to include as mentioned above). Likewise conversely; should you wish me to not pick up or receive your *Flipside*-forwarded zine, please note it on the package or at least in a letter.)

The Rev. Tin-ear puts on his thinking hat, while nearby, the mysterious and rarely mentioned Dr. Lockford wonders why she was summoned with petrol and matches.



ZINE ADDRESSES:

HidList #1 (standard, offset, 128 pages, typeset, full colour cover) \$3.95: PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA, 94707
 <bigunit@pacbell.net>

Impact Press #19 (standard, newsprint, 48 pages, typeset) 10151 University Blvd, Suite 151, Orlando, FL, 32817
 <impact-press@mindspring.com>

Panik #7 (tabloid, newsprint, 28 pages, typeset) 996 Redondo Ave., Suite 626, Long Beach, CA 90804
 <Panikink@juno.com>

Whizzbanger Guide to Zine Distributors #3 (standard, photocopied, 30 pages, typeset) \$3 postpaid: PO Box 5591, Portland, OR 97228

Maximumrocknroll #191 (standard, newsprint, 1467 pages, typeset) \$3ppd: PO Box 46760, SF, CA 94146
 <maximumrnr@mindspring.com>

(b) MONTHLY MENTIONABLES:

2600 (The Hacker Quarterly), \$21 US, \$30 elsewhere, postpaid: 2600 Subscription Dept., PO Box 752, Middle Island, NY 11953 0752
 <subs@2600.com>

The Zone (the monthly newsletter of the LA Cacophony Society), \$10 postpaid for twelve months of newsletters, US: PO Box 291748, LA, CA, 90029
 <cacophonyla@earthlink.net>

Ox Faces The Facts!, Joachim Miller, PO Box 14 34 45, D-45264 Essen, Germany <www.punkrawk.com>

Amusing Yourself To Death, (A great spoke in the ever-conflicting world of review zines, AYTD, like ZW, offers great insight while not attempting to be a hub around which our milieu huddles.), \$2 US; \$3 Can/Mex; \$4 elsewhere, postpaid: Ruel Gaviola, PO Box 91934, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-1934

Trust, Trust Verlag, Dolf Herman-standter, Postfach 11 07 62, 28207 Bremen, Germany.
 <dolf@is-bremen.de>

Punk Planet, \$2 per issue, postpaid: PO Box 464, Chicago IL 60690
 <punkplanet@punkplanet.com>

Zine World, (another great reviewzine staple that helps to flesh out the dissemination of the papernet) \$3.50 postpaid per issue: 924 Valencia Street #203, SF, CA 94110

Opuntia, zine trade, LOC or \$3 for a one time sample copy: Dale Speirs, Box 6380, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7, Canada.

Farm Pulp, \$3 postpaid: Gregory Hirschak, PO Box 2151, Seattle, WA 98111-2151

POPSmear, \$5 postpaid per issue: 50 West 23rd St., 6th Fl., New York, NY 10010 <www.popsmear.com>

READ BUT NOT REVIEWED:

a.d.i.d.a.s. #10, Brandon, 41 Wellington Street, Upper, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada L2R-5P9,
 <bbain@niagara.com>

Lollipop #46, PO Box 441493, Boston, MA 02144 <www.lollipop.com>

Bite Me! #15, 6038 Hayes Avenue #1A, LA, CA 90042

Spank #25/People Can't Drive #4, Michelle & Doug Daugerty, 1004 Rose Ave., Des Moines, IA 50315
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January 2, 1967 (Munich, Germany)

Gehlen: What does McLuhan say about the effects of television on Greece?

Dobbs: Publicly, not much. He only says he is studying a nation that just got TV. But privately, he knows what's going to happen: a panicked bureaucracy.

Gehlen: If he knows that, then he's correct, because the military is getting nervous. But we've got trouble coming in the Middle East and that's my primary concern right now.

Dobbs: Well, McLuhan blames the turmoil there on the United Nations distributing transis-

thought they had a right to that abundance. Remember the McLuhan aphorism: the user is the content. Your Canadian experience of Hollywood is completely alien to a Cambodian's experience of Hollywood. However, if that Cambodian sees a movie here in Toronto after having lived in Toronto for five years, that Cambodian would see that movie through American eyes. You see how silly it is for the Canadian government to insist on ten percent Canadian content in the nation's entertainment consumption.

Jamie: I'll have to think about some of what you

thing he'd like to know is what time it is. He's also claimed that he doesn't know who actually is the drummer in his group. So you see, the question of rhythm is foremost in his work just as it is in the poet's mind.

Nelson: Like I said, I haven't seen his poetry.

Dennis: Why would his poetry be only in book form? If poetry is theoretical, then the theory has to include the question of what and where the lab is.

Nelson: You're relying too much on the positivist notions of science as your model for poetry. We're in a world where that model is a coloniz-

Connie: Yup, we are the experiment!

June 16, 1984 (Toronto, Canada).

Don: How do you know if Worcester or Shockley are really mediums for Awareness? They could be just good actors. Or, at least, good at acting like mediums.

Alan: That's a good question, but with Worcester I could feel the energy in the room. I never experienced Shockley in person.

Don: Energy? What kind of energy? Any good play will generate energy.

Alan: I perceived it as a different kind of energy than what I get in a theatre. Mind you, you experience the medium in a very small room compared to a theatre. Maybe spiritual energy is an intimate energy. But, you know, I remember Worcester talking about conscious mediumship. I think that was one of the goals of the development classes - to get to that state. So a conscious medium might do traditional mediumship as an act, as a means to an end, as a way station. The very doctrine of Awareness undermined the charisma of mediumship, much like Krishnamurti does. And there's no doubt Worcester was influenced by Krishnamurti. So Worcester could have been acting, but his intention perhaps was to create a genuine-fake form of the occult as a strategy to counter the increasing fascination the public was having for the occult. He always said that Awareness wanted to undo the effect of the Order of the Golden Dawn, the last manifestation of Rhyee.

Don: So where did Worcester get his script for Awareness from?

Alan: You mean, who was the playwright?

Don: Yes.

Alan: Well, Ralph Duby and David Worcester were part of a clinical experiment done by Captain Al Hubbard in the late fifties where he monitored the effects of LSD-25 on very psychically-sensitive people. This was before Tim Leary ever took LSD. So maybe acid wrote the script.

Don: Weird.

December 9, 1979 (Sydney, Australia).

Dobbs: Michael, to put it bluntly and quickly, you're being transferred. The Nugan Hand Bank is obsolete and it's going to be made a public victim. Accept it because the eighties are going to be a different ball game.

Michael Hand: Frank Nugan won't accept this.

Dobbs: He will, actively or passively - either way. He has no choice in the matter. As for you, Trenton Parker will be in contact shortly. He'll assist you. And that's it. Don't try to contact me. I will find you.

January 1, 1953 (Paris, France)

Rene: Bob, this is going to be an interesting year. Stalin will be dead soon, the Korean War will soon be over - the world is going to be a different place politically. It's going to be more a battle for men's minds, rather than for territory. And I think a symptom has already surfaced. Do you remember Sandoz and their LSD-25?

Dobbs: Yes, Dr. Albert Hofmann, in particular.

Rene: Yes. Well, some people have surfaced and are complaining about how the CIA is misusing it as a truth serum for interrogation purposes. Interesting, isn't it? The mining of the subconscious for invisible patterns as a military operation. Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* comes to mind.

Dobbs: *Finnegans Wake* always comes to your mind. I'm afraid I've heard too much about that book over the years from you and your friends for it to fascinate me.

June 5, 1967 (Dartmouth)

Randy: Bob, I got a strange letter yesterday. I was wondering if you could help me.

Dobbs: Sure. What's strange about it?

Randy: It came from Malta, offering me lottery tickets. I don't know anybody in Malta. How'd they get my name and address?

Dobbs: Didn't you once tell me your father was an engineer?

Randy: Yes. His company built the MacDonald

ANDROID MEME'S XENOCHRONY

tor radios to the local populations over the last ten years.

Gehlen: How in the hell did he figure that out?

Dobbs: He was lucky. He met Wyndham Lewis in the forties, the original "man who knew too much".

Gehlen: You know, I can't get over how perceptive your father was in sending you to monitor McLuhan so many years ago.

Dobbs: My father's team has always had the time to notice these new developments. They've got a lot of time on their hands, but they don't waste it.

June 30, 1980 (New York, NY)

LaRouche: Steinberg tells me you've got some interesting new information.

Flaps: My sources tell me to watch for the growing influence of the Orthodox Church in Moscow. So I've begun re-researching the old Third Rome plan, and I'd like your help.

LaRouche: Tell me what you've got.

December 20, 1981 (Washington, DC)

Dobbs: What's new, Peter?

Beter: What's new? Ha! Listen to this: the West German government has gotten the consent of the Moscow government that it won't prevent the reunification of Germany in exchange for the secret support for the Russian Skoptsis if Nuclear War One against the Bolsheviks occurs.

Dobbs: Now that's new! What if no war happens?

Beter: No problem. The Skoptsis want to dismantle the Bolshevik empire anyway. They want to return to Russia's original borders.

Dobbs: If this comes about, it will be the surprise of the century. So what do we do in the meantime?

Beter: Do our best to prevent Nuclear War One through my disclosure and your surveillance.

February 6, 1984 (Toronto, Canada)

Steve and Jamie had just seen *The Killing Fields*. Walking into the cinema's cafe, Steve spoke first.

Steve: McLuhan used to say in class that the Third World broke out into great violence thanks to Hollywood.

Jamie: That's ridiculous! Hollywood serves up only commercial pabulum. And that was especially the case twenty years ago. Hollywood couldn't cause a tempest in a teacup.

Steve: Maybe that's what caused the Third World revolutions - the movies they were sent were so banal they got pissed off?

[Jamie laughed]

Steve: But seriously, you're missing McLuhan's point. As far as the Third World was concerned, these movies were far from banal - they were ads for a paradise that the ordinary citizen had access to and even inhabited. The Third World

said, but I couldn't have gotten any working experience as a film director if the Canadian government hadn't supported and insisted on Canadian content. Anyway, I live in Los Angeles now. Does that make me an American film director now?

Steve: In McLuhan's view, you were always an American. There's no difference between Canada and the United States on the sensory level.

July 7, 1984 (Seattle, WA)

Ian: My newspaper is breaking a story tomorrow on the terrorist links to the Sikh population in Canada.

Flaps: I bet you're not including the terrorist links to British intelligence.

Ian: You're right, we're not. But we have no evidence of that. I've read what your organization says in its newspaper, but your evidence isn't strong enough to stand up in court.

Flaps: Yes, we don't have the particular evidence on paper, but these activities leave no traces on paper. You have to look at the pattern of events over a span of time. We elucidate that pattern in our newspaper by juxtaposing unique, suppressed historical records with current events. As Ezra Pound says: news that stays news.

Ian: I don't think history applies in the newspaper business even if, ironically, newspapers record daily events that become an important part of the historical record. People don't have time for history. They read newspapers to see what's happening now.

Flaps: They wouldn't read newspapers so superficially if they knew how to think. There's a way of learning and thinking that transcends the daily hubbub of sensation.

Ian: If you can show me that way of thinking, that would be sensational.

[Flaps chuckled.]

Ian: Then perhaps I could be eloquent enough to persuade my editors to let Lyndon LaRouche have a weekly column in my newspaper.

November 15, 1984 (New York, NY)

Dennis: Our friend Rick Rofine will not go to a Frank Zappa concert even though I can get him complimentary tickets any time.

Nelson: I used to like Zappa back in the sixties but then he got into this juvenile, sophomoric schtick. I haven't thought of him in years.

Dennis: Then you're missing out on something awesome. Zappa is perhaps the greatest poet of our time, and since you're a poet, you should check him out again.

Nelson: Poetry today is theoretical and I've never heard any theory presented in Zappa's music, and I've certainly never seen any of his poetry.

Dennis: The theory presented in Zappa revolves around questions of physics in Time, Space, and the Big Note. He often says the one

er of the imagination. It is supported by the bourgeois hypothesis of subjectivity. Subjectivity is not an attainable condition today. That's why the poet, like the scientist, can only write science fiction now.

Dennis: Aha! That is why Zappa, for almost twenty years now, has been trying to stage a science-fiction musical on Broadway. As a matter of fact, he's trying to mount one right now based on AIDS as a byproduct of military biological warfare research.

CHARACTERS in this episode of ANDROID MEME'S XENOCHRONY

1. Members of Bob and Connie's army:

Rene Dobbs - Bob Dobbs' father (June 4, 1882 - July 5, 1976)

Bob Dobbs - Born in Paris on Feb. 2, 1922

Connie Dobbs - Born in Paris on March 20, 1922

Dr. Peter Beter - lawyer (1921 - 1997)

Lyndon LaRouche - politician (1922 -)

Frank Zappa - musician (1940 - 1993)

David Worcester - medium (1926 -)

2. Bob and Connie's young friends in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada:

Randy - on the way to being a doctor, born 1949

Steve - follower of Marshall McLuhan, born 1949

Flaps - follower of Lyndon LaRouche, born 1949

Alan - New Age devotee, born 1949

Dennis - fan of Frank Zappa, born 1949

Sue - social enthusiast, born 1949

Kristen - on the way to being a fashion designer, born 1949

Nancy - on the way to being a lawyer, born 1949

4. Bob and Connie's young friends in Toronto, Ontario, Canada:

Bob Marshall - political journalist, born 1949

Ian - newspaper publisher, born 1949

Nelson - poet, born 1952

Jamie - film director, born 1952

Diane - lawyer, born 1949

5. Bob and Connie's young friends in New York City:

Walter - cultural historian, born 1946

David - novelist, born 1939

Dean - scientist, born 1949

Margaret - school teacher, born 1933

6. Peripheral acquaintances of Bob and Connie:

Harry Whittier - professor of English, American

William Irwin Thompson - professor of mythology, American

Gerry Falka - fringe-culture archivist, American

Dennis Young - professor of art history, British

January 28, 1984 (Dartmouth)

Randy: The drug salesmen dropping into our clinic are getting a little irritated by what they perceive as a slightly less enthusiastic response to their new products. But I don't have enough knowledge about the alternative approaches to confidently rebut them.

Connie: [Toronto, Canada] You're going to have to find the time to take some seminars. They're lots of professional, competent ones being offered now. I'll send some recommendations to you.

Randy: Then I have to convince my patients to change their expectations and take the time to educate themselves. Everybody's back in the classroom again. Or is it a laboratory with no guiding standard procedures?

Bridge. Why?

Dobbs: Somebody could have gotten your name from a biography of your father in a catalogue of a professional engineers' association. But then again, there is another association called the Knights of Malta.

Randy: What are they?

Dobbs: They're a military order pledged to defend the Vatican.

Randy: I'm not a Catholic.

Dobbs: Well, I'd suggest you send the tickets in and see what happens since they sent you more than one. Perhaps the lottery's rigged and they want you to win.

At this point in the conversation, Randy and Bob entered the front door of Dartmouth High School. Once inside Randy said goodbye as he rushed off to study for his Provincial Examinations. Bob stood quietly in the hall for a while and watched Mr. Fanning, the principal of the school, efficiently carry out his duties. Then Bob left the building, crossed Victoria Road, passed by Bicentennial Junior High School, strolled on to the athletic grounds behind the school, sat down on the grass to watch the kids and their coaches, and waited for Garrett to come by on his regular route to the MacDonald Bridge. I assume this headache I've had for the last twenty-four hours is caused by the present war in the Middle East. Then so be it.

November 2, 1993 [New York, NY].

William Irwin Thompson: Many people in the seminar are puzzled because you keep mentioning McLuhan's tetrad. They don't see how it relates to the evolution of consciousness.

Dobbs: Wait until I bring up Lyndon LaRouche. They'll be even more puzzled.

Thompson: Seriously, Americans have completely forgotten about McLuhan.

Dobbs: Your students don't seem to be aware of Wired magazine.

Thompson: What's that?

Dobbs: A new popular magazine that touts McLuhan as its patron saint. Its having an impact as the Rolling Stone of the nineties while using McLuhan as a mnemonic.

Thompson: I'll have to check it out.

Dobbs: And then, when your lectures start again next spring, I won't have to mention McLuhan because perhaps you'll carry the ball.

Thompson smiled, and quickly asked Bob to keep his voice down as it was attracting the attention of the other diners in the Upper West Side restaurant. Later that night Rudy Giuliani was elected Mayor of New York City.

March 2, 1964 [Dartmouth]

As Bob left the Dartmouth Rink he bumped into his new friends Randy and Flaps as they chatted up three teenage girls with skates slung over their respective shoulders.

Dobbs: Hey, Bob! We meet again! Kristen, come here and meet one of the neatest rink rats you could ever know!

Randy quickly and excitedly introduced Bob to Kristen, Sue, and Nancy.

Flaps told Bob they had been talking about the Beatles and wondered if he had heard of them.

Dobbs: Yes, I saw them on the Ed Sullivan show a few weeks ago. They ain't no Louis Armstrong.

Kristen: Oh, they're better than anybody. I can't get enough of them!

Sue: The Beach Boys are better!

Dobbs: [looking at Nancy] And you?

Nancy: I don't listen to the radio much. I haven't heard them.

Flaps: Elvis will always be better than the Beatles!

Dobbs: It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's a swarm of insects! The Beatles!

Everybody cracked up. Bob was proving to be a funny rink rat.

Dobbs: Do you young ladies attend the cinema?

Kristen, Sue, Nancy: Yes! Of course!

Randy, Flaps: Whoa! What a fast mover!

Dobbs: Would you like to see Bye Bye Birdie?

Kristen, Sue, Nancy: Yeah!

Dobbs: Well, let's go!

Randy and Flaps stood there limply looking a little confused.

Dobbs: [looking back] C'mon, you two! The ladies say you're welcome to come along!

Randy and Flaps smiled and sheepishly got in line as Bob marched across the muddy parking lot.

August 10, 1968 [Dartmouth].

Kristen: Bob, I've got a problem. Ever since Randy went to Montreal, I haven't been able to really figure out what I want to do. He's good at keeping in touch, but it's not the same. I don't have him around to distract me so much anymore, so I start wondering if I should try to make something of myself. My father thinks I should be a model.

Dobbs: What does your father do?

Kristen: He's a musician. A big band fanatic. Swing and jazz. You know, like Don Warner, the guy who has a show on CBC.

Dobbs: Yes, I know who you mean.

Kristen: But I think I should go to university. I want to learn.

Dobbs: What do you want to learn?

Kristen: I don't know, yet. My father wants me to know first before he'll pay for my tuition and stuff.

Dobbs: Tell him you want to be a designer, something a little more challenging than being a model, but still in the ball park of modelling.

Kristen: Hey, that's a good idea! Let me think about that. That would impress Randy, too, I bet. Maybe I could go to school in Montreal.

Dobbs: Yeah, think about that, and if that doesn't pan out, you can ask Connie - she might have some ideas.

December 1, 1960 [Washington, DC].

Dobbs: Mr. Taub, you've been waiting for me to tell

you this for a while now, haven't you?

William Taub: Yes, I've expected this for at least two years. You can guarantee this?

Dobbs: With the new President, the old team is no longer protected. There has to be changes. So, Trujillo will be out of power by next summer. This will change your circumstances considerably, as you know.

Taub: Why do we have to be so unstable?

Dobbs: The bomb as an environment mandated the American intercom. Satellites only reinforce this condition. Militarily, there cannot be a national scale, let alone a human scale. Those are the facts, ma'am. Anyway, you know this - do I really have to remind you?

Taub: I'm sorry, I occasionally get sentimental. So I'll have more work after this change?

Dobbs: Perhaps. I don't have any say in that. If you are let go, I'll be in touch with you. I can be sentimental, too. After all, our vocations are very similar, wouldn't you say? Only on different levels.

February 8, 1969 [Dartmouth]

Nancy: Bob, I never see you reading a book. You sound

like the kind of person who reads a lot, but I never see you actually with a book.

Bob: I only read when I'm flying. I never read when I'm back home in Dartmouth.

Nancy: What do you read when you're away?

Bob: Anything and everything.

Nancy: Give me a suggestion on what to read. **Bob:** I would suggest a book called The Book On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are. It's written by Alan Watts. Try that one and we'll talk about it.

June 29, 1969 [Halifax]

Sue and Bob were standing on the southern edge of Point Pleasant Park enjoying the sweep of sailboats over Halifax Harbour.

Sue: Bob, have you ever heard of LSD?

Dobbs: Yes, but I don't know much about it.

Sue: Neither do I, but I've met some people who claim they can get some if I want to try it.

Dobbs: Why would you want to do that?

Sue: They gave me a book on it. It describes people's experiences with LSD. I also read a wild interview in Playboy with Allen Ginsberg the other day. He sure makes it sound worthwhile.

Dobbs: Are these friends of yours students?

Sue: No, but they're educated.

Dobbs: You know, Sue, I have a theory. I think colour television has a psychedelic effect on people. And when you take colour television away from people who have been used to a steady diet of it, they need to continue having the psychedelic effects. So they turn to drugs. The most vulnerable segment of the population for this is young people, especially students, when they leave their homes where they had watched TV regularly. The semi-isolation of the student ghettos creates this craving.

Sue: What? Bob, you're nuts!

Dobbs: When was the last time you watched TV?

Sue: I don't watch television.

Dobbs: Case closed.

Sue and Bob's laughter was interrupted by a young man calling out Sue's name. They turned around and Sue recognized Butch Lucas, a childhood friend from junior high school. As Butch ran over, excited to see Sue, Sue filled Bob in.

Sue: Butch grew up in Lucasville. You know the Negro village at the end of Creighton Avenue?

Dobbs: Oh yes, I've walked in the woods near there many times.

Sue: Butch, where have you been lately?

Butch: I'm working at the Black Community Centre down on Gottingen Street.

Sue: Do you work in Africville?

Butch: No, they're tearing Africville down and moving people into public housing. We're helping with the transition.

Sue: Jesus, I didn't know that. Butch, I want you to meet an older friend of mine. This is Bob Dobbs. Bob, I've learned all my Rhythm 'n' Blues at Butch's house parties since I was twelve.

Dobbs: I wish I'd been there. Actually, I think I've heard some of those parties when I've walked through your neighbourhood.

Butch: [laughing] Hey, I think I like this white man, Sue!

Dobbs: You know, Flaps and Randy often talked about Butch the Electron. So I've finally met him.

Butch: What?!!

December 11, 1958 [Seattle, WA].

Captain Alfred Hubbard: What can I do for you, sir?

Dobbs: I represent a group that is interested in your recent enthusiasms?

Hubbard: You mean LSD-25?

Dobbs: Yes. You have no qualms about discussing it?

Hubbard: No, the more the merrier.

Dobbs: Well, I'm their guinea pig subject to your discretion.

Hubbard: Let's go for a walk.

Outside on the suburban sidewalk Bob noticed some kids rocking and rolling in their hula hoops.

January, 25 1967 [Halifax].

Bob, Dennis, and Connie had just spent a couple of hours in a new club, The Trip, listening to the jazz band Circa 67.

Dennis: You know, I really liked that group. They're good musicians and all, but I don't know if that's the kind of music I want to study.

Connie: I think you mean you don't want to specialize in any particular kind of music.

Dennis: That could be the crux of my problem. But I've got to specialize to improve

Bob: That may not be your only problem. You're being molded in a time where music is incidental to other effects that have to be communicated. Pop music is not just "music" per se, but is an environment. Look at the Beatles and the British invasion. You've got to deal with the fact that the traditional notion of music may not be possible anymore. I suggest this may be a cause of your restlessness and lack of focus.

Dennis: Are you talking about the merchandising of music?

Bob: No, I'm saying the audience's entertainment needs are being mutated and they have to be satisfied by new mixes. Being an entertainer today might mean being a high priest in a new kind of religion.

Dennis: I don't always understand what you're saying, Bob, but you make me think and that's good. I'll have to tell this to my music teacher and see what he says.

August 14 1984 - [New York, NY].

Bob Marshall skirted the edges of the dance floor in the Limestone disco club, former home of William Irwin Thompson's Lindsfame Association. Bob was looking for Frank Zappa. Bob suspected Frank was on the edges, too. Bob was correct. Frank was in a back room holding court with a few fans. Bob waited for his opportunity to speak.

Marshall: Frank, have you heard of Mae Brussell?

Zappa: Yes, I read something by her in Larry Flint's magazine, The Rebel.

Marshall: Are you interested in more?

Zappa: Perhaps. What have you got?

Marshall: I have tapes of her weekly radio show. I can send a few to you.

Zappa: Sure. I'd like to hear them.

Marshall: What did you think of Flint's campaign about the explosion of KAL 007?

Zappa: I gave him some legal advice for his newspaper ads right after it went down.

Marshall: Those ads were what brought Mae and Larry together.

Zappa: Really?

Marshall: Yes. It was after Larry met Mae that he decided to create a magazine for her. That's why The Rebel came into existence.

Zappa: But the magazine doesn't exist anymore.

Marshall: And Larry Flint got put in jail and Mae Brussell is isolated again in Carmel, California.

November 30, 1972 [Dartmouth].

Nancy rushed into Brothers' Lunch hoping to find Bob.

It was midnight and he was sitting at a booth with Connie. She slid into a seat opposite them excitedly.

Nancy: I know Bob doesn't read at home, but, Connie, you've got to read this. It's called Erections, Ejaculations, Exhibitions, and General Tales of Ordinary Madness by Charles Bukowski. It's a collection of short stories that's unbelievably funny. It just came out. I didn't know one could write like this. The author is being very open about his sick life. I don't think he makes any of it up. It makes me want to go to Los Angeles.

Connie: Okay, okay. I'll read it.

Bob: [looking at the cover] Is it pornography?

Nancy: No, it's more like a philosopher acting out his metaphysical frustrations through his body. It's absurd!

Connie: He's using his body as a probe?

Nancy: Yes, and women get the brunt of it.

Bob: Perhaps Connie will read the best parts out loud to me.

Connie: Yeah, if you're around at the time. He's been playing a lot of ball hockey lately. Nancy. Talk about using your body as a probe. Bob smiled as he tuned into the song on the jukebox - Everybody Plays The Fool by the Main Ingredient.

PORN TO ROCK

After a two-issue stretch of discussing historical subjects (one must, after all, re-establish one's credibility from time to time), Money's back to his favorite topic: porn stars and their insatiable desire for mainstream respectability. And what better time to revisit this subject than spring, when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of daisies, daffodils and double penetration. A couple weeks ago, I happened upon a cassette called "Porn to Rock." Stripped of its public-

WHAT PORN STARS WANT

My curiosity regarding who would be drawn to such a gig was almost as intense as my curiosity to see the porn stars perform on the-stage-for-real. As it turns out, the show was one of those famous examples of hopeless Hollywood insiderism, as the guest list was longer than the phone directory for a small corporation. All the media, musicians and friends of performers were on the list and the line stretched for almost half a block. However, if you simply wanted

dance and grope one another for the amusement of the press. A healthy blonde porn starlet who favored the Baby Spice look unexpectedly beset one old duffer named Jack Ampster, who wobbled about clutching a scotch on the rocks in his liver-spotted hands. She mashed him up against a wall, grinding and shaking her prodigious breasts and ass into the old guy's face and loins. In the glare of the lights that suddenly illuminated the scene, gripping the ample flesh and holding his

the cabaret. Draped in a shimmering evening gown and a colorful orange oriental shawl with luxurious black hair that spilled to the middle of her back, she was easily the classiest, most glamorous, and perhaps even the most talented performer of the evening. Next up was the incomparable **Vinnie Spit** and the **Mistress Jacqueline**. Vinnie is a weird dude. He looks like Booger from "Revenge of the Nerds," is married to a dominatrix and plays a guitar that bears an illustration of a naked woman engaging in (wink wink) water sports (see picture). Vinnie Spit embodies the quintessential low-life bottomfeeder that righteous outsiders imagine the porno world is populated with. He's also an accomplished musician and has released ten albums over the last ten years, his latest appropriately entitled "Godfather of Smut." His song "Asshole Man" is easily my favorite on the Porn to Rock compilation, for it's a goofy combination of juvenile humor and wry wit ("I don't want to see you whole heiney, I just want to see your heiney hole.")

Onstage, Vinnie is flanked by three back-up singers, including the **Mistress Jacqueline**, all of whom are adult film stars in their own right. Filled with props, mini-skits and frank songs about sex, Vinnie Spit comes off like an x-rated vaudeville performer. In short, Vinnie Spit looks like a dangerous little fetish freak in that unwashed canny way. Not surprisingly, Vinnie operates a dungeon in his house and is a full-on S&M enthusiast.

Next on the bill was **Madison**, a pop-rock practitioner who played the longest set and was perhaps the most unremarkable performer of the evening. Her geeky amalgamation of dorks masquerading as a band were beyond bad. After yawning my way through a few numbers, I made my way to the patio where **Midori** was being interviewed. Midori is an interesting phenomenon, having appeared in 60 adult films in a short period of time, she's hit the porn world with a vengeance. With recordings on Black Label Records and Tommy Boy Records in a

genre that is becoming more and more independent by the hour, Midori is perhaps better equipped than most to make the transition from porn star to pop performer. But for the moment, the undisputed king of musical mainstreaming, keeping one foot firmly planted in the world of pornography, the other in music and entertainment, is **Johnny Toxic**, creator of Punk Porn. He's also got his own video production company called Notorious in (where else?) the Valley and shares the stage with cohort **The Holy Schreib**. Part Dragonfly gadfly, part entrepreneur, Johnny Toxic is an entertainer by almost any standard you care to measure him by. Watch this space for a closer look at LA's most notorious pop-punk porn star in the near future.

CREEPS COME OUT AT NIGHT

Let's face it, porno, like the poor, will always be with us, and by extension, so will

MONEY TALKS



↑ Johnny Toxic → Suzi Suzuki



ity materials and artwork, I listened to the tape "blind." Not really knowing what to expect, I had a hard time figuring out what the hell I was listening to. Stylistically speaking, the music was all over the map. There was sardonic indie/alt. guitar rock, throbbing techno, campy postmodern cabaret tunes, outdated wanker pop rock, vulgar songs that brought vaudeville to mind, sexy hip-hop and something like a half-dozen Lord of Acid imitators replete with simulated female orgasms. What the hell was going on here? A few days later, I spotted a review of "Porn to Rock" in the *LA Weekly* and learned that the compilation was a collection of songs by the stars of adult film and video. Curiosity got the better of me and I called the production company for a press kit, and requested that my name be put down on the list for an upcoming "Porn to Rock" show at the Dragonfly. And this is what I saw.

to pay your ten bucks you could walk right up the front and go inside. In the Dragonfly proper, the place was inundated with camera and video crews, including hosts of independent music shows and a crew from a German television station. I found this a little odd, for the last thing I expected to see was porn stars getting naked or cavorting with the crowd. For many of the artists, this - musically speaking - represented a chance to show the world they were more than just an enthusiastic piece of ass. A chance to demonstrate that they were more than a just well hung boy or obscenely big-breasted girl, built for sex and little else. For some this was THE chance, the quasi-mythical opportunity that slouches past without bothering to knock. There were, however, "ringers" in the crowd. By ringers I mean porn stars offering their "support" whom from time to time would

Dewars high, Jack resembled an old buckaroo brought out of retirement for one last glorious ride, which is a kind of neo-romantic way to describe how a room full of people became willing voyeurs while a fat porn slut gave an abbreviated lap dance to a dirty old man. Now that, my punk rock friends, is entertainment.

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

The first performer was a sad and pathetic queen who sang a very forgettable cover. He was horribly nervous and thankfully only played one song. It was a little like karaoke night in a wretched little gay bar. Next up was the sensuous and very capable **Suzi Suzuki**. Suzi was born in Tokyo, raised in Germany, and is fluent in both languages, which goes a long way toward describing the Mata Hari/Marlene Dietrich vibe I got off her. Her short set was like stepping back in time to the nightworld of

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FORAYS INTO THE FASCINATING WORLD OF SCIENCE

After much thought and soul searching, I realized that I haven't been living up to my full potential. Sure, I'm relatively kind to lower forms of life, I help old ladies cross the street (provided, of course, they tip extremely well) and I go to church every Sunday unless there's a game on. But there's more to life than that. People are put on this earth to make a contribution towards bettering the species. Since I hadn't been keeping my

Ellie and Jethro, and Jimi Hendrix popped over later in the afternoon. Ellie confessed that she loved me madly, but Uncle Jed would never approve of her moving up the social ladder and marrying someone of my stature. Jethro tried to eat the television and Jimi said he wished he could stick around long enough to sue my couch for fondling his hair follicles. Monday: All the coffee's gone!! Had to resort to sniffing the grounds straight out of the can. Note to self: Call and get prices on rhinoplastic surgery. Tuesday:

ly-correct origami and I became romantically involved with my wicker chair. What information did this experiment yield, you ask? Well, I now know that sleep is a waste of time, that we miss all the great things life has to offer while we doze and that man uses hallucinogenic drugs to bring him closer to his natural state. I also learned that Ellie Mae Clampett is a fickle tramp. Rest assured that I have not given up on science, my friends. My next endeavor is to prove that man does have and all he needs to do

when it hit me. In order for the yeast to take what it needed from the human cell, there has to be enough similarities in their genetic makeup to make transfer possible. Which means, somewhere far back beyond reckoning, we have a common ancestor. Which means we're related.

You can't imagine what a cultural shock this was for me. I've spent my entire life feeling unique and special because I'm not only a Chicano, I'm a Chicano from East Los Angeles. City Terrace to be exact. Suddenly I find out that not only do I have cousins that are single-celled creatures, I've got genetic traits that are spread all over town. Then the real horror kicks in. I've spent the previous 20 years drinking beer. A lot of beer. Yeast is the fermenting agent in beer. I've unwittingly devoured billions of cousins and never even thought to say, "I'm sorry." Yeast is what makes pizza dough rise. I was a pizza cook for six years. How many one-celled uncles and aunts did I send to a fiery demise without a second thought? As if all of this wasn't enough, the scientist on the video went on to inform me that all living organisms on this god-forsaken hunk of rock are related to each other. This means that every french fry, every taco, every burger - good God - every pastrami sandwich I've ever shoved down my throat was chock full of relatives I didn't even know about. Where do you even begin to atone for the senseless slaughter of your own flesh and blood? I thought about becoming a vegetarian, but I guess that's pointless now. What about my clothes? They're made up of cotton cousins from the South, China and other countries that I've never even heard of. My shoes consist of bovine brothers slaughtered, sliced and sewn together so I wouldn't burn the bottoms of my feet on heated organic kin out on a Sunday stroll. I don't even want to begin to think about what I've done to the relatives that make up toilet paper. Well, I, for one, am not going to continue my part in genocide. I'm no longer eating anything. I'm making a dress out of rocks, which should be okay, provided that some idiot scientist in Amsterdam doesn't discover that rocks can recite soliloquies from "Hamlet." Then I'll really be screwed. By the way, you're all invited to a family reunion I'm planning for next summer. I figure if we can get the amoebas to get along with the mosquitoes for just one day, we'll be in business. If you decide to come, though, just be careful when you sit on the grass. I might not be able to deal with the guilt.

THE DRAWINGS

All artwork accompanying this here piece was done by the infamous John Alvarado. He likes art. He used to like singin' and playin' the drums really fast and stuff. I imagine he still does, but now he mostly spends his time playin' with his kids and drawing stuff. Obviously, he's my brother, so if you want to contact him about anything, you can reach him through me, and you can reach me through the mag. If you're really nice, maybe he'll send you a picture of himself and you can admire his hair.

Anybody from the area east of the Los Angeles river that has a band or likes to draw, please drop me a line. I'm also currently trying to put together a compilation of old ELA bands, so anyone that was in a band before, say, 1992 and has tapes that are at least remotely listenable, contact me. Hate mail, pizza, pictures of piranhas in swimsuits and chickens, definitely chickens, are heartily encouraged.

Get back at the others by being extra hard on yourself.

-Jimmy

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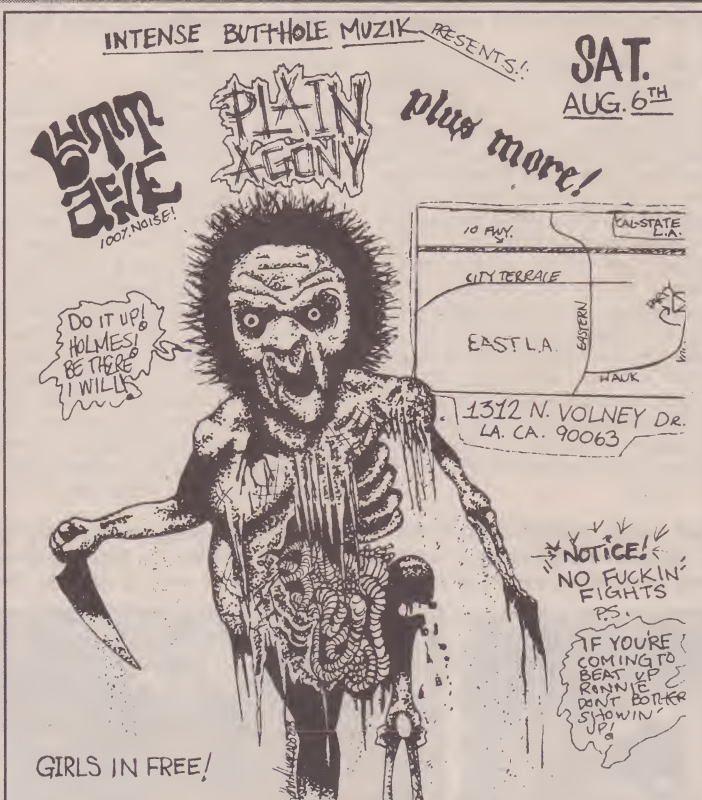
end of the bargain, I decided I could do my part to further mankind by becoming a man of science. I ain't got time for all the schooling involved with becoming a scientist, though, so I just jumped into the fray with both feet. I started off small enough. I deduced that a desk is a solid by smashing my head into it repeatedly without a helmet (hey, I'll go to any lengths to prove my hypotheses). I even gave the whole desk species one of those high-fallutin' scientific names: Descus dolorus en cranium mius. Try saying that five times fast while holding your tongue. No, really, try it. I followed this breakthrough with some extensive research on why people choke on large pills. My conclusion? The fleshy thing that hangs down the middle of the throat is some sort of magnet that attracts large medication. I recently sent my findings along with a blueprint for a "Big-Aspirin Rifle," which would propel the medication past all roadblocks and get it to where it hurts. They rejected my whole proposal, though, their reason being some pointless drivel about denting the esophagus. Some people just don't appreciate genius. My latest scientific endeavor has been to prove that human sleep is completely unnecessary. Armed with the television channel changer, some "classic rock" CDs (real scientists dig that kinda stuff) and 17 gallons of coffee, I ventured into my laboratory a few weeks ago, ready for anything. What follows is a series of entries from the journal I began for the experiment. I've edited out all the "scientist-ese" so the layman can comprehend the importance of my findings.

WEEK ONE

Friday: I'm bored. Went through all my "Felix the Cat" videos and "Millennium" was a rerun. I should have remembered to pay the phone bill this month so I could call Stephen Hawking again, call him a hack, laugh and hang up. I love ruining that talentless, misguided twerp's day. Tuesday: Television programmers are lazy morons. Every damn night it's the same friggin' reruns. If I have to watch another "Beverly Hillsbillies" episode, I'm going to scream. Am on my fourth gallon of coffee. Note to self: Install bathroom in the research lab. Thursday: Ellie Mae almost got married again. I was so jealous!

WEEK TWO

Friday: Had a long talk with the walls. They explained that melting is their way of breaking up the monotony of being a wall. We played Pinochle and laughed about Einstein's relativity nonsense. What a dolt! Sunday: Spent most of the day chatting with



Hendrix says that "Purple Haze" was meant to be a prophecy warning man about Barney the Dinosaur and that gay Teletubby with the triangle for ears. I told him he was crazy. Everyone knows it's about overdosing on grape Kool-Aid and Oreos. Moron. Ellie still hasn't called me. I've been waiting for the wall lamp to ring all day. Wednesday: The ducks were right. Aunt Rhodie really is Uncle Fred! My shoes are presently in the midst of a torrid love affair with some monkeys from Belize.

WEEK THREE

Saturday: Ellie Mae was out with that nasty Billy Joe Bob again! I know she's only trying to make me jealous, though. What could she possibly find so interesting about a Colorforms character?! How would she be able to live with herself once the kids were born? Tuesday: The lights! The pretty pretty lights! Wednesday: Umm, ugaa meff slop-turg urmugf. sliggg muuggennq eat at joe's aagawaaaa burrr glotten. At this point, my journal became an exercise in anatomical-

to make them appear is to jump from something really high and force them out of hiding. I'll let you know of my progress.

FUCK ANTHROPOLOGY!

I found out last night that I am a distant cousin to yeast. I was watching a video in my Anthropology 101 class, trying desperately to find a way not to pay attention, when this fact came suddenly barreling out of the tube like a televangelist at a prepaid prostitute. A scientist in England was doing an experiment with yeast cells. He had mutated the cells so that they couldn't split into more cells. He then took some human cells and mixed them with the yeast cells. The idea was to see if the yeast cells could take the genes in the human cells that make them split and use them to correct the original mutation. He checked on the cells three days later and, sure enough, the yeast cells were splitting. At first glance, you wouldn't think twice. Just some dumb scientist doing some dumb, pointless experiment with two totally unrelated organisms, right? That's

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WINSTON SMITH

BY TAKING THINGS OUT OF CONTEXT, YOU ACTUALLY CAN CREATE A TRUER MEANING
FOR SOMETHING THAN IT HAD IN THE BEGINNING

Instead of sticking a pair of scissors into a co-worker's neck or dragging the uncrossed blades from pelvis to collarbone as a piece of performance art, he works with a steady hand, liberating images from old magazines and sticking, for instance, a housewife who looked like she just huffed oven cleaner right into The Apocalypse, or riding a dinosaur, or reviling from a steam shovel, or becoming the queen of Egypt - in effect, pulling up the blinds of traditional consumer context, deflating the tires on the shiny rims of the American Dream, and stripping back a couple layers of skin from political beasts; he quietly lacerates and, in the process, gets to a new, darker heart. At first look, nothing's wrong - with the capture and re-arrangement of images from their intended picture language, cropped so close you can't see the line, his art looks like a photo. For instance, an idyllic, innocuous scene with a '50s Betty Crocker replicant whipping a meal into place. Look closer. Maybe a dog's peering forlorn from a window in the oven. Or the baby's bottle is a nuclear warhead. Or Reagan's not mowing a lawn or a carpet, but a tall shag of people. Men fish for money. It's not to say that Winston's heavy handed or has a ham for a brain. Far from it. With no shortage of humor or lightness in a fundamentally grim situation, much of his work simultaneously operates on an extremely polite, soft talking, artistic level. And this is how I found Winston, the person: cutting into loaded topics with dexterity, wit, and firm grip on the lamp that shines across the face of America's popular culture. On a final note, since the advertising budgets of mega corporations have come to far exceed most countries' gross national products, civilization, for the first time in its history, has taken on a commercial assault akin to the 24-hour B-52 carpet bombing of North Vietnam: non-stop hot turbulences, disorienting buzzbomb noise, supra-fast flashes, creating many vacuuous craters in not only the landscape, but in the public's mind. Think of Winston as a bomb shelter against the assault, or better yet, the medic who picks select pieces off the pocked battle field and glues them together how he thinks they should have been in the first place...

Interview by Todd, all art by Winston

Todd: So, what do you do?

Winston: As little as possible. I try to synthesize everything that I see in contemporary culture into its real meaning and in order to do that I have to condense many images because our culture is so image based. I condense what are, to me, the high points into compositions that betray their true meaning.

Todd: Portray or betray?

Winston: Betray, because the true meaning of some of these things is really hidden in contemporary culture and I think to show what it is really saying is a betrayal from what the origins are. They want you to think that this wonderful food or soap is terrific, and if you don't buy their food or soap, you're not going to get laid or have a nice car or have a wonderful life or have 3.2 children, whereas my thing is that their soap is really just poison. It poisons the environment and it poisons you and you wind up enriching them because of giving them your money for blah, blah, blah. So, by taking things out of context, you actually can create a truer meaning for something than it had in the beginning because of advertising... All of these things are coming from old advertisements and illustrations sometimes, but mainly old advertisements from the '40s, '50s, and '60s. Their original intention was to lie to you. That's what propaganda is all about. Not that all propaganda lies, but to propagate anything just means to tell your version of it. But commercial versions of telling you anything is generally done to enrich them monetarily at your expense. I don't know why I have such an axe to grind over that, because I'm a happy participant in enriching them myself. If I had more money, I'd spend it on more crap. More plastic shit. I'm not really much of saint when it comes to those things.

Todd: How old are you?

Winston: Do I really have to tell? Anyone who knows their arithmetic will know how old I am if I say that I was born in 1952. Right at the end of the Korean War. Todd: Why should punk rockers who have a hard time getting over their bad selves be familiar with your work? Why would somebody who's a hardcore punk



rocker... How would they know Winston Smith?

Winston: People know my work mainly from Dead Kennedy records and from some things in Maximum Rock 'N' Roll or just other underground punk scenes during the period of the late '70s throughout the mid and late '80s. I guess even into the 1990s because there was a resurgence of the punk trip. I think when the Gulf War came along, I think that actually added... I don't know if one thing had to do with the other, but there was a protest movement that built up. Instead of the frumped-out hippies who, after the Vietnam War, had turned to television and cocaine and money making, these frumped-out punks - I don't know what they turned to, but - just becoming slackers, but I think when the Gulf War came along in 1991, that a lot of people woke back up again and figured that, well, this is something that a lot of half-old farts like us had better stop, and enough of them are old enough now where they are half-old - they were teenagers in the late '70s and now they're in their early 30s or older and now they're mature adults in a certain sense and they actually have the wherewithal to do something about society, although we're all contributors and we're all steeped in what our society does, both good and bad. And who knows, maybe it's been around long enough that there's been a marketing aspect. I never thought punk rock could ever be co-opted by the mainstream; it's so ugly and so tawdry and off-putting and so repellent that I was always thinking, "Great, this is something that won't be that flower-power, hippie-dippy, love bead shit and no headbands and sandals can be sold to promote K-Mart. Because you could go to some dime stores and see all this flowery crap with all this hopeful hand-woven stuff of the hippies being re-marketed from the late '60s and early '70s to the mainstream and it would just join and suddenly every product in the world was being marketed in that direction. And I didn't think punk rock would ever do that, although unfortunately, in actuality has. The mainstream has actually embraced it, which shows how far the mainstream has sunk.

Todd: When did you first think of, "Hey, I wanna cut out some scraps of paper, glue them together and make something"? Did you have other artistic avenues before that or was the progression to collage?

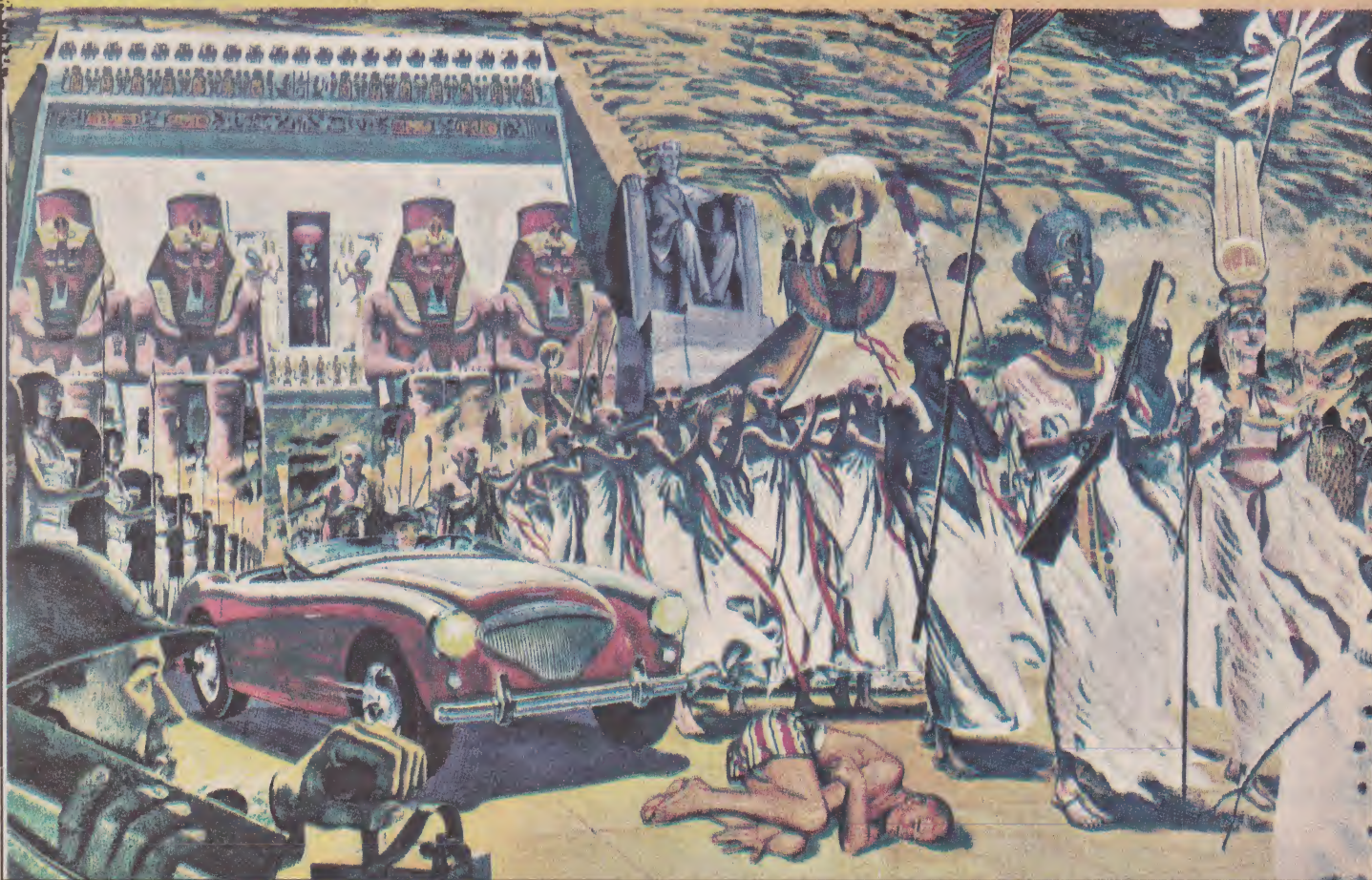
Winston: The first time that occurred to me to cut out pictures and glue them together was sometime in late 1958



PAX AMERICANA

MY THING AND MY PERSONAL STYLE IS THAT I TRY TO MAKE
THESE THINGS LOOK AS THOUGH THEY WERE BORN THAT WAY.

ECLIPSE OF THE GODS





LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER (GULF WAR SYNDROME)

ANOTHER SWEATSHOP SERENADE



and I was probably about 6 years old then. I recall being shrieked at by my mom because I cut up one of her art books. It had Michelangelo and Leonardo and I cut out pictures of the Mona Lisa and put Micky Mouse's eyes on her. I thought it was really clever. I think I got my behind paddled severely, so I had to cut up things that weren't her property. Years later, when I was in high school in the late '60s, there were no Xerox machines at the time. You couldn't go down to the Kinko's and push a button, so I would draw pictures out of old magazines. The fear of being punished was so strong - even when I was a teenager, I refused to cut up anyone else's magazines. I'd draw the pictures and then cut out the drawings and then collage those together. And that had a certain effect - being able to draw helped because I was able to reproduce, at least to my satisfaction, what I was drawing. Although, unfortunately, it all had the same tone. It was all black and white drawings, it wasn't color. Also at that time, the pictures that I'm using now didn't have, for me, any nostalgia factor because they were too recent.

Todd: Going back to the first time you cut out scraps of paper and started gluing them together. Have you ever huffed the glue just for fun?

Winston: Yeah, it's great. It's my favorite high. [laughter] Next to angel dust, it's my favorite drug. Actually, the glue I use is Uhu glue, and it's a German glue and you can get it at the dime store. Unfortunately there's no odor. No aroma.

There was no high. Any high I get is...

Todd: Purely artistic. [laughter] What's the newest technology that you're really excited about?

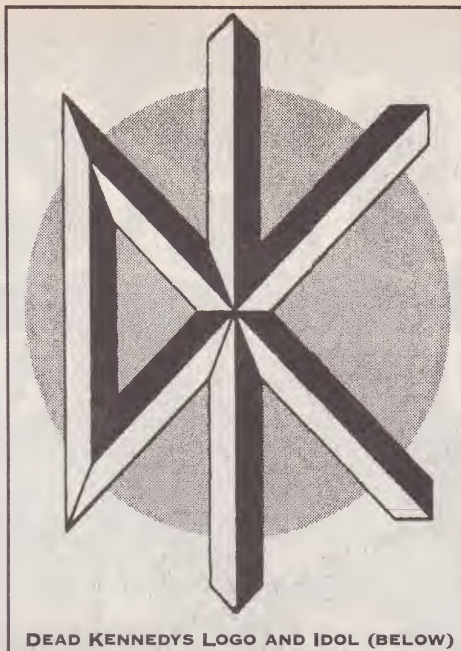
Winston: There's a new technology for reproducing pictures of limited edition prints onto fine art or archival paper. The new technology's called Iris Prints and it's a form of reproduction that involves the artwork being scanned by computer and then computer outputted onto canvas or archival paper. It's very high quality ink and very high resolution so it's actually the closest I've ever come to using a computer in my work. People ask all of the time what computer I use to do this. I don't do this on computer. The only digital action is my digits. Razor blades and glue. Sometimes I wish I had a computer just because it might make life easier, only I simply don't have the patience to deal with computers. I think I'm too old-world for that or I'm just too old for that. You can't teach old dogs new tricks. Maybe someday - I even said that in my book - I will get hip to using computers about the time that implanted mind control computers are the standard. I will still be using some archaic Mac. In fact, the one I got - I actually own a computer that I bought about three years ago that I've turned on about five times. I don't know how to turn it on or off without help. I must say it was temporary insanity. I don't know why I bought it. It was cheap. It was a couple hundred bucks and it was a garage sale computer. My friend said, "Oh, if you'd had that computer on your desk 10 years ago, it would have been the fastest computer on the planet and now it's landfill. You were over-charged." And people ask what I have on my computer and I tell them that on my computer are a pair of tennis shoes, a hat, and a can of cat food.

Todd: Have you ever attracted a fan that you wish you never had? Has there been anything non-productive?

Winston: For the most part, people who write or email me now (my girlfriend knows how to run the computer) usually have said pretty positive stuff. People have been, over the years, very supportive about my work, they also tell me how my work may have opened their eyes about something or inspired them or given them encouragement, which I think is what we're all here for. This may sound really corny, but I think we're all here to encourage one another because life is so hard that it's pretty bleak for most people in the world. We're kind of lucky where we are, but for the most part, encouraging others is really where it's at. So it's nice to know that people are encouraged by it, although I have gotten a couple of things from people over the years that are pretty zippy. Years ago I would get these giant containers from a lady named Julia in England and Biafra would get them too. They were sometimes long, rambling letters like someone was reading someone's diary. "OK, good," I'd think, "Now what does this have to do with anything?" And there would be long diatribes and there would be these boxes that were obviously pretty expensive to send from England filled with newspapers - *The Daily Press*. I kept looking through them trying to find...

Todd: Something against you or appropriate...

Winston: Is there something like a message? It was just



DEAD KENNEDYS LOGO AND IDOL (BELOW)

PEOPLE ASK WHAT I HAVE ON MY
COMPUTER AND I TELL THEM
THAT ON MY COMPUTER ARE A
PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES, A HAT,
AND A CAN OF CAT FOOD.



your standard newspapers and tabloids and sometimes I'd go through them and would see a little circle that would say, "Winston and Biafra" and there'd be a little arrow pointing to a house or there'd be some cryptic thing. The woman may have unfortunately have had some certain psychological problems. Biafra actually figured that she had been in a home some place and had managed to get to the post office and was, from time to time, able to send us stuff. So that was a little bit disturbing to know that she had my address, but it was really nice that she was over in England and not here. I have a few people come up to me at shows or my exhibitions or at book signings who want to kind of challenge me over the artwork. "You must be some kind of commie." And I say, "The work just speaks for itself" and it turns out they were Reagan supporter types and had been listen-

ing to Rush Limbaugh and so they saw me as a convenient target who represented the other side, the anti-Christ or whatever. I would say that for the most part, people... If they like it, they really like it; if they don't like it, they don't mention it. I'm a non-entity to them, which is fine with me.

Todd: What's the largest cache of images that you've gotten? Have you ever scored a mother load?

Winston: Years ago I used to buy old magazines for 5 or 6 for a quarter. I would get old war-time *Life* magazines from the '40s for 50 cents apiece and then the last couples of years because of the vintage craze... Everybody's into vintage now. Everything that's 10 years old is called "vintage" now. So people would say, "Oh, that's vintage so therefore this magazine that was formerly 50 cents or a dollar and a half is now 5 dollars." \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$100. I even had somebody who wanted to sell me some of their old magazines and then they said, "You need to take care of these" and I said, "I'm not going to take care of these. I'm going to cut them up." And then he wouldn't sell them to me. I should have said, "Yeah. I'm going to give them to my grandmother. I'm gonna put them in lucite. I'm gonna put 'em in a time capsule." No, sometimes I feel bad when I cut them up because I feel like, "Oh, these are things that should be preserved, but the fuckin' library of Congress has them. I don't have to preserve everything. I'm not an archive."

Todd: You're not a historian?

Winston: I really do enjoy the history factor of it a lot, but someone did point it out to me once. They said, "Well, actually you are preserving them in your own way. You're taking images that would have otherwise never seen the light of day any other way. They were cast-off, commercial images from before the war or the '50s, stuff that people had forgotten about. That generation that's past now and those products no longer exist and the whole rationale for selling them no longer exists. And so you're actually resurrecting this as a cultural icon." So that made me feel better. I bought it. [laughter] "OK, I agree with you."

Todd: According to the artist Crumb - the piece of art that he did that people almost immediately identify with him was "Keep on Trucking"...

Winston: Oh, was it The Mr. Natural Guy?

Todd: Right. But it's also the bane of his existence. Is there any piece that you've done that would fit that bill? Is there anything that you're glad you did, certainly, but people identify you way too immediately with it?

Winston: I would say what people identify me with mostly is work done in concert with the Dead Kennedys. Biafra referred to me a few times in articles as the artistic conscience of the Dead Kennedys which I interpreted as meaning the artistic guilty conscience of the Dead Kennedys. The bad conscience. I think that, perhaps, the cross of dollars, the cross of money, is the one thing that people identify with. They identify it with, perhaps, not me, but they identify it with the band. The DK logo is also something that people make cheap t-shirts of. The cross was something I made quite some time before I knew Biafra and I made it specifically because of people making money off of religion. People can make money off of anything. Selling landfill if they want but to rip off money from little old ladies living off of their retirement fund and people who maybe aren't terribly deep thinkers or aren't scholars in something else. They either end up giving Jerry Fallwell and Pat Robertson all this money and other people in between who are several layers down. That kind of thing is what really irked me and I grew up in Oklahoma and that was the bible belt and I'd see a lot of this stuff. I'd see people flock to these guys. Not that I think I'm much of a deep thinker or a big scholar, but, god, I just feel bad for these people who are being ripped off. To me, it has nothing to do with Jesus, it has to do with the fact that their idol, what they worship, is dollars, and they were doing it over his dead body. That's essentially how it breaks down.

Todd: A couple of questions about the piece "Idol." Why did that take 3 years to do?

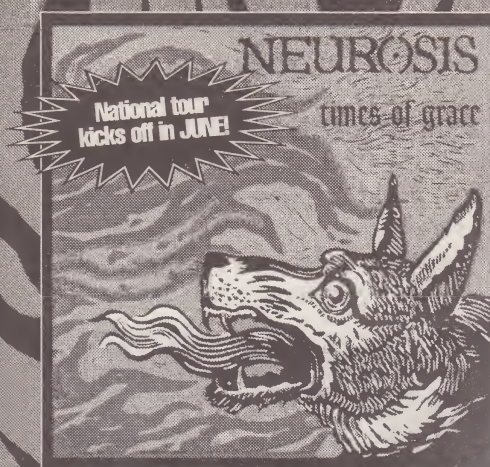
Winston: Because the first date is the date of creation. The second date is the date of publication because I had to alter it. The Secret Service came by and they said, "You really can't print it the way you're doing this."

Todd: The Secret Service? Really?

Winston: Yeah. Well, we were warned, actually. They said that this could constitute legal problems and it was their first record and Biafra figured, "Ah, let's not fuck with this, we'll fuck with it later."

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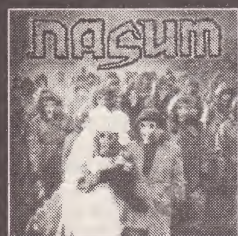
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SO MANY OF THE 1950S IMAGES OF HOUSEWIVES MAKE THEM LOOK AS THOUGH THEY JUST HAD A NOSE FULL OF COCAINE AND THEIR EYES ARE BIG AND THEY'RE SO HAPPY TO WASH THAT PAN...

Todd: I noticed that there's double eyes on the pyramid.

Winston: Yeah, you noticed that. Good. Actually, I was kind of happy that that happened. At first we were kind of bummed that we had to change it, but it gave us a chance to change it in a much more sinister way than it would have ever been if they hadn't ever intruded.

Todd: Forked tongue out of Washington. Snakes over the crucified hands.

Winston: See this part right here? That's on the dollar and to me it looked like a rattlesnake tail, so I made this as the back of a rattlesnake. I think it was a little while later that on my ranch I had to dispatch a rattlesnake that was going to kill my cat. It was about as long as my baseball bat and just about as thick, and I didn't have a gun at the time - they were locked up some place - but I had a sword. It was a renaissance faire sword that I'd carry around when I worked at the faire - a costume sword - and I stabbed the snake. I made stationary with it. I used the snake skin and the rattle and, in fact, on the day I was photocopying it, I had to go answer the phone and the shop lady went to put something in the photocopy machine and opened it up and went, "Yeahhhoooww" because she saw the snake and there is a visceral thing to seeing a snake (especially when it's unexpected). So she shrieked. I sent some letters to Biafra on that stuff and unbeknownst to me, he cut them all out and put them all over his next record, "Let Them Eat Jelly Beans." That snake became more famous in death than he ever was in life. My cat, 101 (its name)... I had it hanging on the wall for a long time, and I'd wake up in the middle of the night hearing this "prrr-prrr," thinking that I was hearing a rattler in the room and in the morning the rattle part was all gone. He had gnawed it all off. Good 'ol 101. So, yeah, I was able to change a lot of things on that cross. Like the atom bomb at the top that made the UPC...

Todd: With the 666.

Winston: ...Behind the INRI thing.

Todd: What's the INRI?

Winston: Usually over the cross is "INRI," the abbreviation from Latin, "Iesus Cristos Rex Ebreo." Something about, "Jesus Christ, King of the Jews" which is what the Romans put over the thing to mock him. So I replaced that with the anti-Christ symbol because money essentially, if you want to get abstract about it, money is the anti-Christ. The bible says you can't serve God and mammon/wealth. It's mammon that's become their god, not that I'm a bible thumper, but there something about our culture... It's what in our culture we've absorbed, what becomes prominent in our culture. And in the "United States of America" I took out the letter "s" so it's the United State of America, and then behind the 1, I

made it into a German iron cross. I had a cat named 208 so I changed the serial number to read 208 there and I put it as series 1984. And then I put two eyes over the pyramid and it says something like New World Order over it in Latin so I just changed to read "Nuit," which I think is French for "Night." On a few record artworks, I would put my name at the bottom right-hand corner to be indiscrete. Unfortunately, by the time the record got made, it had to be cropped here and there to make it fit and then, boom, my name's gone, and it's not like I'm making a big fortune doing this anyways, so you'd like to get credit if you're not getting any money for it. By and by, I learned a lesson from Michelangelo.

Todd: Incorporating it in the middle.

Winston: Apparently, people thought when he made the "Pieta," an incredibly beautiful statue, that they thought it had to have been made by Leonardo. "Only a master like Leonardo DaVinci could make this." And he hated Leonardo and Leonardo hated Michelangelo. They were rivals. He was 20 years younger and it was a different generation. That was the old shit and he was the new shit. He went in the middle of the night and he carved on the sash across the Madonna's chest, so it said, "Michelangelo Buonarroti made this." (I made it, damn it, and nobody else. It's mine.) So on some things I actually wound up putting my name in the middle which people may have thought, "Oh, this guy has an enormous ego." Well, not quite so much that, it's just because I figured that if it was in the middle, then it can't get cut out. So it's right underneath the torch, right above the hand of Lady Liberty on the "Bedtime for Democracy."

Todd: What other jobs have you taken to keep yourself fed?

Winston: For a long, long time, I worked digging ditches. [laughter] For the last 17 years I've lived on this ranch up in northern California and I'd do carpentry for people. I'm not much of a carpenter; I can swing a hammer, but that's about it. That, and I worked at a solar power company for a while doing packing and shipping and stuff. I did lots of illustration work for local magazines and illustration work for newspapers. A few years ago for a couple of years in a row I was working at a photocopy place which was great because my work is basically based on photocopies. I even told the owner, "Do you realize that by hiring me, it's like hiring an alcoholic to work in a brewery?" I was pushing that button all day long, but he was very cool and he very much liked my work and I think without his help, a lot of what you see around me wouldn't even exist because I wouldn't have had the opportunity to experiment with things. So that was actually very good. Now I'm successfully "self-unemployed." I don't know how successful that will be in the future, but at the time I'm still here and I actually do have somewhat of a

roof over my head even though by this time next month or next year I could be living behind a 7-11 eating out of a dog food can. "Mighty Dog. Mighty good. Mmm." Maybe I could get a job advertising that: "Winston says: Mighty Dog is great."

Todd: Have you ever gotten into any trouble with the images you've used from a copyright standpoint? Have you ever been approached by that?

Winston: Knock on wood. So far, no. Most of what I use is copyright-free and it's so old that it's over with. I try to stay away from photographs of individuals - photographs of celebrities. I'm not going to use a picture of Sinatra or Coca-Cola or Disney. These guys will clobber you if you try to do that. I also take pictures out of context; pieces or "elements," is what I call them. Like here you have somebody holding a fish. Well, he was holding a flashlight originally and I put a fish in his hand so the fish came from another piece. The fish came from maybe a famous painting or something. But being taken out of the context, it no longer is associated with that painting or that product - fish food or whatever it was. If I ever get hauled into court, I guess I'll have to practice saying that again in front of the judge. [laughter] "I'm just a working stiff trying to get by, your Honor."

Todd: Name some of the bands that you made up. That you said were playing at the Mabuhay Gardens.

Winston: We used to do these posters. When I first started out, I didn't know a whole lot of people in the scene in the late '70s. I knew different bands and stuff and would go to shows. It wasn't like I was associated with them in any sense so in order to do band art, I wanted to show people in bands what I would do. They would say, "Well, what kind of style do you do?" So I'd make up bullshit bands. Names of bands that didn't exist. The Clip-Ons, Lenny and the Spitwads, PTA, The Dip Shits, Anonymous Technicians - a whole series of weird, bullshit bands. The Clones, The Rejects, and one called Half Life and then Biafra reminded me that there was probably a band called Half Life in almost every major American city. Certain ones were pretty obvious names. They were really obvious and by and by, some bands took names just like them. I'm certain I had nothing to do with it. They came upon them on their own, I'm sure. Biafra has a long list of the most repulsive combinations of names that are possible to have... They could never have been thought of by anybody else. I mean, other people could think of them, but it's not like it could be duplicated by accident. George DiCaprio (Leonardo's father), I was having lunch with him - not to drop names or anything - but he has his own long list of names that were so funny that as I took a drink of beer when he was telling us these names, I spit out my beer. It's the only time I've ever done that in reality. It was so fuckin' funny. And he was saying, "Gee, I wish there were bands with these names." I can't remember it, though. My memory fails me. It's Alzheimer's. It's incipient, advanced Alzheimer's. Don't do drugs, kids. Either that or do lots of them and if you do, share them with me.

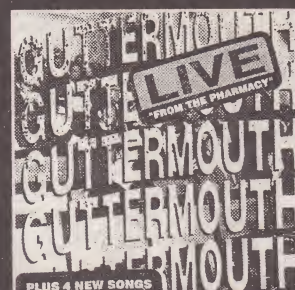
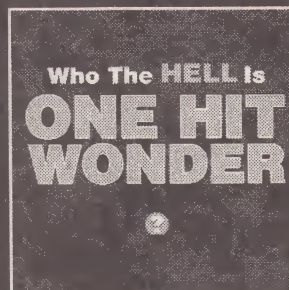
Todd: What's the biggest lightbulb that's gone off when you made a connection that wasn't there before - like putting a strategic bomber in a lady's arms - or was there one idea that was the catalyst for a lot of other ideas that came along that burst upon you?

Winston: That's a good question because that's happened. There were some things that I know were watermarks of evolution that changed the course of things - the concept that less is better when it comes to composition. Imagery is more effective when it is most direct visually.

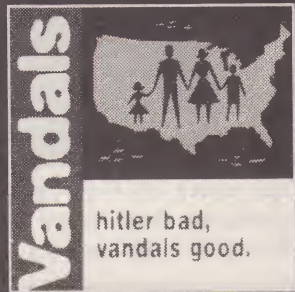
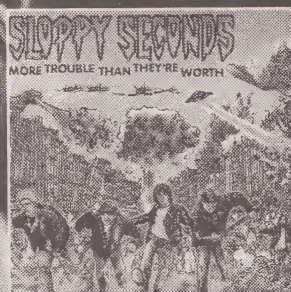
Todd: Have you ever met somebody who Winston Smithed you that used your images or ideas that you've used and done it to you?

Winston: Yeah. Actually, one time I saw a zine - this was a hundred years ago, like in 1979 - and I saw a zine at a little punk shop somewhere in San Francisco and it was exactly my picture, only the guy was in a different position. It was the guy cut out and put into another picture and he was floating the wrong way and I thought, "Oh man, they ripped me off." But then I thought no, they couldn't. If they had cut it up, the part behind it wouldn't even be there. So it means that whoever did this had to have gotten the original stuff and did it on their own separately and decided where to put it because otherwise the figure would be gone - there'd be a hole there and it wasn't there. It was nice and clear. You saw the background as it was in its entirety. So I got in touch with this cat. His name was Keith Ulrich and I think he lived in Pasadena at the time. I have not heard from him for years and years. We corresponded.

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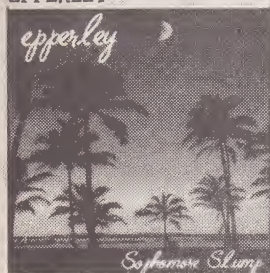
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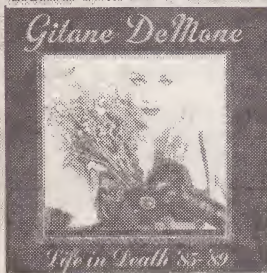
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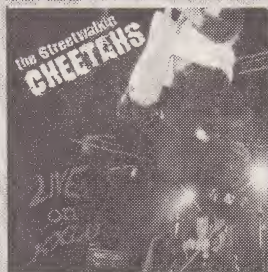
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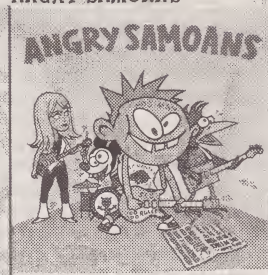


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MOWING DOWN THE PEOPLE



I TOLD BIAFRA THAT WHEN REAGAN HAD COMPLETED HIS SECOND TERM, "GOD, NOW THAT REAGAN'S NO LONGER PRESIDENT, WE'RE GONNA BE UNEMPLOYED REAL SOON. NOW WHAT?" REAGAN WAS ONLY BUSH IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

He sent me a lot of his work and he did incredible collages and he just happened to be using the same stuff I was using and the same idea occurred to him as it occurred to me only he made it a little bit trippier by making this guy floating around where I put the guy on solid ground. That was kind of cool. And then I've had people send me things or I saw pieces of my work photocopied from my books or records cut up and made into collages and the first time I saw it I thought, "Oh, they fucked up my thing," and then I had to think about it and I realized, "Oh, wait a minute, that's what I do." The reason I'm doing what I'm doing is to fuck up other people's things. I'm screwing up other people's hard work. And so I thought, "More power to him." That's fine. And there's this guy named Joachin; he is in a band called The Hellworms that has a new record out on Alternative Tentacles and he does really cool collages. He made an entire collage based on one of my pieces and without knowing it, used that same piece; exactly the same picture; the Last Supper and put a bunch of my figures in this Last Supper thing and he didn't even know that that was one I used myself. That was irony on top of irony. He sent it off to me and said, "Look, I hope you don't mind my doing this. It's just kind of a thank you note for what you do." I thought it was totally cool. It was an honor to have someone make something out of what I've done because now I don't feel bad for all of the things that I've ripped off of other people. One time I met an artist who was one of the commercial artists in the '50s who made some pictures that I'd used and when I met him, he mentioned that and I went, "Oh, man, I hope you don't mind... It's strictly for laughs. I'm not getting rich off of this or nothin'" and he said, "Oh, no, I totally approve." Art is art. Even in the history of art where people see paintings and then a generation later it changes to a different style of painting, but it's because those artists would study the work of the past and then alter and change it. None of us have any original ideas. We all formulate them off of the things we have grown up with. So many of the 1950s images of housewives make them look as though they just had a nose full of cocaine and their eyes are big and they're so happy to wash that pan. Happy white guys with little bow-ties. That was the image people wanted to live up to, but I've seen some things from other countries, especially from behind the iron curtain, that I think really hit the

nail on the head because they live that life. They live what we protest against.

Todd: Secretly, do you wish that Reagan was still president?

Winston: Yeah, yeah. I wish Newt was still around. I would join the Republican party just to get votes for the bastard [laughter]. We made these shirts: "Newt Hates Me." Yeah, I even told the guy I made them with, "We should go out and campaign for Newt so we can keep peddling these shirts." Actually we could re-sell the shirts by writing underneath the image of Newt, "I Voted," because the vote that took place when the Republicans lost all those seats in the mid-term vote here in October and the Republicans lost pretty much big time after they thought Monica was going to help them win. Monica helped them lose and Newt had resigned probably for a lot of reasons and he knew he didn't have the votes to remain the speaker, but who knows, maybe Larry Flynt has some shit on him. I told Biafra that when Reagan had completed his second term, "God, now that Reagan's no longer president, we're gonna be unemployed real soon. Now what?" Reagan was only Bush in sheep's clothing.

Todd: Reagan looked better, though.

Winston: He was a better actor. People think he was a bad actor, but he was actually a very good actor. He swindled the public and the world into thinking he was a President for a long time.

Todd: Eight years.

Winston: I call that...

Todd: Pretty damn good acting. Have you ever wished that the worlds which you created would come true and that you could live inside of them?

Winston: Oh yeah. That's why I wish I'd shown you this video tape I had. I was doing this interview for this woman from the Canadian Broadcasting Television Company and she was asking me "Why do you even do these silly pictures?" I pointed to a picture called "Enough Is Enough." [It's in the new book. There's a platypus all harnessed up to a little cart pulling a pygmy hippo down the road and children holding bunnies and spacemen and robot dolls]

And I said, "Well, because I wish that there was a world where a platypus could trundle down the road with a pygmy hippo in the back of a cart and a meteorite would be coming down and a man would be being chased by dinosaurs in the background and a clown would hold a sledgehammer up to

the meteor." But there aren't any worlds like that, so I make them up myself and I do these things to create my own little dream states and nightmare states. Although on the same level, I'm glad that these things don't exist in reality. It would be pretty scary.

Todd: Have you ever dreamt of driving an Austin Healy into ancient Egypt, running into a snowman [referring to the piece "Eclipse of the Gods"]...

Winston: Yeah, the snowman is definitely in the wrong neighborhood and in the wrong time of year for him. [laughter] When I was a teenager I used to draw rooms where all of these divergent things would be put together because I couldn't cut them out so I would draw them in and make these surreal environments. It was during the craze of the pop art thing in the late '60s, like Roy Liechtenstein, and I kept thinking, "Well, why not? This could be. You could make one of these. It could be this way." If you cut them out precisely enough and assembled them closely enough, they would appear to be the way they are. My thing and my personal style is that I try to make these things look as though they were born that way. I've actually had people look at certain pictures I've done and there will be two or three subtle changes and they'll think, "Well, what did you do? So what? Big deal. There's no change here." And I'd kind of point out that, "Oh, here's a fish coming out of this guy's hat." I want to create the illusion that you should be relaxed while looking at them and then be startled by the things that you notice; the nuances that you see that are out of place and then perhaps that would surprise or shock people in a certain way.

Todd: Have you ever been accused of being a "bastard artist?" You don't create anything yourself. You don't paint anything, you don't draw anything with the collages and the montages.

Winston: Every now and then I have to paint some edges to make them match up with something else, but I try to avoid that. Even though I can draw, I definitely can't draw as well as some of the people who I rip-off. I had someone tell me about 10 years ago, "Winston, what you've been doing for years and years, that's all the rage now back in New York. They call it 'appropriation.'" Unfortunately that didn't help me. [laughter] It doesn't mean much to be a pioneer. I rarely have people get completely on my case over that. I guess that I change things significantly enough and make enough alterations that it does create a new work of art; a new composition. And not all of them are works of art. They're simple compositions. I may like them, but they're not masterpieces in any sense of the word. It's funny, too, because you never know what people are going to hit on. Some things that I like a whole lot because they mean something to me and it's relevant to me but it doesn't grab anybody much. Other times I've had things I've liked because they were kind of interesting to make and I liked it at that moment, but later it didn't grab me but other people just flocked to it and they said, "Oh, this has such deep meaning." And that's OK. Even if it has no meaning to me, if it has it to them, then that's what art's all about. It means whatever you bring to it. I have people interpret things good and bad. Sometimes people will look at things and go, "Oh, that thing's about animal abuse. You're terrible." No, I'm not talking about the abuse of animals. I'm not into that. This is strictly pygmy hippos being taken down the road by a platypus. Marsupial abuse is probably the proper term. You can't second guess people. You can't take guesses of what they're going to be offended by or intrigued by so my thing is just to do what I do. These images are in our culture that we've all grown up with or we've all seen in one form or another or we haven't seen those images but have seen the things that have been created through their inspiration. Not everyone has seen certain ads that I'll use, but they'll see the things that were made by the people who did. There's a generational difference between it and it all contributes to the great cosmic swarm that makes up our society and our civilization, and when people see things they bring to them whatever baggage they have psychologically, emotionally, or mentally. I have things that I've made because I just thought they were funny looking and one guy would look at it and go, "Man, that reminds me of a story I heard when I was in Australia about one of the first men on the moon that said he saw a Russian base there and that he couldn't be quoted in American newspapers." And I'm all, "Whoa, back off, this is a picture of a space man holding a fish." It was called "The Fish on the Moon" or "The Fish That Knew Too Much" and this guy's like, "Yeah, this was the astronaut who knew

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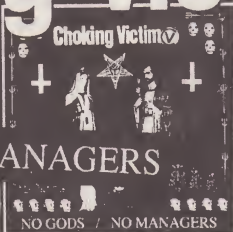
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too much and they had to silence him because he claimed that he was up there and there was a Russian base. He was one of the guys on the Apollo 16 or 15 and in the United States. Everything he said was completely blacked out from the media and he had to go to Australia to get it on the air." It could be bullshit or not, but the thing is that he had a different take on it and it had nothing to do with what was going on when I made it. We could look at a painting by Michelangelo or Botticelli and think, "Well, we can see clearly that Botticelli meant that this is an allegory between good and evil but *maybe* he just made it because he got the money up front. I can just hear the guy who commissioned the artwork: "I want a naked chick over here and a babe over here, I want another babe over there and I want a water fall in the middle." [laughter]

Todd: And make her hair flowy.

Winston: Same thing with "The Birth of Venus," the woman on the half shell. She was a beauty pageant winner in Florence at the time. She was a big star. She was apparently a very nice woman, beloved by everyone, and she died very young. Botticelli was hired to glorify the prince's concubine. It was his girlfriend. He was married and had kids and this was his mistress. She was the cousin of Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine navigator for whom they named America. She died at age 24 of consumption (tuberculosis). A lot of people died young in those days because of consumption. Naturally she caught pneumonia. She had no clothes on... what did she expect?

Todd: Are there any neclars of creativity for you - food stuffs? Like Garry Larson of the Far Side said that he just got tanked up on caffeine and whatever came out came out.

Winston: I get tanked on Chianti and whatever comes out comes out... Beer is my favorite drug. That's probably not a very good thing to say to people because it's obviously not good for you. Too much of a good thing can screw things up, but caffeine... I like coffee, but not really to work by. It doesn't really jazz me up so much. I do most of my work at night. I'm very nocturnal. I probably was born in Hong Kong because my circadian rhythm is completely the opposite of everybody else's. That's one thing Biafra and I have in common. We are up 'til 3 or 4 in the morning and don't wake up until noon or one o'clock at least. That would be early for us. I've been an insomniac all my life. When I was doing the cover for Green Day, I finished it, finally, and there was kind of a deadline for getting it done. It took me a couple of weeks to get all of the pictures together. You have to find a million pictures, go through those million and then find a few thousand and go through those few thousand and find a few hundred. You wittle those down to a couple of dozen. You cut out a hundred of them and you have a dozen or so images and you select the ones that will work, but you have to go through all of this high-grading to get to that point and that took a couple of weeks. And finally, in all of three days, I worked and worked and worked on that and at one point I just didn't go to sleep and I was up for 35-36 hours and then I got it finished. Then I called up Bill and Tre and said it was done and that they could come and get it and they said, "Well, bring it over to the studio downtown so we can check it out." And I go over there and I'm still zipping along 'cuz I'd been awake for 38 hours by that time and I'm on a second wind but I'm really buzzin' like I'm on an acid high almost. Sleep deprivation, essentially. Everything was glowing and fuzzy. I get there and they immediately loved it. In fact, they recognized certain things. The title of that piece for "Insomniac" is actually called "God Told Me to Skin You Alive" and Bill recognized it immediately (being an old Dead Kennedy's fan), it came off the first poster we made for the DKs first LP. There was a Jack T. Chick cartoon with a little arm coming out of this armageddon cartoon about the world coming to an end. There was this little bubble coming up but you don't see anything past the paper. It says, "God Told Me to Skin You Alive!" So they were jazzed on that and at that time, the working title for their record was going to be "Tightwad Hill," which was one of the songs on the record, and they kept saying, "Well, do whatever you want." I was like, "Do you want this? Do you want that?" "No, just do whatever you want." Which was cool because it meant that I had free reign. I had no constraints. Usually people say, "It's got to have horses or flying saucers in it. No dolphins and no chickens." So I felt pretty free to do what I wanted and when I got it done, he said, "How long does it take you to do this?" "Well, over the span of the last few weeks I sort-



ed through ten million images to get to this point. I finished the whole composition in the last 36 hours," and he said, "How could you stay awake that long?" And I replied "It's easy for me, I'm an insomniac." And we hung out for awhile and I went back home and slept for 24 hours. When the record came out, they called it "Insomniac." It was probably a big coincidence because there's no song on the record called insomniac, but I wondered if they had taken it off of that experience. Maybe I deserve an extra royalty check. I'll have to talk to Tre about that. [laughter]

Todd: Have you ever walked into a store or gallery and said, "Hey, I did that. I'm Winston Smith" and they didn't believe you?

Winston: Often I've come into places and seen things, especially the things that are out of context that I did, but they were bootlegs or the things that I know are clearly unauthorized reproductions of the work and I would say, "Oh, I made that, blah, blah, blah" and they'd go, "Oh, shit. Really? Naahh." I'd have to tell them that I wasn't going to sue them or anything but that they were bootlegs. It's kind of fun because I've seen my work in Rome. I saw it in London and back east in several places where they were clearly bootlegs and the guy would say, "Yeah, I'll give you this for half price" Another guy said, "Oh, then you should have one for free. Have one for your girlfriend, too. Take another one for yer mum," just so I wouldn't get uppity about it. I wasn't trying to wig on him, I was just surprised. I don't mind. Again, I can't get on anyone's case over it because I, myself, have made a career out of swiping work from other people - real artists. [laughter] Only one time I was in Florence - I was going back there for a visit and I was showing some friends around - in fact it was the assistant guy from Alternative Tentacles there for the musical convention of alternative music in 1989. I happened to have a shirt they gave me in London that was a DK logo shirt and I just had it on. We'd gone to see the statue of David by Michelangelo at The Academy of Fine Arts which is the school I went to in Florence. I wasn't a very good student, but I was there. So we walked out of the place with the statue and the woman I was traveling with and I walked down the block to the front door of the academy and I was saying, "Here is where I went to school and where I would hang out in front of the 'loggia,' (the porch), everyday, waiting for the doors to open." Then we go into the courtyard and on the wall is a giant DK logo painted with a paint brush and my mouth just fell open. "Son of a bitch!" I took a picture immediately because I wanted to send it to my mom. "Mom, I'm not in the academy, but I'm on the academy. I finally made the big time!" So I'm taking a picture and this guy comes up on his Vespa and he takes his helmet off and he was talking Italian and he said, "What the

fuck are you doing? Are you some kind of tourist? Fuck you, man." and I said, "No, no, no, I'm taking a picture because that emblem over there on the wall is this emblem I made." and he said, "Oh no, you just have that shirt. Blah blah blah (in Italian)... Winston Smith." And this woman who doesn't know Italian says, "How does this perfect stranger know your name?" So I said, "Well, that's me and I'm taking the picture because it's..." "Nah, that's bullshit, man, you're not even American, you're Florentine." (Because I speak fluent Florentine. Florentine's the dialect of Florence. It's not like regular Italian so if you were a foreigner, you'd probably come with a broken accent and I didn't have that. I had grown up there. I had proper pronunciation. Even though it's bad Italian, it's good Florentine. It's like speaking Cockney or something.) So I'm rapping away with him and you could tell he was a bit stoned. "No way, you're a local boy." I pulled out my passport and showed him. "Oh, man, you could get into a lot of trouble fucking with passports like that. You could get into a lot of trouble with an American passport." He puts his helmet back on and on his helmet there's a masking tape DK logo across the middle of it - a homemade thing. He gets on his bike and takes off and he wouldn't believe it... He probably went home and said, "Man, I ran into this joker today." Which is kind of cool because I had no idea I would even be known there. When I look at records and things, even when I was a teenager, I wouldn't really study who did what and who produced this. I'd like it and appreciate it and that was about it. That's where it ends with me. I'm not much of a fan type. I've never really been a fan of any band... Except for Gwar. Gwar is my one major fan thing and also my new major fan thing is Storm [Storm and Her Dirty Mouth] - the singer in San Francisco who's the hardest working girl in show business and I've been a Storm groupie forever. Other than that, I'm not really a fan of anything. [laughter]

Todd: What's the largest element that people have gone and said, "I've been looking at this piece for a while, but I didn't see (and fill in the blank)" What's the largest hidden element that people didn't see that they came around to see?

Winston: One thing is a bit of an optical illusion and it was intended that way, but I always thought it was so obvious that it couldn't be mistaken. But it shows you how, visually, people react. It's "The Spotlight" - the piece I made that is a black and white drawing of two people standing in front of a spotlight, holding a couple of bottles of beer in front of a table at a club. Well, from a distance it looks like a skull and that took quite a while to come up with. I had to make many drawings with my glasses off by candle light. I drew it and then would take it and put it across the room and look at it and see if it worked then I'd come back and draw some more, put it back on the other side of the room with a candle next to it. I went back and forth a dozen times before I could get that just right on. I have actually encountered people that can look at it... "What do you see? The vase or the two profiles?" It's a thing in the brain. It's just how the right brain and the left brain work. Some people see it faster than others.

Todd: A little bit of a departure, but what do you love most about living in America today? What advantages do you think you have over living in other places

Winston: My work probably would not be as easily given out into the public if it were not for photocopy machines which have, of course, been around for 30 years. I think that we do have other advantages over other countries. Like it or not, we have certain freedoms that other people don't have that we take for granted here. Unfortunately, a lot of our freedoms are backed up by the U.S. Marines and we can pay a dollar and a quarter for a gallon of gas and everyone else is paying four and a half dollars. And why? Because of the U.S. Marines. We're used to going to the pumps and paying a dollar and a quarter and we're used to flipping on the electric lights magically. It's just like science fiction. Push a button and the house heats up. Where I've been living on my ranch for years, I've got kerosene lamps and I've got to go and chop wood to make the house warm; throw it in a fire box. In the rest of the world with the exception of America and Europe that's how it really is. Europe is essentially the 51st American state. They don't like to think of it as that, but that's what has happened, unfortunately. We have advantages that other people don't have as far as freedom of speech. I say in the second book, the new book, *Artcrime*, that it's easy for me to sit in my studio and slice up little pieces of paper, put them together and think I'm an anarchist and a big rev-



Q: ORGANIZE YOUR ARCHIVES?

APOCALYPSE WOW!

A: I DON'T. I TRIED THAT ABOUT 10 OR 15 YEARS AGO. I TRIED TO PUT ALL TV SETS OVER HERE ALL THE SNAKES OVER THERE AND ALL THE GUNS, WEDDING PICTURES, ETC... AND I SPENT A COUPLE OF MONTHS SORTING THROUGH THINGS AND PUTTING THEM INTO DIFFERENT PILES AND THEN I REALIZED THAT I'M DYSLEXIC.

olutionary which is horse shit. [laughter] If I were really in a position to have to deal with that, I'm afraid that I'm so much of a coward that I'd keep my mouth shut. If I were in El Salvador or Nicaragua or from some Nazi country in central America that has death squads wandering over the country side shooting pregnant women because they're all rebel communists. (Their attitude is: if you shoot a pregnant woman, you kill two communists for the price of one bullet.) It's easy for us to protest and make remarks about things because there are no significant repercussions, whereas in this country, the only significant repercussions that they can hand to you are economic bars. You can get put in jail if you knock somebody off or stick up a bank, but the way of punishing people in America is to economically deprive them and make it really hard and bitter for you to deal with all of the expenses that are necessary to live in the United States by fuckin' up credit cards or your mortgage or your student loan, just makin' it really hard for you. A friend of mine made this observation once; he said it's all about rent. He said in the '50s and early '60s you could live in San Francisco, for example, and have a nice little apartment and maybe a part-time job or full-time job and have time and energy and money left after you took care of your expenses to maybe go out and protest things. It's like they figured, "We don't need anymore of this horse shit. We've got to stop these people from

being able to have this leisure time." There was a thing about making life much more difficult to deal with so that you wouldn't have time to interfere with them doing what they want to do. "Them" being the government, corporations, whatever. They don't want you interfering. "Get back to work. Keep your noses to the grindstone." People began thinking, "All I want is to come home from work and watch a little TV and be left the hell alone." The screws started tightening around the late '60s. I think Nixon's re-election in 1973 was the end of the "60s era."

Todd: Have you ever sold a piece of work and then seen it for sale for a gross amount?

Winston: No. I wish. It would be a big ego boost. It would mean I could go find an attorney.

Todd: Have you ever thought about changing your name?

Winston: It's kind of too late for that. I already did that more than 20 years ago. Way more than that, actually.

Todd: What was your first name?

Winston: It's a typical Irish name. My family's Irish and Scottish. In fact, my dad, one time, looked at my book and even though he approved of my being an artist, he disapproved of some of the subject matter because he was your typical older, conservative, World War II veteran, Nixon supporter type and he looked at the book and said, "You never did tell me why you changed your name." And I said, "Look at my work, dad. Don't you think it'd be easier for me

to change my name than for our whole family to change their name?" And he sort of nodded, "Yeah, I guess you're right." After that he was thankful that I was being so considerate of the family honor.

Todd: When you were talking about Green Day, you said you had literally thousands of images. How do you organize your archives?

Winston: I don't. I tried that about 10 or 15 years ago. I tried to put all TV sets over here all the snakes over there and all the guns, wedding pictures, etc... and I spent a couple of months sorting through things and putting them into different piles and then I realized that I'm dyslexic. I knew I was dyslexic to begin with but I realized that my being dyslexic, that was the totally wrong way to go about it because now I've completely forgotten where these images are. They're all separate and I can't even get to them because I don't see things as words; I see things as images and if I don't see them, they don't exist to me. If they're not directly under my nose, they're not there. That's why everything in my life is so cluttered. I can't put things on computer discs and I can't put things in drawers. They all have to be out. If not, what's out of sight is out of mind. That's the story of my life. That's why I didn't graduate from high school. That's why I flunked algebra four times. I just don't have that kind of mind to sort things into different compartments. I would trade anything to be able to do that. I would love to have that kind of memory and sorting mentality. It would really help me in what I do. To find an image, I have to go through everything I've got. Billions and billions of images to find it. A monkey holding a chainsaw. Its like trying to find a name in a New York City phone book when it's not in alphabetical order. It would take you years. In fact, it's a big drawback 'cuz sometimes if I'm doing illustrations for people and the deadline is next week. "Can you drop everything you're doing and make a picture of an aardvark flying over the Empire State building?" So then I have to find the aardvark and I know I've got one, but I don't know where it is. I know I have the Empire State building, because I just saw it last week. Sometimes I've gone through a pile of shit and found it right at the bottom. Doing the cover for "The Sky is Falling and I Want My Mommy" [DOA and Biafra] there was something I needed to have... It was a pair of cars that were crashing. I had the entire composition done in a couple of hours and I spent about 4 or 5 hours until dawn to find that piece and it was literally under my nose. I'd gone through 16 stacks of paper. "I know it was here. Did I eat it?" [laughter] I finally found it and it worked, but it was one of those struggles that was like salmon swimming upstream. My organizational skills are nil and the fact that I can keep things together as well as I have is a miracle. Dyslexia has its limitations.

Todd: Do you ever associate what the band is releasing to what you produce? Do you listen to "Breed, Spawn, and Die" from Lard? Is there any direct correlation to that or does somebody say like what Green Day said: "Go with what you have. What ever you want to do."

Winston: Actually, for Lard, I had made that piece over one weekend. I had not done anything for a long time. I had broken up with some girlfriend of mine and hadn't done any work for a long time, so suddenly over that weekend I finally had the free time and I did all this stuff. When I went and showed this lady I knew and showed her my new stuff she said, "You should break up with your girlfriends more often. You're gettin' some good stuff." In fact, she looked at that once piece with the steam shovel about to eat the lady holding the baby [the Lard cover] and said it's a real Buddhist piece. The title is "Welcome to the World" and it's like, here you're born and this is what you have to deal with. You're fed into the machine psychologically, physically, economically, everything. Even if you're a baby, you become a consumer and a producer. When Biafra saw that, he saw it as a potential cover so it was selected without my having to puzzle out anything from his work. I was off the hook. I didn't have to listen to the music. [laughter] One of my favorite things that they've done is "Lard." The song "Lard." "What we need is laarrdd." That's actually a wonderful song. One of my favorite things of all that Biafra ever participated in was "The Witch Trials." That was the coolest piece of music. Christian Lunch, Klaus, and this guy who used to be in the Dead Kennedys - Carlos was his name. I don't know where he is. I haven't seen him in a long, long time. I think he may have been in on "The Witch Trials." That was a great record, though. Real funny shit. We need more classics like that one. ☺

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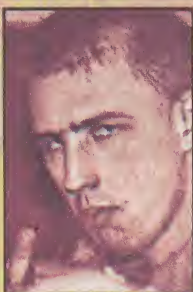
The Cast: (right to left) Penelope Houston - **Avengers**; Randy Rampage - **DOA**, 45s, **Annihilator**; Zippy Pinhead - **Dils**, **KGB**, **Los Populares**; Joey Shithead - **DOA**; Brad Kent - **Avengers**, 45s, **Victorian Pork** and, of course,

Nardwuar the Human Serviette.

Penelope Houston



Brad, photo by Bev Davies



Joey, photo by Bev Davies



Zippy, photo by Lynn Werner



Randy, photo by Bev Davies

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Penelope: This is Penelope Houston.

Nardwuar: Now, Penelope, you are from the Avengers, aren't you?

Penelope: I was a long, long time ago. Yeah.

Nardwuar: And that ["Crazy Homicide"] was a brand new track from the Avengers!

Penelope: Well, actually that was the Scavengers. [laughs] When I was putting together this Avengers live record, there were three songs that I couldn't find any good versions of but I thought they were pretty good songs so I put together the Scavengers, which is half of the Avengers and a new rhythm section.

Nardwuar: You didn't do any ska tunes at all?

Penelope: No! It's not like ska - "Skavengers," it's just Scavengers. We're just scavenging our own stuff, I guess is how you can think of it. I didn't want to call them the Avengers because two of them are missing. I didn't think that was fair.

Nardwuar: So, Penelope, who are the other Avengers and where are they right now?

Penelope: Well, the one that I worked with is Greg Ingraham who lives in San Francisco...

Nardwuar: Greg Vomit Scars, right?

Penelope: Greg Scars - and he plays guitar, and he was around, so he was available. And the other ones are Danny Furious, or Danny O'Brian. He's living in Sweden.

Nardwuar: Isn't he a vegetarian chef in Sweden?

Penelope: Yeah. That's one of the things he does. I don't talk to Danny all that often, probably because he's in Sweden and it's pretty expensive to phone. He studied to be a chef and that is what he's doing over there. And he's got a son living there. And then the other one is Jimmy Wisley who is living in LA, but at the time I was putting this together I didn't have any contact with him either because I just didn't have any numbers for him and I didn't know where he was. So I finally tracked him down via the wonderful internet. He's in a band called the Mysteries now.

Nardwuar: He's not doing anything with Chris Isaak anymore?

Penelope: No, he stopped playing with

Chris three or four years ago at least. He sort of disappeared for a while, but he's reappeared and he's got this band called the Mysteries which is an instrumental band that plays all kinds of western and surf and stuff like that. I haven't heard them yet but they're playing around the LA area.

Nardwuar: Penelope, there is also a member called Jonathan Postal. What happened to him?

Penelope: Jonathan Postal was only an Avengers member for maybe five or four shows, so I never think of him as an Avengers member. He is a photographer and he moved to New York City and I haven't had any contact with him in over ten years.

Nardwuar: The Avengers have had quite a connection with Vancouver, Canada, haven't you?

Penelope: That's right. Actually another guitar player that we had after Greg was Brad Kent, also known as Brad Cunt, who was in D.O.A. for a while?

Nardwuar: Yes, he was!

Penelope: Or the Subhumans or something. Anyway, Brad was in the Avengers for at least half a year and we're actually on some good songs together but none of his songs - playing or songs written - are actually appearing on this record just because of the live stuff that I had and what sounded good and what didn't so....

Nardwuar: But the Canadian connection with the Avengers is quite amazing! Craig Gray from Negative Trend and the Trolling Midgets was from Vancouver. Zippy Pinhead from the Dils and KGB, and Brad Kent were all from Vancouver! What do you remember about playing Vancouver? Because looking here, on April 15, 1978 you played Vancouver, BC at the Japanese Hall with D.O.A.

Penelope: We played a lot of shows in Vancouver. We must have been there three or four times. We played with a lot of bands up there. We enjoyed coming to Vancouver and having a good time. It's funny because we only played the West Coast. We would do Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, LA - and then the furthest south we ever got was San Diego once, I think. But we did go up north a lot. I grew up in Seattle so Vancouver was always just north of the border for me.

Nardwuar: Penelope, I was looking at *X-capees, A San Francisco Punk Photo Documentary*. It has a quote about the Avengers: "The Avengers were first known for their dumb hairstyles, stereotyped 'punk' attitudes and ripped safety-pinned clothing." Now, what sort of outfits and hair were they referring to? What you were wearing sounds great!

Penelope: Well, actually it was probably referring to the very first

and the SCAVENGERS

"One time something hit my head and I got these big bruises under my eyes, these black eyes, and she did this whole big bruised hair color thing that was green and blue with a little bit of purplish yellow in there. That was really amazing."
AMAZING



Penelope 1998, photo by Brian Archer

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shows we did. We were kind of more imitating British punk - and that was in mid 1977, before the Sex Pistols came over. And we kind of abandoned that look after a little while and sort got into a more natural look for ourselves which was a little more casual than that, because we weren't really about hair or costumes or anything. After we learned how to play we were more about music.

Nardwuar: What sort of hair styles did you sport back then Penelope? I was just curious because there is a great picture of you in that *Punk '77* book, a James Stark picture of you in *Saran Wrap* with a cool hair style. What sort of hair style did you sport?

Penelope: I think I had some pretty amazing colored hair. I had a friend who was in a hair salon and she would color my hair with crazy color... One time something hit my head and I got these big bruises under my eyes, these black eyes, and she did this whole big bruised hair color thing that was green and blue with a little bit of purplish yellow in there. That was really amazing. She would always cut my hair really short. And then I had some blonde crewcuts. Eventually I grew it out in the last year of the Avengers. It probably would have been longer.

Nardwuar: Did you use any special tricks with your hair, like putting the old baby powder in your head?

Penelope: Oh, I did them all. Baby powder, beer - I never had a mohawk but...

Nardwuar: What sort of painted slogans did you have on your clothes?

Penelope: Oh, let's not talk about that. [laughs]

Nardwuar: A scary thought, Penelope?

Penelope: Possibly. Something I might regret.

Nardwuar: Where did you get your clothes, then and now?

Penelope: Well, back then it was all thrift stores because we didn't have any money so we would just go to thrift stores. Now, I just sort of wander around and see what's here and there.

Nardwuar: Do you remember playing the Punk Rock Fashion show at the Hollywood Palladium, where you had to go on after Blondie? Punk Fashion Show!

Penelope: I think it was called the Punk Rock Extravaganza and I think they had a bit of a fashion show. They had, let me see, the WeirDOS - it was a great lineup. Blondie was the headliner and then they were supposed to have special guests that were supposed to headline after Blondie. That was going to be Richard Hell and the Voidoids, but at the last minute they said they wouldn't do it. They wanted more money or something. And the people that were doing the show had to have someone as 'their special guests, so they flew us down from San Francisco and had us play. And I think that might have been the first time we played in LA. I don't remember.

Nardwuar: To have to go on after Blondie, that's quite a responsibility, Penelope Houston!

Penelope: That was terrible for us! I remember Danny Furious, the drummer, smashed all the light bulbs in our dressing room until it was pitch black after our set. He also smashed his whole drumset on stage. It was pretty amazing.

where I think it was Jeff Oleaner or one of the Nuns called me up and said, "Well, you know, if you guys want to switch with us, we'd do it, because we know you probably don't want to go on after us," like, they would blow us off the stage or something. And I just laughed and said, "No, thanks for the offer, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to turn you down." Yeah, they were kind of pissed that they had to open that show.

Nardwuar: A caller phoned in and also asked if you had done any peepshowing.

Penelope: No, that's a weird rumor that's out there but no, I never did anything like that. There was some rumors going on on the years that I wasn't doing music but no, I never did anything like that.

Nardwuar: And we have a caller now. Caller, are you there? Hello?

Joey Shithead Keithley: Yeah, I sure

am.

Nardwuar: And you're speaking to Penelope Houston. Who are you?

Joey: I'm Joey Shithead from DOA. Hello, Penelope, how are you doing? It's Joe here.

Nardwuar: Yeah, we're linking two punk legends. It's not easy.

Penelope: I hear you guys are playing in San Francisco! That's wild that you're still doing that.

Joey: It's hard to believe, isn't it!

Nardwuar: When is the last time you guys talked? Was that, say, April 15, 1978 at the Japanese Hall in Vancouver?

Joey: It wasn't quite that long ago but it was definitely over ten, I'd say thirteen or fourteen years.

Penelope: Yeah.

Nardwuar: Now, Joe, I was reading an old *Snot Rag* fanzine and in it, it said, "DOA's third gig was backing the Avengers over two nights. The first night of this two-day affair was the real beginning of DOA. They blew the Avengers off the stage! The second night, the Avengers had their revenge, their revenge." Do you remember that?

Joey: Well, I remember we did two nights at the Japanese Hall on Alexander Street and both nights were a lot of fun.

Penelope: I think I remember playing once in Vancouver and somebody started a fire inside the building while we were playing. Do you remember that?

Joey: Yeah! Eventually the fire marshal cleared everybody out and kicked us out of the hall to some parts or other...

Nardwuar: I think the gig was moved the next night to a warehouse loft. That was after the Japanese Hall gig.

Penelope: Oh, yeah.

Nardwuar: So, Joey, what was it like seeing the Avengers back then? Because it was like the first punk band you had met from out of town, wasn't it?

Joey: I think that, well, I think what preceded that was actually - I think we met the Avengers first when we went to San Francisco in the middle of 1978. That was our first show supporting the Avengers at the fabulous Mabuhay Gardens in San Francisco.

Penelope: That was your first show ever?



Avengers in LA: top photo at the Hollywood Palladium, at the Masque and at Baces Hall, Hollywood. photos by AI

Nardwuar: Did you guys get any resentment from other bands? Did you have any rivalries, say with Olga from the Lewd or anything like that?

Penelope: No, we didn't really have any rivalries with anyone. Right at the beginning, after I kicked Jonathon Postal out of the band, he had a little band that was a little pop-mod band called the Readymades, and we had kind of an ongoing rivalry with them but that's probably because we kicked him out.

Nardwuar: How about Jennifer of the Nuns? Because the Nuns were kind of "junky chic," weren't they? And you were like more slick and musical? Was there any kind of competition between the two?

Penelope: No, in fact we did a lot of shows together but we felt we were more political. There was one moment when we played the Sex Pistols show where Nuns were opening and we played the middle slot,



Scavengers 1999, photo by Brian Archer



photo by Lynn Weiner

Joey: No, that was our first show with you.

Penelope: Oh, oh, oh.

Joey: Then later on when you came up in the fall, I think that was when we did the two nights at the Japanese Hall. But the first night in SF, we didn't have any gear but we managed to meet up with Will Shatter, rest his soul, and he got us a - first off, Dirk Dirksen said, "What the heck are you doing? You've got no gear." So we ended up with Negative Trend's equipment.

Penelope: [laughs] That was nice of them.

Joey: It was very nice. Penelope, I don't know if you remember this one jam - it was you, the Avengers, all of you were at our place in south Burnaby and we were having sort of a party-gig down in the basement and Jimmy was playing bass and I was playing drums and everybody had smashed out all the light-bulbs in the basement and there was a candle on top of Jimmy's amp. It was the only light on in the entire basement as everybody thrashed around. Uh, somehow the candle got knocked over when we were playing and Jimmy's bass amp was on fire, but he kept playing and he was oblivious to it.

Penelope: [laughs] That sounds exactly like something that would have happened!

Nardwuar: In true Canadian fashion, Joey, how did you douse the fire?

Joey: I grabbed my beer and threw it on the speaker that was on fire, Jimmy laughed, and we just carried on with the one speaker still working.

Nardwuar: To this day Joey Shithead is still in trouble with Long & McQuade, God rest their soul, for borrowing their equipment. So see what you've done, Penelope?

Penelope: Oh, no, I'm sorry. You know, I just have to say this one thing. Every time we came up to Vancouver, we'd be drinking Canadian beer which is a lot stronger than American beer and we would always get more drunk that usual, so that's my lame excuse for anything that we might have done or might have happened around us.

Joey: It always helped, that's for sure.
Nardwuar: I also noticed from looking at all the gigs you've played - there is a big list of all your gigs on your cool website that Dino from the Street Walkin' Cheetahs runs - that you guys also played together at the Berkeley International Café on April 14, 1979.

Joey: Yes.
Penelope: I was wondering where you were getting all these dates

"Jimmy ended up kicking in their front door which was all glass and belonged to the Tubes - and one of the Tubes, came out and he got Jimmy in a stranglehold... and I bit this guy in arm and he let go of Jimmy! ...apparently his arm swelled right up... and later somebody passed me a napkin that said my life was in danger and I was going to be killed..."

EXCITEMENT



photo by Brian Archer

from!

Joey: I remember that show. I have one of those posters there from the show at home. It has a big leopard on the poster actually. Yes, I remember that show. It was a really good one. It was a lot of fun playing in Berkeley in those days. The I Café - we played there a couple of times.

Penelope: Yeah, I think for us going over the bridge to Berkeley seemed like a really long way but now I live in Oakland so I am right here.

Nardwuar: You Americans always think it's a long way to Berkeley, don't you? Or from Berkeley to anywhere else! It's terrible!

Penelope: [laughs] I don't know. I remember once doing a show and then coming back in the Dils' van, coming over the bridge, and leaning my out the window and puking, and then the next day, looking at their van and seeing this long stripe of dried puke on the side of their van! But that doesn't happen anymore.

Joey: Well, you know, we did lots of shows with the Dils, too. One of my main memories was that there'd always be a signal that one of the two bands had run empty of beer, so we'd pull up beside and start passing all the beer in between the two vans at 65 miles an hour! We'd try not to smash too many at the same time.

Nardwuar: Thank you, Joey, for phoning in here and talking to Penelope! This is your life, Penelope Houston!

Penelope: Oh my God, it is.

Joey: Oh, before you go, you take care, Penelope.

Penelope: Thanks, Joey.

Nardwuar: Joey? Doot doola doot doo....

Joey: Doot doot!

Nardwuar: Continuing on here, Penelope, from *Loser - The Real Seattle Music Story*, "The sight of Patti Smith on screen at an underground film screening organized by Tomata Du Plenty of the Tupperwares, combined with the sight of the Sex Pistols on the NBC News Show Weekend, convinced the Tupperwares' 18 year old bodyguard Penelope Houston to split for San Francisco and form the Avengers."

Penelope: [laughs] Well, that's a little stretch of the truth. I moved to San Francisco to go to art school, and I was hanging out - I went down to LA once - actually I met the band through the San Francisco Art Institute. Danny had gone

there and had quit, but I met him there and we had one show before I went to LA and I was hanging out with Tomata and Tommy, who were friends of mine from Seattle. Hanging out with them made me realize what we had to do - we had to write all of our songs because our first show had been just cover songs. It had been a warehouse party. I realized suddenly we had to write original songs, and just do it even though we didn't know what we were doing, and that would be a better way to go.

Nardwuar: What do you remember about the scene in Seattle, Penelope? Like, the Telepaths? Do you remember the Telepaths?

Penelope: I remember the Tupperwares better than the Telepaths because I hung out with them a lot.

Nardwuar: Because the Telepaths turned into the Blackouts who in turn moved and became Ministry! Like, Roland Barker and Bill Rieflin of the Blackouts [and before that, Telepaths] moved to Chicago and started Ministry with Al Jourgensen and were also in Lard with Jello Biafra. I thought that was kind of interesting.

Penelope: Yeah, I didn't really know too many of those guys. Most of the people I knew ended up moving to LA with the Tupperwares who turned into the Screamers and the funny thing is, when I was in Seattle, more of what was going on was the Whiz Kids and more of this whole wild transsexual kind of thing going on, guys with beards and dresses on and that kind of thing. Punk was just hitting at that point because that was in 1976.

Nardwuar: How about the Fruitland Famine Band who turned into the Enemy?

Penelope: Well here's a funny story. I used to hang out with the Fruitland Famine Band and they were looking for a female singer before they got Susie. And I said, "Well, I can sing," and this was about when I was, I don't know, seventeen or something. And they said, "Well, you're going to have to audition," because they didn't believe me. And I was sort of too shy to audition so I said, "Nah, that's OK." And then a year later, or a year and a half later, I was down in San Francisco and I was leading that Avengers and they came to town and opened for us as the Enemy. And they said, "Hmm, we could have had Penelope as our singer, but we didn't."

Nardwuar: Is "Corpus Christi" about Bellevue, Washington?

Penelope: No! [laughs]

Nardwuar: Because that's where you're from, isn't it? That's where you grew up?

Penelope: Well, I was born in LA, but from third grade until I moved away, I was in Bellevue. Actually, I was in Bellingham for a couple years. I went to college there when I was sixteen.

Nardwuar: Wow! 16! Who were your collegemates? Have you kept up with any of your Bellingham friends?

Penelope: Well - what's his name - Miles moved down to San Francisco and he was in a band. Miles Boyson. He got into some kind of experimental band down here that played around for years. We did a lot of shows. On our way to Vancouver, we would play Bellingham as well.

Nardwuar: Did your parents ever go see the Sonics or Wailers or any of the '60s Northwest bands?

Penelope: No. They weren't into rock'n'roll at all.

Nardwuar: Was your mom a piano teacher?

Penelope: No. Actually she was a choral conductor.

Nardwuar: Do you remember the Mentors at all with El Duce?

Penelope: Oh yeah! I remember the Mentors, of course!

Nardwuar: Do you remember them from San Francisco or Seattle?

Penelope: From Seattle I remember them because we played a lot in Seattle as well. We played the Bird, and we would play with the Mentors. It was quite a lot of traveling around between towns, between Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, and LA as well.

Nardwuar: And we have another caller! Hello, who are you?

Randy Rampage: Who do you think it is, you gearbox?... Hey, it's Rampage here!

Penelope: Randy, hi!

Randy: How are you doing, sweetie pie?

Penelope: I'm good! How are you?

Randy: Really good!

Nardwuar: Who is Randy Rampage, Penelope Houston?

Randy: You weirdo!

Penelope: That's a good question!

Randy: Or what is Randy Rampage!

Nardwuar: Well there is one way to sum up Randy Rampage and to find out exactly what is going on with Randy Rampage. It can all be summed up with this one little

[Nardwuar plays the below clip of Randy Rampage talking]

Nardwuar: When you were down in San Francisco, did you go to many crazy parties?

Randy: Oh, fuck. Tons, tons, tons, all over. Always, always. That's a party city, man...

Nardwuar: Do you remember any instances with the Avengers or Penelope?

Randy: Oh fuck, yeah. I mean, like I say, there are so many. I mean, all the time we were there, we partied every night. One thing I remember is the first time we were at their house, we had just played the show, actually with the Dils at the gay community center, the Grove Street Hall or whatever they called it, and, uh, you know, we drove back and we were partying at the Avengers' house, we were all sitting there. We were all drunk and really stoned and, you know, trying to relax and kicking back and all of a sudden there is an earthquake and it was the first time any of us had ever experienced a fucking earthquake and it was really, really bizarre, you know. We were just sitting there partying, you know, smoking a few doobies and, you know, having a few pops and away we went! The next thing we know, the whole fucking house is shaking! It's like, "Woah, what's going on?" There are all these people from Vancouver that were with us and everybody was like, "What's going on?" and the people from Frisco were all, "Ah, it's just a fucking earthquake. No big deal."

Nardwuar: Randy Rampage!

Randy: Yo, what's up?

Nardwuar: Randy, what do you remember about the Avengers in British Columbia, Canada?

Randy: Uh, well I remember the first time they came up here. They were the first band that we'd ever seen live, um, you know, the first punk band, so we were obviously, we didn't know, we thought they were going to be these snobby LA or Frisco people or whatever, but they turned out to be really cool people, excellent. They helped us out, and we helped them out. I mean, uh, back then was the days of, like Joey said earlier in the show, you know, you showed up a thousand miles from home with one snare drum and a guitar with three strings on it and nothing else and everybody covered your ass. That's what it was all about.

Nardwuar: How about that particular earthquake? Do you remember that, Penelope?

Penelope: No, being a good Frisco person I don't remember that because we have a lot of earthquakes and I guess they didn't make an impact except for the last big one... You know, there was an incredible amount of camaraderie back then. You'd just come to town and you'd know you'd be able to stay on people's floors and there was no question about the hospitality. It was always available between bands in San Francisco and Vancouver.

Nardwuar: Penelope, what's your Randy Rampage memory?

Penelope: [laughs] I guess the first time I heard the Randy Rampage version of "Corpus Christi" and I realized I hated hearing men singing my lyrics!

Randy: I bet!

Penelope: It was like, "Oh my God!" But, I don't really have any racy details to tell about Randy.

Nardwuar: When was the last time you guys have talked?

Penelope: I don't know.

Randy: It must be ten years at least.

Penelope: Did you ever come to any of my acoustic shows in Vancouver?

Randy: No, I wasn't at any of them, sorry, yeah.

Nardwuar: You have been playing in Annihilator meanwhile, right, Randy?

Randy: You got it!

Nardwuar: How about that for a name, Penelope? Annihilator!

Penelope: It's perfect. Does anybody ever hear from Brad Kent?

Nardwuar: He's out there somewhere!

Randy: Yeah, he's gotta be there somewhere!

Nardwuar: Well, thank you for playing with DOA, Penelope, and spawning Randy Rampage!

Randy: Yeah, what a girl!

Penelope: [laughs] I wouldn't take quite that credit!

Randy: Yeah, ha ha!

Penelope: It was always fun.

Nardwuar: Now, Randy, before you go, you've got to tell us about you headlocking David Lee Roth!

Randy: Me!

Nardwuar: Yeah, didn't you put David Lee Roth in a headlock?

Randy: Ah, no. Dave, Dave, that story gets changed all the time. We were backstage at the Starwood one time and I was talking with Dave and Gene Simmons from Kiss - we had done four shows with X at the Starwood - and all the little glitter boys from LA were out there, and David Lee Roth grabs Chuck in the hallway, he grabs Biscuits in the hallway and just pops him against the wall and he's got his lips about two inches away from him and he's going like, "Hey, man! You know, you guys are just like Van Halen, it's just like different packages, you know, man! Blah blah blah blah." And Chuck's screaming out, "No, no, no! Aaargh!" like it was the devil incarnate, you know, trying to get away from Dave. Dave just wouldn't let him go.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks for phoning in, Randy Rampage. Anything else you would like to add?

Randy: Yeah, are you playing in town, Penelope?

Penelope: Uh, I don't know the next time I'm coming up there but I will let everybody know.

Randy: All right! Great talking to you, huh?

Penelope: OK!

Nardwuar: OK, Randy Rampage, thanks for phoning in, and doot doot doot doo...

Randy: You got her, bud! Take care!

Nardwuar: Randy, doot doot doot doo...

Randy: Boop boop! Yeah!

Nardwuar: We have Penelope Houston live on the phone because the Scavengers, or I guess the Avengers, have recorded a couple new songs, new old songs, and they have a brand new LP that's coming out.

Penelope: Yeah, actually, it's an Avengers live LP with three re-recorded songs on it. It's not all really new but it is all live and a lot of these songs never really came out before.

Nardwuar: Continuing on, from *Making Tracks - The Rise of Blondie*, in the book, Debbie Harry talked about a party she went to with the Tubes and Blondie that turned ugly...

Nardwuar: "Penelope jumped on someone and bit his arm, enraging him to the limit... Later the guy who's been bitten apparently took out a contract on Penelope, because during an Avengers gig somebody ran up on stage and bit her!"

Penelope: Well, that's a little bit of a twist on the truth but there was this concert after a Blondie show and I was hanging out with Clem Burke and Jimmy from Blondie and they, for some reasons, couldn't get into the party and it was when they were playing with Iggy, and David Bowie was also playing with Iggy, and so there were all these hotshots at the party. When we got there Chris Stein and Debbie Harry were already inside and we tried to get in and they said no. So Clem said, "Hey, we're in Blondie, you know, so let us in." There was a little scuffle and Jimmy ended up kicking in their front door which was all glass and it belonged to the Tubes - the warehouse where the party was belonged to the Tubes - and one of the Tubes, I can't remember which one it was, came out and he got Jimmy in a stranglehold and he was pretty much lifting him off the ground, and I bit this guy in the arm and he let go of Jimmy! He went back in there and apparently his arm swelled right up, as human bites can sometimes do. I bit him pretty damn hard. Then later I think somebody passed me a napkin at one of our shows that said my life was in danger and I was going to be killed because I bit this guy in the Tubes, but [laughs] - that sounds weird, doesn't it? I bit this guy in the Tubes! I bit him in the arm. But nobody ever bit me back.

Nardwuar: That's good! Well, speaking of biting, do you have any Carla "Mad Dog" Controllers memories?

Penelope: Oh, yeah, Carla and I used to hang out together all the time. We had a great time.

Nardwuar: Didn't she once save you from a cop? You were onstage at a gig and a cop pulled guns on you guys?

Penelope: That was in LA. I think that was at Larchmont Hall, the cops started busting all the punk shows for some reason during this one period. I think it was in 1978. I remember this rent-a-cop came onstage and he pointed his gun at Danny. I remember just being outraged and yelling and screaming at him, not thinking that he was going to shoot me. But that was pretty crazy... I think I did save Carla once from - we were at a Black Flag show that was at a warehouse and she fell over and hit her head on a speaker and we ended up taking her to two different hospitals because the first one said, "No, she doesn't have health insurance so we're not going to take her." She was basically passed out - we were dragging her from hospital to hospital because she had hit her head and she was having some kind of concussion.

Nardwuar: Penelope, is it true the Avengers blew away the Sex Pistols at Winterland?

Penelope: Of course!

Nardwuar: How wet did you get from the spit onstage there?

Penelope: Of course!

Nardwuar: Were you sick afterwards?

NOPE, NO REUNION

"It's not going to be an Avengers' reunion, but we're actually having (had) two record release parties, one in Berkeley at Gilman, and one in San Francisco at the Great American Music Hall. The band that I put together is with Greg from the Avengers and a kind of a super-punk rhythm section which is

Penelope:

[laughs]

I didn't think

we got hit

too much,

but the Nuns

who had

opened the show

had gotten a lot of spit

at them and when we went out

onstage to start our set, the first

thing that happened to me as I

approached the microphone was

I slipped on a giant loogie and I

almost fell but I caught myself at the

last second and from that point on,

which was the beginning of our set, I was

careful of where I placed my feet.

Nardwuar:

The backstage party looked incredible!

Did you talk to Johnny Rotten much?

Or McLaren?

Penelope:

McLaren wasn't there, wasn't really to be seen

at all. I had a couple of words with Sid and maybe a couple of

words with Johnny, but they really weren't hanging out at all...

We were left to be the punk rockers and there were millions of

journalists and photographers there so we ended up putting on

this big show and throwing popcorn and beer all over everybody

and having a little ridiculous punk rock moment which is well...

Nardwuar: Documented.

Penelope: Documented.

Nardwuar: How about Bill Graham? Did he schedule any more

Avengers shows after Winterland?

Penelope: No, he sure didn't. He hated punk rock and the only

reason he had that show was because he thought he could make

some money off it.

Nardwuar: He did pay you \$250, right?

Penelope: That's right.

Nardwuar: Was that the most...?

Penelope: Well, we made more than that when we played the

Mabuhay.

Nardwuar: How about Steve Jones, who actually wrote yer tune

"Second to None"? Because the Professionals tune "1-2-3-4," is

just like a remake.

Penelope: Yeah, it's a song he wrote. It's called "Second to

None" or "1-2-3 Baby." He came out and produced a four-song

EP with us and convinced us to do this one song of his, so we did

three of our songs and one of his song.

Nardwuar: Because on the Professionals' record it doesn't give

you any credit, so it was 100 percent his song then?

Penelope: Well, there were probably different lyrics on that song

as to the one that we did.

Nardwuar: Because it seems like a little bit of a sore point, like

Steve Jones had this song he wrote with you, and he has this

song on his record but he doesn't give the Avengers any credit.

Penelope: No, no. I think it was mostly his song and I might have

changed a couple of the lyrics just to make it suit myself better. It

was really his song.

Nardwuar: Did Steve Jones really put up his own money to

record the Avengers second single?

Penelope: He put up some money and then he got called away

by McLaren and they were having some kind of a big - the Sex

Pistols were breaking up and it was a big mess. And then we

ended up paying off the studio and taking the tape.

Nardwuar: That's what kind of screwed the Avengers bigtime:

the death of Sid Vicious. Sid Vicious dies and everybody looks for

money! Is that what happened? Then Jones takes the masters

back to England, and then you guys ended up having to buy them

back? What an asshole that guy was!

Penelope: No, no, we didn't buy them back from him. We bought

them back from the studio.

Nardwuar: But it seems...

Penelope: He didn't finish paying for them so we ended up pay-

ing for them.

Nardwuar: But it seems wild like Sid Vicious died and then Jones

takes the master tapes back with him?

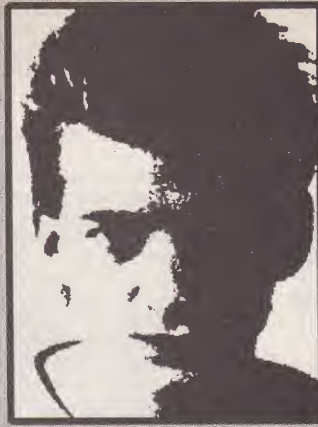
Penelope: No. We got it from the studio after they - after a cer-



GREG INGRAM: GUITAR/VOCALS



PENELOPE HOUSTON: VOCALS



JAMES WILSEY: BASS/VOCALS



DANNY FURIOUS: DRUMS/VOCALS

these photos by Marcus Leatherdale

tain amount of time of it not being paid for, I think they put it up for sale, something like that.

Nardwuar: So it was - how come there was nobody to come to the rescue to you guys?

Penelope: [laughs] There was nobody to come to the rescue of any punks back then!

Nardwuar: Well, like, didn't Debbie Harry want to help out or wasn't there anybody who was going help get you out of that Jones debacle? Like, these tapes are waiting to get paid for you and you don't have any cash - there was no label? You had all these great tunes and nobody wanted to help you?

Penelope: Well, actually, we ended up getting it on our label but we re-recorded, we re-did the vocals and we ended up putting a different song - we put "Corpus Christi" on instead, which was one of the songs we wrote with Brad Kent. We put it out on this LA label called White Noise, which was our biggest release. I guess it was a four-song twelve-inch. The only thing we had done before that was on the Dangerhouse label in LA which was a three-song seven-inch. So while we were together - actually, it might have come out actually after we broke up - and then the album didn't come out until years and years later when it was kind of a scraped-together sort of an album.

Nardwuar: Did you see the Sex Pistols re-union, Penelope?

Penelope: No, I didn't.

Nardwuar: Have you talked to Steve Jones?

Penelope: No.

Nardwuar: Is that still a sore point? Is Steve to blame for the delay in the Avengers' release? I guess that's what I'm curious about.

Penelope: No, no, no, there is no sore point.

Nardwuar: I want to blame it on Steve!

Penelope: No, he just kind of abandoned the project but it wasn't a big deal and the fact that I haven't spoken to him is because I don't really know him and don't have anything common with him! [laughs] I think he lives in LA, I don't really know.

Nardwuar: Because you guys weren't really happy with the Steve Jones mixes and remixed the recordings again, right?

Penelope: I re-recorded all the vocals. Yeah.

Nardwuar: What was it like playing the Deaf Club?

Penelope: The Deaf Club was great. It was actually a real deaf club and the people who ran the bar were deaf so you'd have to write down your order on a little pad of paper. The people who hung out there who were deaf liked it because they could feel the music, it was so loud, and they didn't care how loud we got. A lot of punks hung out there. It had a real casual kind of feel to it. Nobody was shaking their finger at us and saying, "Turn it down!" It was a real cool place to play.

Nardwuar: With your band new
Penelope: We did try to do the same songs, but we ended up writing "Corpus Christi," and that was a great song that a lot of people think of as the best.
Brad: Didn't we write another one called "Release Me"?
Penelope: Yeah! That one...
Brad: That's a good song, right?
Penelope: Unfortunately we don't have any good takes of that.
Brad: That's too bad. That's too bad, yeah.

Nardwuar: What were the two songs that Brad performed on? "Corpus Christi" and "Cheap Tragedies"? Were those the only ones that were released that Brad was on,

Lookout release, Penelope, you guys recorded "I Want In," "Crazy Homicide," and "The End of the World." Are there any plans for a gig?

Penelope: No, it's not going to be an Avengers' reunion, but we're actually having two record release parties, one in Berkeley, Gilman, and one in San Francisco at the Great American Music Hall. The band that I put together is with Greg from the Avengers and a kind of a super-punk rhythm section which is Joel from the Mr. T Experience, and Danny, who was in Screeching Weasel and the Groovie Ghoules, is going to play drums, so they're my rhythm section and Greg from the Avengers is going to play guitar.

Nardwuar: Penelope Houston, we have another caller! Caller, are you there?

Brad: Hi, P! It's Brad!

Penelope: Brad! Hi!

Brad: Ha ha, everybody's calling in! That's great!

Penelope: It's like "old home day" or something!

Nardwuar: So, well, first off, Brad - when was the last time you spoke to Penelope?

Brad: Wow! I guess... 1987?

Penelope: Yeah, I was in town playing a show and you were there.

Brad: Yeah, I was in a kind of a bad mood that night, wasn't I? I was a bit of a jerk. Sorry!

Penelope: Yeah, you were! [laughs]

Brad: That's a character I am sometimes.

Penelope: Yeah, you said, "I should have brought my amp, man! I could have blown your guitar offstage!" but my band was totally acoustic so it was kind of a funny thing to say.

Brad: Yeah, I should have brought my acoustic. I'm sorry, I was a bit out of bounds that night.

Penelope: That's all right. All is forgiven.

Nardwuar: I think it's so great though, that Brad was part of the Avengers! Like, you got a Canadian to actually join the Avengers!

Brad: Believe me, I forced myself upon them.

Nardwuar: Now why did Greg quit the Avengers, Penelope?

Penelope: Well, you'd have to ask Greg that. But one of the reasons he'd probably tell you was that Danny Furious was driving him crazy.

Brad: For one reason!

Penelope: Danny's a really intense person. Then he had some girlfriend things going on. It was a personal decision.

Nardwuar: Why did Brad join the Avengers?

Penelope: Nature abhors a vacuum! We needed somebody and he was there...?

Nardwuar: Was it to bring a new sound to the Avengers? Because looking at *Snot Rag Fanzine* #15, this is a quote from Brad way back in the '70s, "I'm expecting a call from the Avengers. They want to change their style, and they're not exactly sure what they want to do."

Brad: Oh! That's from me!

Nardwuar: That's from you!

Brad: No, it couldn't be!

Nardwuar: So did you get Brad to change your style?

Brad: No, not at all. That's ridiculous. I tried to copy Greg as best I could, man. That guy was great, right?

Penelope: Well, we did - there was a style change at that point.

Brad: Yeah, a little bit.

Penelope: We did try to do the same songs, but we ended up writing "Corpus Christi," and that was a great song that a lot of people think of as the best.

Brad: Didn't we write another one called "Release Me"?

Penelope: Yeah! That one...

Brad: That's a good song, right?

Penelope: Unfortunately we don't have any good takes of that.

Brad: That's too bad. That's too bad, yeah.

Nardwuar: What were the two songs that Brad performed on? "Corpus Christi" and "Cheap Tragedies"? Were those the only ones that were released that Brad was on,

Penelope?

Penelope: I think that's true.

Nardwuar: Brad was asked to join the Avengers without an audition! I mean, people in San Francisco must have been really mad! Like, here's a guy from Vancouver getting the gig!

Brad: A lot of guitar players did come up to me and go, you know, point blank, "How the hell did you get in that band?" It was like, "Oh, well, you know, whatever..."

Nardwuar: I was going to say, the gig, when you saw DOA down there, Brad was saying, Penelope, that it was a real wild gig, that it was actually voted one of the wildest gigs ever at the Fab Mab! Like #1 wild gig was the Flaming Groovies, then the Damned and then DOA. Do you remember that gig that you saw Brad playing with DOA?

Penelope: I'm sure I was there! It's all a big blur.

Brad: Oh yeah! It is!

Nardwuar: The main factor in getting Brad, a Canadian, into the Avengers, possibly the greatest band, if not the greatest band there ever was, all due to one individual named Zippy Pinhead!

[Nardwuar plays the below clip of Zippy Pinhead talking]

Nardwuar: Did you help Brad get into the Avengers?

Zippy Pinhead: Yeah! Yeah, I was staying with the Avengers, living on the couch, and they were talking about what they were going to do for a guitar player because Greg had left the band, so I remember them specifically telling me, "Zippy, don't call Brad!" The first thing I did was give him a call. He was down within two days. I said, "Brad, you gotta get on the first plane down here, right fucking now or somebody else is going to scoop the gig." He was down in about two days and he got the gig! His name had been bantered around but they kept just going. "Ah, no, he can't show up, you know, he's in Vancouver, we're here." I went, "Oh, if that's all it is."

Nardwuar: And Brad came down there!

Brad: I always show up! It never fails.

Penelope: [laughs] That's the real reason Brad was in the band, because he showed up.

Brad: I was just going to say I think it's great you and Greg are doing that, putting that record out and redoing those tracks - that's excellent.

Penelope: Yeah, I'm really happy with the way it came out.

Brad: Yeah, good! What little I've heard of it, it sounds great.

Nardwuar: Penelope, what do you think? Brad: guitar. Randy Rampage: bass. Zippy Pinhead: drums. Greg: guitar. You: vocals. The Avengers!

Penelope: It sounds extremely loud! With Canadian accents.

Brad: Well, I know, we'll just use our acoustics then.

Nardwuar: Before you were in DOA, you were in Victorian Pork and you had a ripped shirt and sleeveless jean jacket look but...

Brad: Let me tell you a quick Victorian Pork story, right? I was talking to the old bass player from Victorian Pork, Tony Bardach. He's got a fourteen year old daughter and she's really into the old stuff, listening to the old man's 45s and stuff, and the Avengers and all those bands, DOA, you name it, they're all there. So, actually, we've all decided, just for fun, we're going to put Victorian Pork back together, except we're going to have Tony's fourteen year old daughter Alexis do Penelope! [laughs] And whoever else she does, right? So, yeah, we're going to play a bunch of Avengers and, you know, everybody's songs, right?

Nardwuar: When you were in the Avengers, Brad, you looked a lot less scruffy. Did you clean up Brad, Penelope?

Penelope: He looked less scruffy? Really?

Nardwuar: Yeah, less scruffy, because, you know, Brad, in Victorian Pork, you had ripped jean jackets, but in the Avengers it was less scruffy.

Brad: I was doing exactly what Penelope said before: we were just copying the slimy limeys, right? Until we realized, we don't need to do this; we can look cool all by ourselves, right?

Nardwuar: What do you think about at the end of the Avengers, Penelope? I'm looking at a picture taken by Al Filipside - I think it was from one of your last gigs in LA - and you like have long hair,

Howie Klein suggested that I get together with Billie and write a song... "The Angel and the Jerk." Then when we went to record it with Billie Joe, Joel from The Mr. T Experience and Danny Panic, we decided to do two other songs - "Corpus Christi," Billie Joe's favorite Avenger tune and one of my songs called "New Day"

GREEN DAY

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wristbands, a belt! And he was saying The Avengers sounded a bit more "metally" towards the end. Did it change? Did you look differently towards the end?

Penelope: I think that Brad could be credited for some of the more metal aspects of the sound, but I actually think it sounded a little more like the Patti Smith Group. Things got a little more psychedelic, actually.

Brad: We were doing some weird songs at the end... Do you remember that one - which I really didn't like doing, but Danny insisted upon doing - a Lou Reed song or something?

Penelope: Oh, "Beginning to See the Light." Right, that was a little bit psychedelic, right.

Brad: That used to drive me nuts, that song! That weird one we wrote - I could probably remember the first couple of...

Penelope: "Finger on the Trigger"...

Brad: ...but after that I forget it. It's a really weird, grindy tune. It was something, something...

Penelope: I think there was one called "Finger on the Trigger"...

Brad: That's it! That's the one.

Penelope: And that one was pretty...

Brad: Weird, yeah.

Penelope: Far out. Yeah, we were kind of getting really psychedelic at the end.

Nardwuar: In an old issue of Flipside as well, Penelope, you mentioned that when Brad came in, it probably slowed down song production a bit!

Brad: Well, when I came in, I had to learn what was already there, right?

Penelope: Yeah, that's always the case when you have to teach people the songs you already have. You are spending all this time learning.

Brad: Yeah, give me a break! It took a while to catch up, man!

Penelope: Learning 18 songs, or 20 songs, or 25 songs - and then from that point on, you start writing...

Brad: Which is exactly what we did.

Nardwuar: What caused the pressure? What caused the pressure of the breakup - speaking of the word "pressure" - of the Avengers, do you guys...

Brad: Hey, wait a minute! Whoa! I don't want to be a part of this nightmare! No. What? [laughs] Go ahead.

Nardwuar: No, Penelope, what caused the breakup of the Avengers?

Penelope: I actually wasn't one of the ones who decided to

Nardwuar: I mentioned this earlier about guns and stuff, but it happened on the streets of Seattle - you remember having a gun pulled on you Brad? You were staying with Penelope.

Brad: We knew a band in Seattle, The Enemy I think they were called - and we were walking down the street whatever, and - guns got pulled on us all the time it seems - but just once this cop or a narcotics officer got a little carried away and pulled his gun on us. It happens quite a bit.

Nardwuar: Do you remember that, Penelope?

Penelope: No, I don't remember that. It's entirely possible. Brad: I don't see how you can remember that. There's so many things to remember? I can't remember them all, you know?

Nardwuar: But I mean that is pretty punk to have a gun pulled on you, Penelope? That's pretty punk!

Brad: Oh, sure, she remembers the one in LA.

Penelope: Yeah.

Brad: That was a pretty interesting one, that is for sure.

Penelope: It's weird - it's really like "This Is Your Life" or something because there's tons of stuff that happened with the Avengers. People came up to me when I moved back to San Francisco in the '80s and said, "You remember when you guys played with us and you felt that we didn't get enough money so you gave us 100 dollars from your door fee?" I just looked at - this was, I think, Olga or somebody, Heidi, one of the people in Vs. - and said, "No, I sure don't remember that. If you ever want to lend me that 100 dollars back, I could use it right now because I'm broke!"

Brad: Hey, P, I just got a record from someone who has your autograph on it first. I've got quite a few of them this year...

Nardwuar: People have been phoning up Brad the whole past year Penelope. You're ready for these Avengers interviews aren't you Brad?

Brad: Well, I almost feel like I've got a little spiel worked out, right, because it seems that everywhere I go lately and when I'm on tour whether it's in Edmonton or Montreal, people will always - when they find out I'm from the Avengers - I don't know, of all the bands, either the Avengers or DOA - they always go blah blah blah, "What was the deal on that?" Right, you know? So, yeah, it's kind of cool, actually it's really cool. It has come in handy a lot of times.

Nardwuar: Actually - Brad, can we please play that little clip of you talking about what...

Brad: Oh, that's so silly though!

Nardwuar: No! Just, please, please? That little clip? Is that OK to play this? Please?

Brad: Oh, man! OK, go ahead, if you must have your way, but it's ridiculous.

Nardwuar: This is what you get when you're part of the Avenger legacy, Penelope. Are you ready for this? This is Brad and the Avenger legacy: [Nardwuar plays the below clip of Brad Kent talking]

Brad: One time I was working sound for DOA and we were in Santa Cruz, and this black limousine, this black Mercedes pulls up, right, and these two beautiful girls get out, just perfect Californian dolls, right? Ken's Lester [DOA Manager] and Joey Shithead and all of them are all standing around the truck and I was in the back sleeping. I was zonked right out too, stoned on pills and drunk. Oh God! I forgot that Santa Cruz was only one hundred miles away from Frisco. I thought I'd have lots of time to sleep it off, right? Anyway, this black Mercedes pulls up and they start, "Oh, yeah, this is the band. Hmm. Oh yeah." And these guys, you know, Ken and the DOA boys go, "Mmm, look at this! They're looking for the band." Then just at the last second, when they thought their hopes were high, they go, "Is there a guy named Brad Kent with you guys on this tour? You know, he used to be the guitar player with the Avengers." They went, "Oh, no! Yeah, he's in the back." So these girls yank me out of the back of the van and throw me into the back of their car and whisk me off to their house, right, where they had uppers and downers and lots of nice booze, and the single and the EP were playing, and... I had a good time!

They came to the gig and the DOA guys were like, "You son of a bitch! Then Ken fired me! [from the DOA tour]

Brad: I don't behave like that anymore!

Penelope: Well I'm glad you got something from being in the band.

Brad: That was ridiculous.

Nardwuar: It follows Brad everywhere. It's amazing! Thank you, Penelope, for having a Canadian in the Avengers!

Brad: Hey, P!

Nardwuar: But it's really all to do with Zippy Pinhead!

Brad: Hey, he's waiting to get on. I'm going to get off the line - bet you Zippy's next, is he? I bet you've already got him sussed

EARLY EXPERIMENTS

"Hanging out with (the Screemers) them made me realize what we had to do - we had to write all of our songs because our first show had been just cover songs. It had been a warehouse party. I realized suddenly we had to write original songs, and just do it even though we didn't know what we were doing, and that would be a better way to go."

out. He's probably live there at the studio right now!

Penelope: This is scary!

Nardwuar: Actually Brad, after the Avengers you had some interesting offers. You turned down an offer to join the Dead Kennedys.

Brad: It was a quick offer, a long, long time ago. It was right after I left the Avengers or the Avengers broke up, whatever the situation. Yeah, I got asked, but I turned it down. I was very confused. I was a young, stupid little punk rocker at the time.

Nardwuar: Then after that you turned down an offer to be in the Professionals with Steve Jones?

Brad: Well, he called me and Randy Rampage and asked us if we wanted to do it, but we were doing something else so we said no to that as well.

Nardwuar: You also turned down Joan Jett as well!

Brad: Same thing. Actually we gave Danny of the Avengers a ride down to LA to do Joan Jett and there were times when she was looking for another guitar player and a bass guitar and our names came up but... you know.

Nardwuar: You were in a band called the 45s with Carla Mad Dog and Randy Rampage and Heather while you were in LA!

Brad: We did do that for a while. Hey, this is Penelope's interview! Listen...

Nardwuar: Oh, no, but you turned down a chance to open up for PIL while you were in the 45s!

Brad: Oh, man. We turned that down because we got fucked up.

Nardwuar: But, Brad, you will always be an Avenger, right, Penelope?

Penelope: Brad will always definitely be one of the Avengers. Jonathon Postal, on the other hand, I would never consider an Avenger. [laughs]

Brad: No! No! He is not an Avenger. Forget that dude.

Nardwuar: OK, thanks for phoning in Brad!

Brad: Talk to you soon! OK. Nardwuar, thanks a lot man.

Nardwuar: And, Brad, doot doot doot doo...

Brad: No, no!

Nardwuar: Rock on! Winding up here with Penelope Houston - how do we describe you, "Penelope Houston of the Avengers" or...?

Penelope: Well, actually, for the first time ever, I saw a mention - because one of the Nuns died, I think it was Richie - and they had this thing in the *San Francisco Chronicle* or the *Examiner* and it said, "The Nuns, who helped Penelope Houston and the Avengers blow the Sex Pistols off the stage back in 1978..." and it was the first time the Avengers had ever been called "Penelope Houston and the Avengers," and not just the Avengers. So I thought, oh finally, that means my name has more recognition value than the Avengers does, but, I guess I would just go with Penelope Houston.

Nardwuar: Was the CD Presents LP released with your consent? This was a little while back.

Penelope: No, actually that came out while I was in Europe, Danny and Jimmy had more to do with that thing coming out. People kept telling me, "Oh, there's this Avengers album out," and finally when I was back in the States, I looked them up and worked it out.

Nardwuar: Is it true that they did a lot of bootlegs, CD Presents?

Penelope: I don't know. I know that people told me that they had the video of the Avengers live at Winterland, which they sold in their catalogue, but I have not actually seen that.

Nardwuar: How did you get hooked up with CD Presents in the first place? Was it through David Ferguson or Danny? Why did you sign a contract with them that was so bad?

Penelope: It had already been signed by all the other Avengers so it wasn't really necessary for me to sign it. It's just an ugly legalistic story that I don't want to go into, but he at one time had wanted to manage the Avengers and hung out with the band, after Brad had joined, during that period, in the last six months



photo by Bev Davies

break the band up. I think it was more Jimmy and Danny. I'm not sure. I just remember people decided we're breaking up the band.

Brad: Yeah, I think Jimmy wanted to play guitar.

Penelope: "I'm leaving town," and I went to LA.

Nardwuar: Was part of Danny wanting to stay "underground"?

Penelope: No, I think we just went as far as we could and there wasn't any college radio, there weren't any labels that were signing punk bands. There wasn't a way to get further along than we wanted, so we were a bit frustrated. We wanted to change things but it is hard to change with the same format.

Brad: Definitely, yeah.

the Avengers were together.

Nardwuar: Is it true about the CD Presents guy wanting to sell his whole back catalogue to a major label for a million bucks? I was thinking, oh Lookout Records! They have lots of money!

Penelope: He said a couple million. That's what I heard.

Nardwuar: That's why the classic Avengers tracks are not on this release in studio form because you can't get them from CD Presents because he wants to sell his whole catalogue?

Penelope: They are out of print and he is not releasing it to anybody and he doesn't want to sell the Avengers album as a separate item. He wants to sell his whole catalogue. I know that different people have been interested from different labels but they don't seem to want to deal with him because that's a ridiculous amount. His catalogue doesn't really have anything in it that is of any real value except for the Avengers record.

Nardwuar: You played Vancouver a few years ago, Brad was mentioning, with the acoustic thing. Weren't you supposed to play Vancouver as well, I think a little while after that, but you had to cancel due to the demise of Snakefinger? You had to pick up Snakefinger's body or something?

Penelope: Boy, you've got all kinds of mixed up stories there, don't you?! [laughs] I can't believe it. It's almost like the *National Enquirer* here. Um, no, I don't remember that ever happening. I'm sure there might have been some gigs in Vancouver that fell through but not at the last minute or anything like that.

Nardwuar: Snakefinger was a housepainter by day?

Penelope: Not that I know of.

Nardwuar: What do you remember about Zippy Pinhead, Penelope?

Penelope: Well, I remember when we would go up to Vancouver. Both Zippy and Chuck Biscuits were like these really young kids and they were getting really fucked up with everybody drinking beer and generally, you know, being punk rockers, and I just remember their little baby faces. We were only nineteen and twenty at the time but they were like thirteen and fourteen and something like that so... I always remember Zippy's cherubic grin. I remember he was living here and he was a bike messenger or something and I kept thinking Zippy needs to get into a band.

Nardwuar: You were the mom! He was the baby! He was Zippy! Let's see if you remember this incident, Penelope Houston of the Avengers.

[Nardwuar plays the below clip of Zippy talking]

Zippy: I remember one night I got so drunk I walked right into their bedroom and opened up their drawer of their clothes and pissed in it, and Danny goes, "Zippy, what are you doing?" And I go, "Oh, I'm just going to the bathroom." I was so blind drunk that I didn't realize that I was peeing on their clothes in their drawer. I casually zipped my pants back up and walked back to my bedroom and passed out like nothing was happening. The next day, they tell me, "Zippy, do you know what you did last night?" Penelope is down there doing the laundry right now! Fuck, are you in trouble? I went, "Oh, man!" ...That's a pretty good story.

Nardwuar: That's why they only gave you a dollar a day, right?

Zippy: Something like that. [laughs]

Nardwuar: Zippy was a roadie for you guys and he pissed on your clothing?

Penelope: Well, I have no memory of that but that sounds perfectly possible. It sounds exactly like something that would have happened. We had this house that Danny and I were living in and then Jimmy was living there.

It was basically a two-bedroom flat in San Francisco in the Mission District. Then Zippy came and stayed in the front room probably and then when Brad came down he didn't have anywhere to live so he was living with us as well. So it was the whole band living in this one flat, and when we would get paid, I would take the money for the rent and I would take the money for the utilities and the gas and the water and everything and I'd put it in different coat pockets in my closet and when it came time to pay the rent I would be going through every coat in the closet looking for my money.

For some reason I didn't have bank account. It was a pretty crazy time.

Nardwuar: You gave Zippy a tattoo called

"Zip." And you also gave some

other people in Vancouver tattoos like the 001 Losers Club tattoo. You were big into tattoos back then? **Penelope:** [laughs] Oh my God! We used to all get drunk and then for some reason I offered to give people tattoos and - there's a number of tattoos I gave which I've kind of forgotten about but generally both the person receiving and the person giving would be kind of out of it.

Nardwuar: Who were the other Avengers roadies you had? Weren't there young female brunette twins, I think Georgia and India, that you had as roadies for the Avengers?

Penelope: I don't remember that at all. It sounds good, though! It has a kind of a *National Enquirer* slant on things.

Nardwuar: Was there ever a reggae cover band that you guys were in, featuring some members of the Dils, speaking of Zippy and the Avengers, called Police and Thieves.

Penelope: That might be something that happened, because the Dils were really into reggae, but I don't think I'd - I don't know. Could be!

Nardwuar: So at the end of the Avengers, you were offered a contract to get into the movies with Rene Daalder. Have you been in any movies?

Penelope: There was one movie that ended up coming out on video. It featured most of the Screemers, Tomata Du Plenty of the Screemers was the star, and I might have had some little - what I ended up doing for it might have been edited down to some little bit, but I think it was called "Year Zero" or something like that. I think it came out on video in the Netherlands and Japan. That's what I've heard but I haven't really kept up with Rene so I don't really know what happened.

Nardwuar: Any other movies at all? I was reading another quote that said you "had many unrealized projects and false starts in the movie world."

Penelope: There were just, you know - I had been in a bunch of different student movies over the years before then when I was just a kid living in Seattle to when I lived in LA as well and some of those ended up being shown in student film festivals and stuff like that but nothing Hollywood.

Nardwuar: How about the Avengers theme? When you guys re-recorded those three new songs, I heard you re-recorded a version of "Corpus Christi" with Billie Joe of Green Day and you were going to try and get that into the Avengers movie!

Penelope: Well, actually, Howie Klein who is the president of Reprise which is the label that I'm on now, he suggested that I get together with Billie and write a song, and we co-wrote a song together called "The Angel and the Jerk" and then when we went to record it with Billie Joe and Joel from The Mr. T Experience and Danny Panic, we also decided to do two other songs - as long as we were going to be in the studio we thought we might as well get a couple songs out of it, so we did "Corpus Christi," which I think was Billie Joe's favorite Avenger tune - that was his idea - and we did a version of one of my songs called "New Day," and Howie Klein, whose idea it was for us to get together, he tried to get "Corpus Christi" into "The Avengers" movie but I don't think it got on the soundtrack.

Nardwuar: How about that song you wrote with Billie Joe of Green Day?

Penelope: That's supposed to be on another soundtrack for the TV show "Friends."

Nardwuar: Now, that's pretty amazing, isn't it?

Penelope: That will be pretty funny, yeah. I don't know what's happening with that soundtrack. It keeps getting pushed back.

Nardwuar: When you recorded your new Penelope Houston record, has it gone trip hop? I heard at first you were folk, then you did Pogues-style folk rock, now your new record is trip hop?

Penelope: Well, there are some beats on it, half the songs don't have any drums - they just have beats that were computer generated, but it's not really trip hop. It's actually more just pop rock.

Nardwuar: How soon after the Avengers did you go folk?

Penelope: I started in 1984, so it was a good five years later.

Nardwuar: Fans thought you kind of disappeared until you did backing vocals for that Howard Devoto solo album.

Penelope: Well, what I did was I went to LA and I was working with Rene Daalder who's the Dutch movie director and producer, and nothing really came of that, so I guess it seemed like I disappeared but I was actually in LA trying to work on this thing. Then I moved to England and that's when I did a little bit of work, vocals with Howard Devoto.

Nardwuar: You had to try out to do background vocals for Howard Devoto? Penelope Houston of the Avengers had to do a try out?

Penelope: No, No, I never auditioned for him. He was

other people in Vancouver tattoos like the 001 Losers Club tattoo. You were big into tattoos back then? **Penelope:** [laughs] Oh my God! We used to all get drunk and then for some reason I offered to give people tattoos and - there's a number of tattoos I gave which I've kind of forgotten about but generally both the person receiving and the person giving would be kind of out of it.

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Nardwuar: How about the Avengers theme? When you guys re-recorded those three new songs, I heard you re-recorded a version of "Corpus Christi" with Billie Joe of Green Day and you were going to try and get that into the Avengers movie!

Penelope: Well, actually, Howie Klein who is the president of Reprise which is the label that I'm on now, he suggested that I get together with Billie and write a song, and we co-wrote a song together called "The Angel and the Jerk" and then when we went to record it with Billie Joe and Joel from The Mr. T Experience and Danny Panic, we also decided to do two other songs - as long as we were going to be in the studio we thought we might as well get a couple songs out of it, so we did "Corpus Christi," which I think was Billie Joe's favorite Avenger tune - that was his idea - and we did a version of one of my songs called "New Day," and Howie Klein, whose idea it was for us to get together, he tried to get "Corpus Christi" into "The Avengers" movie but I don't think it got on the soundtrack.

Nardwuar: How about that song you wrote with Billie Joe of Green Day?

Penelope: That's supposed to be on another soundtrack for the TV show "Friends."

Nardwuar: Now, that's pretty amazing, isn't it?

Penelope: That will be pretty funny, yeah. I don't know what's happening with that soundtrack. It keeps getting pushed back.

Nardwuar: When you recorded your new Penelope Houston record, has it gone trip hop? I heard at first you were folk, then you did Pogues-style folk rock, now your new record is trip hop?

Penelope: Well, there are some beats on it, half the songs don't have any drums - they just have beats that were computer generated, but it's not really trip hop. It's actually more just pop rock.

Nardwuar: How soon after the Avengers did you go folk?

Penelope: I started in 1984, so it was a good five years later.

Nardwuar: Fans thought you kind of disappeared until you did backing vocals for that Howard Devoto solo album.

Penelope: Well, what I did was I went to LA and I was working with Rene Daalder who's the Dutch movie director and producer, and nothing really came of that, so I guess it seemed like I disappeared but I was actually in LA trying to work on this thing. Then I moved to England and that's when I did a little bit of work, vocals with Howard Devoto.

Nardwuar: You had to try out to do background vocals for Howard Devoto? Penelope Houston of the Avengers had to do a try out?

Penelope: No, No, I never auditioned for him. He was

looking for somebody to sing all his songs. He didn't want to sing anymore. He just wanted to write. He wrote an album's worth of songs and I went to London at one point and we were working together - we actually wrote a song together but I don't think it came out anywhere. He gave up on that idea and went back to being his own singer - and at point he said, "I'd like you to come and sing on one of my songs." That's how I got on that album.

Nardwuar: Penelope, there's been rumors of you surfacing throughout the years, for instance like with Tesco Vee, but was The Mr. T Experience's Doctor Frank the first person to put you on a modern punk record? Because you did that song "Questioningly" with The Mr. T Experience, a Ramones cover.

Penelope: I've actually sung on a few peoples' records but not that many. I did a little singing with Gary Floyd who is in Sister Double Happiness on one of his solo albums which came out in Europe. Then I just did that little part for Mr. T because I'm friends with Joel, who is the bass player for Mr. T., Joel ended up not only playing on the Scavengers recordings and the Billie Joe recordings, but he also played on my whole album. He played bass on my whole album so when they asked me to do that, I said sure.

Nardwuar: We have an in-person guest!

Zippy: Hi, P. It's Zip.

Penelope: Oh, Zippy!

Zippy: [laughs] I've been here for about an hour listening to the whole thing.

Nardwuar: I didn't even notice you in the other room there, Zippy!

Zippy: Oh, yeah, that's because your head's down there looking at all the stupid questions you wrote.

Penelope: [laughs] I can't believe it. I guess Vancouver really is a small town, isn't it?

Nardwuar: I mean I was begging for Zippy to come here, to phone here, and he actually came here in person!

Zippy: Well,

Nardwuar: So do you remember the "piss clip," I played earlier?

Zippy: Do I? Are you kidding?

Nardwuar: That's true, isn't it?

Zippy: Oh yeah.

Penelope: Well this is terrible. Does this mean that everything I've said in this interview is going to get chopped up and played on other interviews for ever and ever?

Zippy: I can attest to my interview already being chopped up and played on the radio.

Penelope: Zippy, how are you doing?

Zippy: Really good. How are you?

Penelope: I'm good. Are you playing drums?

Zippy: Oh yeah. [laughs] Me and Brad are playing. There's a few things up our sleeves. I'm playing with a few other people in town.

Penelope: Well that's great.

Zippy: I heard you were going to be on the radio so I went, "Oh man I gotta get down there!" So, yeah, I've been listening to everything. It's great to hear your voice.

Penelope: Oh, thank you.

Nardwuar: Anything you would like to clear up that I've mentioned that irked you?

Zippy: Oh, no, not at all. You're about as far away from the truth as anybody can possibly be! You're battling 1,000, dude! Give 'er!

Nardwuar: Well, please, tell me about San Francisco! You started the Avengers Vancouver Connection, right!

Zippy: Um, I don't know.

Penelope: Zippy started the whole scene.

Zippy: [laughs] Yeah, it's all my fault!

Penelope: It's all his fault! He started punk.

Zippy: I am punk rock. [laughs]

Penelope: [laughs] He is the angel of punk.

Nardwuar: But you invited Zippy to San Francisco. Is that what happened?

Penelope: Well, I don't know if I personally invited him, but he certainly ended up living on our...

Zippy: I was there.

Penelope: Zippy was a good person to have around.

Zippy: I did a lot of the janitorial duties if I can recall.

Penelope: It seems the opposite of janitorial when you're pissing in someone's drawer.

Zippy: Well, yeah, yeah, [laughs]

Nardwuar: And, Zippy, you were paid one dollar a day?

Zippy: Uh huh. When I first moved there.

Penelope: I'm sure that's all he could handle. He would have been drunk every minute if we paid him any more than that.

Nardwuar: How helpful was Zippy, Penelope Houston?

Penelope: I think he kept everybody's spirits bright and gay basically.

Zippy: Yeah, that's true. That was part of my mission. I was Minister of Morale.



photo by Al Flipside

"I was the leader of the acoustic revolution, and you know, fighting for your rock 'n' roll lifestyle... now things are a little more cushy now that I'm on a major label so, you know - I own a house, I'm married. I get to tour in Germany. Things have gotten pretty good. But I'm still playing and I'm still recording and that is my favorite thing to do: writing songs and recording them."

REVOLUTION

Penelope: Yeah. I'm sure Zippy was more useful than that.
 Nardwuar: Zippy remembers the brunette twins, right Zippy?
 Zippy: Georgia and India, yeah. When I was with the Avengers though, it was like I was the roadie! I think they were my roadies when I was in the Dils, now that I think about it. Like Penelope said earlier, everything is like one big mushed memory.
 Penelope: Yeah, it seems more likely the Dils would have had girl roadies.

Zippy: Oh, yeah, I know we definitely did.
 Penelope: The Dils had their own Super Political Cute Band Alert going on. They could get little teenage girls to go out and protest. In fact, the Dils' manager Peter Irvine had this group called New Youth and they actually protested one of our shows because it was at the Mabuhay and it was an 18 and over, or 20 and over club and we charged four dollars instead of three dollars. Can you imagine such a thing? They came down and protested it with signs.

Zippy: Peter lasted a long time.
 Nardwuar: Zippy, you almost joined the Canadian Armed Forces, didn't you?

Zippy: Yeah, that was a close call.
 Penelope: Oh my God.

Zippy: Yeah, but that was right at the beginning of punk rock, I think. Just in around when I was eighteen or nineteen years old, I was one signature away.

Penelope: I remember that. That was really scary.

Zippy: Yup. Thank God alcohol saved me once again. When I had to go down and sign my last thing, the guy saw I was so pissed as a rat, there was no way they were going to let me sign. I went back to Bob Montgomery, Chuck Biscuits' brother, and he said, "Zippy, if you go down there and sign that thing, tomorrow I'm going to break both your legs." And I went, "Oh, well, both my legs and in the military? Or play in punk rock bands for the rest of my life? I'll go for punk rock."

Penelope: I'm sure it was best for both parties that you didn't end up with them.

Zippy: Oh, guaranteed. Guaranteed.

Nardwuar: How much money did you guys have back then, Penelope?

Penelope: We probably only had about five dollars which was why we only gave Zippy one.

Zippy: [laughs] Between us, yeah.

Nardwuar: Did you guys do any fare dodging on the BART?

Penelope: We never took the BART because the BART was brand new then and it only went to the East Bay and why would we want to go to the East Bay?

Zippy: No, we never went there.

Nardwuar: Zippy, you were doing roadieing, but you also played in KGB?

Zippy: Uh huh.

Nardwuar: And the Dils? Los Populares? The Mutants?

Zippy: Yup. Yup. Yeah...

Nardwuar: And you're in a Rick Springfield video?

Zippy: Yup!

Penelope: I don't think I've ever heard of that!

Zippy: Yeah, that's a real one too. I just scammed my way onto that one. That was one of the great joys of living San Francisco - you can end up on things like Rick Springfield videos!

Nardwuar: Penelope, you were mentioning the band Vs?

Zippy: That too.

Nardwuar: Yeah, Zippy was in Vs as well!

Zippy: I was the boy dressed as a girl in rubber in the back hitting things.

Penelope: That sounds good.

Nardwuar: What other stuff would you like to leave the people with an impression of the Avengers, Zippy?

Zippy: That was how I grew up, you know. They are the greatest band in the world as far as I am concerned, always will be. When I think of the Avengers, I smile. Just a great big smile comes across my face, and then maybe a phone going down the hall in the middle of the morning because there is no milk in the fridge. [laughs] That I remember!

Nardwuar: Penelope, any comment on that?

Penelope: I guess, not that we're that much older than everybody else, but we were kind of right at the beginning of the West Coast punk thing so I guess we did see a lot of people - what do you call it, when you get out of your short pants and get into your long pants? Growing up. Cutting their teeth on punk.

Nardwuar: How exactly did milk play into this at all, Zippy. Could you elaborate?

Zippy: Oh, I remember Danny, drummer of the Avengers, if he didn't have his milk first thing in the morning, there was hell to pay. I distinctly recall at least four or five phones biting the dust.

Penelope: Oh yeah. He was a great phone breaker. I remember back then the phones belonged to Pacific Bell so you would just take your smashed up phone, bring it back into the Pacific Bell offices, and say, "I need a replacement phone. This one's broken." They'd say, "What happened to it?" And he always used to say, "A bookcase fell on it." [laughs]

Penelope: Which is really unlikely.

Zippy: The same bookcase, six times.

Penelope: Yeah. We went through a lot.

Nardwuar: How wild did Brad get there, Zippy? You saw him jump off a pillar once?

Zippy: Uh, it wasn't a pillar. He was onstage. It was on top of a bunch of PA bins on the front of the stage, and actually I didn't know where he was and I was supposed to be the roadie. I turned around for a second and turned around and go, "Where's Brad?" And I look up and he's twenty feet in the air and he's playing rock star on top of these PA bins. I'm going, "Brad! You're too high!" In way too many ways! And he decided to play rock star and do a diving Pete Townshend move all in mid-air. He landed on his feet too, which was pretty impressive considering the amount of drugs and alcohol in his body.

Penelope: Wow. I am amazed at the amount of things that you guys remember.

Zippy: So are we! [laughs]

Nardwuar: Penelope, from *Search And Destroy* #9, 1978, question to Penelope Houston of the Avengers: "What do you see yourself doing in ten years?" Penelope Houston replies, "Fighting for my life. In ten years I will be thirty. I'd like to be well known. I hope in ten years I will have enough money to be financially free so I can be in control of my artistic endeavors. In ten years I want to become leader of a revolution."

Penelope: Wow!

Nardwuar: 1978 to 1988. So in 1988, is that an accurate picture of what you were doing?

Penelope: I was the leader of the acoustic revolution.

Nardwuar: Fighting for your life?

Zippy: Practically. Fighting for my rent anyway. [laughs] I think I had a day job and all my acoustic band that was going on and, you know, fighting for your rock 'n' roll lifestyle.

Nardwuar: Is this an accurate picture of what you are now, twenty or twenty-one years later?

Penelope: Well, now things are a little more cushy now. I am on a major label so, you know - I own a house in Oakland. I'm married. I get to tour in Germany. Things have gotten pretty

good, you know. I'm not going to go out and sleep on people's floors or play in clubs that don't have monitors or stages or that kind of thing I'm beyond that. But I still am playing and I'm still recording and that is my favorite thing to do: writing songs and recording them.

Nardwuar: But Zippy you're OK? OK to sleep on the floor?

Zippy: No, actually, I'm too old to sleep on the floor too. I go Holiday Inn all the way! [laughs]

Penelope: There comes a point.

Zippy: You will see me at the Ramadan!

Penelope: There's plenty of teenage kids in punk bands that can sleep on the floor.

Zippy: They can do it. They can go through the joy that I experienced for twenty years.

Nardwuar: But your most recent Avengers release is not on a major label. It's on Lookout Records, and we're going to end here with a track called "I Want In."

Penelope: Well, it's funny that you picked that. Both "Crazy Homicide" and "I Want In" were really good kind of poppy Avengers songs that I couldn't find any decent live versions of and I thought, "Wow, these would be great to re-record" and everybody said, "Yes, yes, yes, do it." So I decided to go ahead and do it. Most of these lyrics were written by Danny. I rewrote a couple lines and stuff but they were mostly written by Danny. They're angry little songs. There are maybe five or six songs on the Avengers release that had never been released before in any real fashion.

Nardwuar: Would Zippy remember any of these songs?

Penelope: [laughs] I'm sure he was at some of these gigs.

SENTIMENTAL SONGS

"Both 'Crazy Homicide' and 'I Want In' were really good kind of poppy Avengers songs that I couldn't find any decent live versions of and I thought, 'Wow, these would be great to re-record.'"

Most of these lyrics were written by Danny. I rewrote a couple lines and stuff... They're angry little songs. There are maybe five or six songs on the Avengers release that had never been released before in any real fashion."

Zippy:

Probably.

Penelope:

Whether or not he

would

remember

them - I don't

even remem-

ber them when I

hear them and I hear

myself yelling.

Zippy: I have trouble remembering

yesterday.

Penelope: He will remember the

feeling of it for sure.

Zippy: Guaranteed.

Nardwuar: Zippy, do you remember

being at a party in East Vancouver where

on the way to it you broke a garden statue out-

side of somebody's house?

Zippy: A garden gnome?

Nardwuar: A garden gnome, yeah!

Penelope: The Garden Gnome Affair.

Zippy: I've never liked those little buggers anyways. I could see

myself doing it. I don't remember offhand.

Nardwuar: Like you broke the garden gnome outside of some-

body's house and soon after it you went to a punk party and then

some Camaros pulled up to the house, and some greaser guys

jumped out with baseball bats...

Zippy: Oh yeah!

Nardwuar: What happened there?

Zippy: Oh God, that was terrifying. They all had hockey helmets

on and baseball bats, and I was up in the bathroom actually, and

I saw them invading the house from the front and the back and I

squeezed out this two-by-two window, got out on to the ledge and

jumped on to the roof next door!

Penelope: That seems like a true Vancouver moment.

Zippy: Yeah, that was terrifying. That wasn't me actually. That

was a little guy named Wayne Noid. He smashed one of the

Camaro's windows the night before and they knew where we

lived. That's the story.

Nardwuar: I thought you were sitting on the toilet and then a

baseball bat went through the door.

Zippy: Um, they were on the other side of the door, yeah.

Nardwuar: And they're smashing...

Zippy: They were smashing trying to get in and I was squeezing

my huge frame through this tiny little window. I remember that.

God, that was quick. I was out of there in seconds.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much

Penelope Houston for phoning here live

to Nardwuar the Human Serviette.

Penelope: It's been my pleasure.

Nardwuar: Thanks very much for phon-

ing in. I really appreciate it. I thank every-

body else for phoning in. Anything else

you would like to add for the people out

there, in the Avengers' second home?

Penelope: [laughs] The Avengers' sec-

ond home! Yeah, I guess I would just say

hey to everybody and I think if you buy the

record you won't get such a quite trashy

version of us, it's a little bit trashy, but not

as trashy as Nardwuar's interview, so

everyone go out there and get it.

Nardwuar: OK, thanks very much

Penelope. Keep on rockin' in the free world.

And doot doot doot doo...

Penelope: Doot doot. ☺



photo by Bev Davies

Zippy Pinhead

Born: never was.

Height: 7" (allowing for the curve).

Colour of Eyes:

poodle pink.

Former Occupation:

field marshall of the Carling-O'Keefe

Liberation Army.

Likes: ice cream,

ponies & Demerol.

Dislike: violence

(allergic to it!).

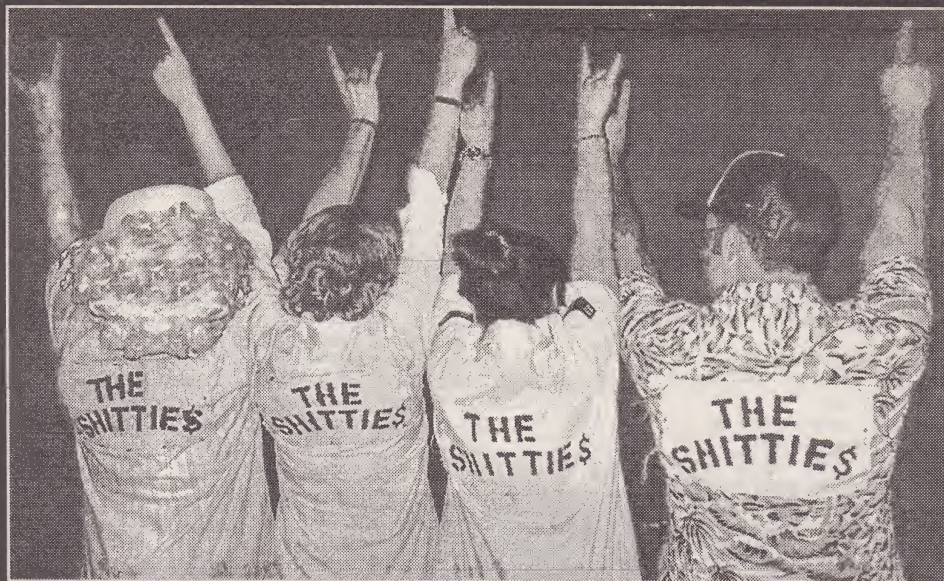
Life Ambition: to

eat a pocket calcu-

lator.

Thanks to Grant McDonagh and Bev Davies [for pictures],

Kim Warnick, Randy Iwata, Al Flipside and Todd, Greg Garlick, Dr. Frank, Dino, Alan Wright, Larry Livermore, Maggles, Tristin Laughter, Bob Kondrak, and Mike Desert.



The Shitties bowling juggernaut (l-r) ↓ Todd, Eben, Holly, Lindsey

TODD

BYO set up the first annual DIY bowling tournament of 27 teams - four members apiece - in Las Vegas, and I have to give them the highest props for making it as uncluster-fucked as possible. Smooth as pudding wrapped in cellophane. They even gave out hard cash to the winners. Damn. Here's the short rundown: Two rounds of bowling spanning two days, tournament structure, meaning that winners play winners on the second day. Some people took this real seriously. Ringers were flown in, shirts were embroidered and perfectly stitched for the occasion, wrist guards and personal balls popped up from nowhere. Holly and I went to the thrift store, bought some paint, made patches. We prepared with eating some chips to keep our strength up, thought about renting "Kingpin," then abandoned the idea.

Flipside hooked up with Eben of Thrasher and Lindsey of Juxtapoz, whom we'd never met, but were pleased that we didn't hook up with some uptight, score-dependent wig-gers. Instead, we form a juggernaut of magazine powers, well sorta. We had fun. To match our aptitudes, we named ourselves The Shitties. Eben's soft side was found as soon as I gave him a lollipop.

Three fingers stuck in something solid whilst mid-day clutching reasonably priced Rodeo Gold Beer? Ahh, the smell of the ball waxer, the gentle squeak of shoes toeing the foul line, the whisper, shouts, and grunts of "fuck you, ball." Bowling's a good time. Holly bowled a turkey - three strikes in a row. We thought we'd unearthed a ringer in the rough, but it wasn't to be. We settled back into mediocrity.

Between the two days, bands played: The Swingin' Utters, Pinhead Circus, Voodoo Glow Skulls, and Youth Brigade. 7 Seconds tried really hard to show but didn't. I'd be lying if I said that I saw the bands, but I heard the show was good. My parents live outside of Vegas. I visited them.

Day two: Bowling's all about finding and playing with the right ball. Our bowling sucked, pretty much. I bet that everyone involved, collectively, drank as much beer that could fit in a delivery truck, if not more.

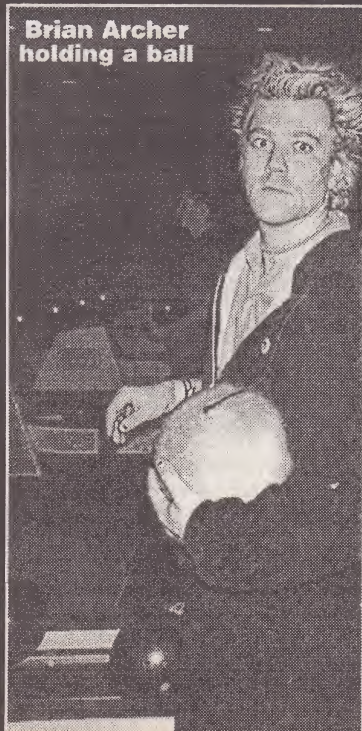
Awards: BYO won their own tournament. Rigged? Let's just say if they win next year, someone's gonna be walking with a limp and a bruise the shape of perfect circle on their chest. Three thumb James Williams of Hymliques Team scored the lowest game of 38. And while Tiltwheel scored high in style points employing such tactics as bowling four balls simultaneously into the same frame, backwards bowling, and shot put bowling, also yielded the lowest team score honors. They won a bag of chips. Lucky fucks. Me First and the Gimme Gimmes played the awards ceremony. People were putting up rows of quarters to see how long Lindsey Shitty would remain on the horse (the in front of WalMart bread). She surpassed all expectations and wouldn't let go of the reigns.

LINDSEY, JUXTAPOZ

I'm going to give you the Reader's Digest version. The show was pretty packed. After trying to figure out how we could skip the line, we were pleased to see that we hadn't



Brian Archer holding a ball



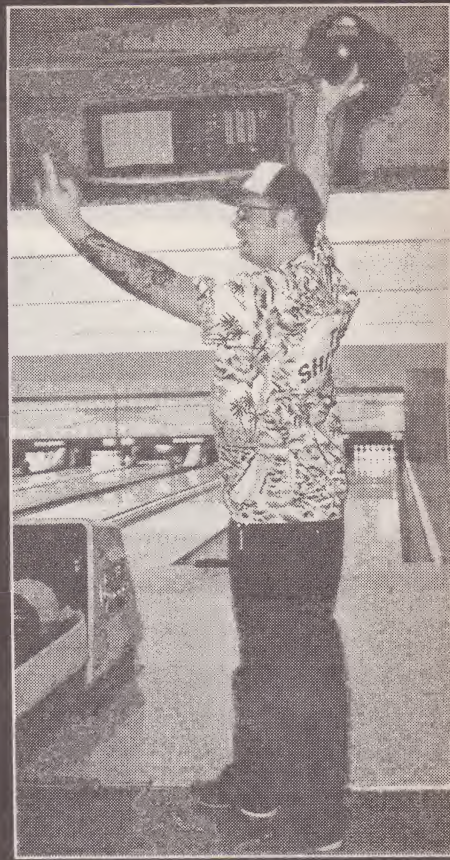
Lindsey contemplating

missed the whole show. The night of the awards was great. Gaby O'Neill, the coolest chick in the world, was the MC and she was super hilarious. One witty comment after the next and then the winners... was it fixed? everyone wanted to know. Obviously you can't fix a bowling tournament, but the results did raise some eyebrows (not really, but it sounded cool). Me First and the Gimme Gimmes rocked, belting out new oldies from there new album as well as old oldies. The Double Down was a perfect place for the awards. It's a quaint little place where I guess the locals hang at. Basically everyone went back to try and win money at the casino after the show and then the weekend was over... pretty exciting journalist I am, don't you think?

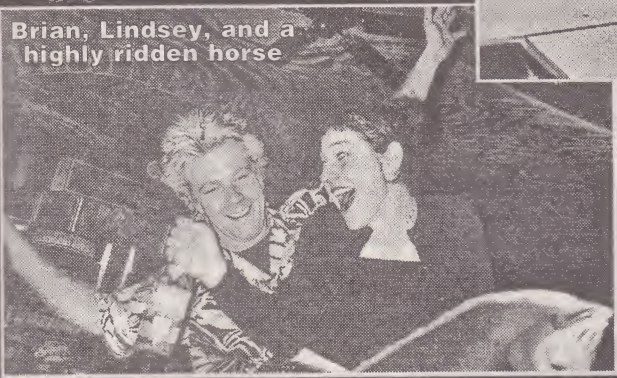
HOLLY

It's hard to really know what to expect when one includes themselves in something like this. The question of whether it would actually be organized or not was definitely on my mind, as I know how much some punk rockers can drink, but BYO were really on the ball. Ha ha. I couldn't think of a more entertaining group of hoologans to invade a bowling alley and frighten countless neighboring families with. Besides having the opportunity to meet band, label, and zine people we all know from the phone, it was really nice to spend loving, quality punk rock time with them in such an unlikely atmosphere. When it came to the actual sporting event, some of us sucked hard and others really proved that they really do have nothing better to do on the weekends but rip it up at their local alleys. Some of us were hustled, some of us were hustlers, and some of us didn't even know we were there to bowl. Whatever our reason for being there, we all had a wholesomely fun time - I think. The memories sort of drowned in the alcohol. -Holly (Proud member of The Shitties and Flipside mailgirl extraordinaire promoted to Flipside middle management, loser)

Holly kicking ass



Brian, Lindsey, and a highly ridden horse



↑ The winners, I think (standing). Utters in the foreground. I took this picture because lots of other people were too.



↑ Eben summons Beezlebub for a pin-shattering strike

← Shindig organizer Sean Stern and Nikki

↓ Winning hearts, scoring style points and leaving pins standing, Tiltwheel gangs up on a frame with four balls



Non-stop touring, countless tattoos, kegs of beer, and classic surfy guitars - life is god-damn simple when you're a Turbo AC. New York City rock and rollers with a long punk pedigree, I found the Turbo ACs celebrating the end of a productive year when I caught up with them last winter. When in doubt, The Turbos simply chant the mantra: "What would Lemmy do?!" and proceed accordingly. Good advice. Listen up.

Interview and live pics by Martin McMartin

McMartin: [looking around Two Boots pizza joint, downtown NYC] This is about as New York as it gets. Are you guys natives or what?

Michael: I was born in the Bronx and still live there. Kevin Cole here, came here from Chicago about ten years ago. [note: The other Kevin, the drummer, couldn't make the interview-mm]

McMartin: Kevin, did you do music in Chicago?

Kevin: Not in Chicago. I did music in Atlanta when I was a kid - mostly of bands. I was in the Anti-Heroes in '85. Those are still my boys - I'm glad they're still around and plugging away. We were just talking about our first US tour when we played with the Anti-Heroes and Damnation out in Signal Hill.

Michael: All the kids were waitin' to see the Anti-Heroes and if you had any hair on stage, they weren't payin' attention to ya! We've played with such a variety of bands. It's weird. It can vary. Last month we

Kevin Cole-guitar
Michael Dolan-bass
Kevin Brunty-drums

played with The Lazy Cowgirls, The Dirtys, Blanks '77.

McMartin: So h/c stuff is at the roots of it for you guys?

Kevin: I'd be lyin' if I didn't say I grew up more on GBH and The Exploited than like, older punk banks. I sold my Pistols and Clash records when I heard those bands in the early '80s.

Michael: I came up back here, so when I was a kid I'd go see Cro-Mags, War Zone, all that stuff. Yet I'll listen to Thin Lizzy!

Kevin: Those h/c roots make us who we are, yet as we got older we wanted to branch out, take the blinders off and enjoy other music.

McMartin: You've been at this a while. I remember back in '95 when the Turbos were a four piece! It's much leaner and faster now.

Kevin: Yeah, we became a really solid unit when we became a trio and recorded "Damnation Overdrive" on Blackout! Records in May of '99 that will be three years ago. That record came out that May. In August we opened for Social Distortion, then we played with the Supersuckers and left in November for our first American tour.

Michael: Things took off musically, then Kevin started gettin' into the heavy surf sound, too, which is what we're still into now. The first record only came out in Europe.

Kevin: That record was kind of fumbled here in the States by Blackout. It came out in Europe and did well and we got the opportunity to go over there, which was a nice way to get things started. Back here things weren't getting started at all. We booked our first American tour on the premise that we'd have the albums with us. The tour started and no albums.

Michael: 50 copies came when we were in California. A whole record tour with no albums!

Kevin: It was terrible. That's rock and roll, I suppose. "A long way to the top" and all that [laughs at the AC/DC reference]. We had just gotten started and wanted to go out and play. We regrouped, got the records, did another US tour with the albums this time, and another European tour!

Michael: After all that we were anxious to record again.

Kevin: Then Blackout! decided to drop most of its punk rock and roll kind of stuff to concentrate on strictly hard core, which is fine. I guess that's what's easy to sell. I give Blackout! credit for putting our record out, or trying to at least.

Michael: We had a record done and no label to put it out. Our buddies in Jack Black, who are a NY/North Carolina based rock-a-billy band told us about Cacaphone, out of

Albany. They hooked us up and put out the new record, "Winner Take All." Cacaphone has also done The Morning Shakes, Trauma School... We also got a deal with Renate, in Germany, who licensed the record for Europe, including vinyl, and may re-release "Damnation Overdrive" over there on vinyl, too.

McMartin: You just got back from Europe. What were the

Nowhere League, Motorhead, Nashville Pussy, Guitarwolf. It's like 120 Minutes for

Germany. We played with Gluecifer over there - one of my favorite bands going right now.

McMartin: So what's your plan for attaining a similar level of success here in the States?

Kevin: Short of getting hooked up to support a bigger band on the road, we know we'll likely be back out on the road again on our own - in the basements with some cool kids and a keg of beer! That's gonna be how it goes down. Plenty of that before we see "the land of milk and honey." [laughs]

Michael: We're all for the fuckin' DIY, hard way, get it the van while it's still dark and off to the next place...

Kevin: Some of those shows are the best anyways because they mean the most to those people. That's why we're gonna be there to do because if it means somethin' to them, then it means a lot to us. This is what we do.

McMartin: Your sound has taken off into more of a surf-y direction in the last year or so.

Kevin: Actually I hit my head in a surfing accident in Puerto Rico. I surf out here in Rockaway Beach, too. I'm not good at surfing, being born in Chicago, but after that accident we wrote a bunch of songs for "Winner Take All" during my recovery period. Since then I've joked that the accident sort of knocked some surf into me. [laughs]

Michael: We dig Dick Dale, Agent Orange, Dead Kennedys...

Kevin: Instead of reaching automatically for blues kind of leads when writing rock and roll, we're throw a monkey wrench in the formula and go with the surf stuff.

Michael: We wanna surprise everybody who's expecting nothing but just classic Gene Vincent sorta bullshit and hit 'em with some satanic surf music. I'm not knockin' the classic stuff but there's more to it for us - sort of Dick Dale meets Motorhead is what people have been saying.

Kevin: I can live with that comparison!

Michael: I'm a card-carry member of the Motorhead fan club. [Whips out his numbered card from his wallet].

We even have a mantra for living, too. It's "W.W.L.D." You know those Christians say, "What Would Jesus Do?" or "W.W.J.D.?" Ours stands for "What Would Lemmy Do?"

Kevin: It's what we often say...

Michael: Yeah, when the van breaks down, the amps explode onstage, if there's only two people at the show, that's what we ask ourselves. Just thinkin' about all the stuff Motorhead's been through: they got together in 1975, have had ten line-up changes, legal problems that wouldn't allow them to put records out for years at a time - it took 'em 'till 1991 to get a major label deal in the U.S. - all the tumultuous crap going on and they're still touring, putting out great records. It's an inspiration.

Kevin: That's partly why the monkey wrench is in our logo - for all the obstacles, as well as the automotive and road themes of our songs. We'll be hitting all of favorite spots out on the road again this year, too.

McMartin: Outside of NY, do you have a favorite watering hole or city to play in here in the States?

Kevin: We have a blast in St. Louis at the Creepy Crawl. Things are good in Philly, we love Los Angeles.

McMartin: Last words?

Kevin: We wanna thank Corrina who's road managed us and continues to help out a lot, and thanks to everybody for coming out to see us on the road.

McMartin: Well, here's hoping you get back out to LA soon. ☺



We wanna surprise everybody who's expecting nothing but just classic Gene Vincent sorta bullshit and hit 'em with some Satanic surf music.

highlights?

Kevin: People singing along to Turbo AC's songs with our logo on the back of their jackets!

Michael: We played in Berlin. The club was sold out, wall to wall people. Steam and sweat. Lots of head-banging.

Kevin: That was a highlight city because it was the most improved. The last time we went over there was like 40-50 people there and this time over 200. It's built up in a short period of time.

Michael: We were in this other town, in Bavaria, on a Monday. It was cold and snowing. We thought it was just a tumbleweed kind of town, but when we went onstage there was like 150-200 people there. When we were done it was so crowded there was nowhere to go - no backstage - and the crowd physically pushed us back up to the stage. [with German accent] "More songs! More songs!"

McMartin: I've heard bands are expected to play for much longer. Several hours?

Michael: Pretty much, yeah.

Kevin: We played on average about an hour and a half.

McMartin: So you probably busted out the ol' high school cover tune medleys?

Michael: Oh yeah. Some places we did some Iron Maiden, Judas Priest, "Teenagers from Mars" by The Misfits is big crowd pleaser. Another time we were over in Europe we played that song, and some skinheads came up on stage and commandeered the performance, in a nice way. What did they do?

Kevin: They demanded an impromptu sing-along of "Last Caress." That was fun. In Cologne, Germany we hosted "Viva TV" and got to play the videos we wanted to play: Anti-

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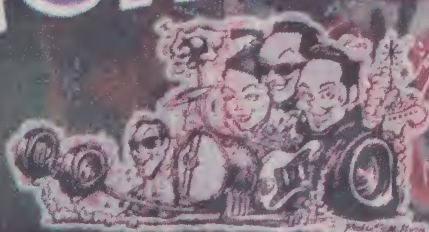
THE TURBO
AC/DC
LIVE TO WIN

THE DRAGON
TATTOO

TO WIN

Mars

★ the FABULOUS ★ MACH KUNG FU



Interview and pictures by
REdwin Letcher

I went to the Mach Kung Fu show at Bar Deluxe and had a blast. I heard they were doing another show, a few days later, at Al's Bar and decided to catch them there as well. One of the fine folks at Dionysus suggested I interview the band. I thought they didn't speak any English but I brought a tape machine with me just in case. After a terrific performance, the band agreed to let me snap a few pictures of them in their stage attire and step outside to answer a few questions. Rockin' Jelly Bean, who I knew from the ultra cool album cover art he has done for the 5.6.7.8's, Mach Kung-Fu and various other Japanese garage bands, was with the band and agreed to participate and help with any English to Japanese (and vice versa) translations that might be needed, that he could handle. The interview was interrupted twice by a gentleman seeking spare change and cigarettes. As I recall, none of us were smokers so he had to settle for cold, hard cash. The band, a trio, and Rockin' Jelly Bean were all easy going and polite and seemed to be having a great time.

Edwin: OK, we have Rockin' Jelly Bean...

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Yes.

Edwin: Shake, Very and...

Salty: Salty.

Edwin: Salty... OK, Salty. What happened to Goto?

Very: Our drummer girl... she's married.

Rockin' Jelly Bean: She's got a baby.

Shake: Hi. [Japanese for "yes"]

Edwin: She's married, she has a baby... her husband said no?

Very: Hi, hi. Yeah, yeah. No career.

Edwin: In Japan, is Goto still in the band?

Shake: No, Salty.

Salty: Hi.

Edwin: How long since you got Salty?

Very: Seven months.

Edwin: How long has Mach Kung Fu been together?

Shake: Six years.

Edwin: Wow. And you two, Shake and Very were original...

Shake: Hi.

Very: Hi.

Edwin: ...and Goto?...

Very: Hi.

Edwin: ...you were together for five years and now Salty?

Shake: Hi. Hi.

Edwin: Ask Salty if he was a big fan of Mach Kung-Fu?

[Very and Salty converse in Japanese for a while]

Rockin' Jelly Bean: He's a big fan.

Salty: I want to play!

Edwin: Who did Salty play with before Mach Kung-Fu?...[they didn't quite understand the question]...did he play with another band?

Very: Yeah, he's a guitarist.

Edwin: And what's the other band?

Shake: He's still playing. [I thought they meant he's still learning]

Edwin: So, he doesn't have a band but he plays guitar and he plays drums?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: No, he has a band.

Edwin: What's the name of his other band?

Very: Some kind of Japanese...Ankar(?)...you know?

Edwin: Ankar?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Like a country.

Shake: Soul. A soul band.

Edwin: Oh, a soul band.

Very: He doesn't want to say the name.

Edwin: Is it more of a traditional Japanese style?

Shake: Yes, he wears a kimono. [everyone laughs]

Edwin: Really?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Yeah.

Edwin: Did you guys ever see Salty's band when he wears the kimono?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Yeah, I've seen them.

Very: I've seen them.

Edwin: Are they good? [more laughter]

Shake: Very traditional.

Edwin: [referring to their matching rock and roll garb] The shirts... Just one?

Very: Hi. One each.

Edwin: Do they get wet with sweat each night? Do they smell? [I pantomimed enough that they all got the gist of the question]

Salty: Hi.

Shake: Hi.

Very: Sometimes they get very stinky.

Edwin: Sometimes.

Very: Sometimes, yeah.

Edwin: You played Bar Deluxe two nights ago. Where before that?

Very: No, this is first time to the USA.

Edwin: So, Bar Deluxe was the first show. Is this the second show. You didn't play anywhere yesterday?

Shake: No.

Edwin: Where do you play tomorrow?

Very: Next show is New York... New Years Eve.

Edwin: Are you flying?

Very: Yeah.

Edwin: Where are you playing?

Shake: Maxwell's... do you know Maxwell's?

Edwin: Yeah, it should be fun. Who are you playing with?

Very: The Muffs.

Edwin: Oh, the Muffs.

Rockin' Jelly Bean: You know them?

Edwin: Yeah, they're LA Ronnie and Kim. I don't think I know the drummer right now but Ronnie is the bass player and Kim plays guitar and sings.

Shake: Who is from...?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Pandoras.

Edwin: That's Kim. She plays guitar and sings and she's good.

She's a really powerful singer and she can do anything on a guitar and has been playing for years. That should be a fun show. They're friends of mine and they're nice people.

Very: Good.

Edwin: And, after New York, where?

Shake: San Francisco.

Edwin: So, you're going from LA to New York then back to San Francisco?

Very: Then Japan.

Edwin: The tour is what, two weeks?

Very: Nine days. Four shows.

Edwin: Have you guys played Europe?

Shake: No... Australia.

Edwin: Oh...did you play with the Crusaders?

Very: Yes.

Edwin: Oh, really?! They stayed at my house... Mickster... James... Kendall... Chris... nice guys... In Japan, who are your favorite bands?

Very: Jackie & the Cedrics! [some laughter]

Edwin: And the bass player, he's in Hollywood now?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: [laughing] I don't think so.

Shake: [laughs like crazy]

Edwin: He was for a while, right?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: I think he's in India.

Edwin: So, is Jackie & the Cedrics still going strong?

Very: They still play, yeah.

Rockin' Jelly Bean: [laughing] I don't know.

[Very and Rockin' Jelly Bean share a laugh but don't let on that Rockin' Jelly Bean is, in fact, the bass player for Jackie & the Cedrics, a bit of info that I "figured out" later in the interview]

Edwin: What about Mad 3?

Very: We're friends.

Edwin: Do you see them a lot?

Shake: Hi.

Edwin: They played here about a month ago. They were really good. Eddie is amazing... And the 5,6,7,8's? Do you know them?

Very: Like them very much... they are from Osaka and they consider us living in Tokyo. Sometimes we play together. We go to Osaka, play with the band. They come to Tokyo, play with us.

Edwin: How far apart are the cities?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Here to San Francisco. Six hours to drive.

Edwin: Who are your biggest influences? Who are your favorite bands? In the whole world, America, Europe?

Shake: [I thought he said the Raiders at first] From Tacoma.

Rockin' Jelly Bean: The Wailers.

Edwin: Oh, the Wailers. And what about the Sonics.

Very: Hi.

Edwin: They did...

Very: "Psycho." [which Mach Kung-Fu plays as part of their set]

Shake: Hi.

Edwin: Do you know Norton Records? They just put out all the early Sonics and Wailers stuff again.

Very: Yeah.

Edwin: Do you have girlfriends in Japan?

Shake: No, I'm too young.

Edwin: How old are you?

Shake: 14.

Edwin: You're 14? Nah, nah.

Very: Yes, he's 14.

Edwin: And how old are you? [laughter]

Very: 36.

Shake: He's 18. [more laughter]

Very: 36.

Shake: He's 36.

[After some cajoling in which I showed them my ID and proved my old fart status, they stopped laughing and got serious again... I think]

Edwin: So, how old are you?

Very: 26.

Edwin: And you?

Shake: 14.

Edwin: And you've been playing for 6 years?



Shake: Yeah.

Edwin: OK... How old is

Salty?

Shake: 17.

Edwin: He looks the youngest to me. It's the smile.

Very: The kid.

Edwin: He uses good soap.

Very: He's always sleeping. Eating, sleeping.

Edwin: [indicating Very] He looks 50. He lives a hard life. [all laugh]

Very: Hi. Hard life.

Edwin: Do you guys like beer?

Shake: No, I can't drink; I'm too young.

Edwin: Saki?

Very: No, we drink Coke.

Edwin: Good for you... So, Rockin' Jelly Bean, how long have you been doing art work for records?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Eight years.

Edwin: How many illustrations on how many records?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Oh, god... many, many, many. Because I work with Japanese bands.

Edwin: Are you in a band? Do you play music?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Yeah.

Edwin: What band?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Jackie & the Cedrics.

Edwin: Oh, you're in Jackie & the Cedrics? Ah, oh ho, OK, alright. [all laugh]

Rockin' Jelly Bean: It's a secret.

Edwin: OK, now I know... So you're still playing?

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Yeah. We play in Japan. The other guys live in Tokyo. Sometimes play there, sometimes come here [I think he meant Osaka but I never found out if he was living in the States now or what].

Edwin: How many records do Mach Kung Fu have? On Time Bomb there are three?

Shake: Yes, three.

Edwin: And on Dionysus, two?

Very: Hi. Two.

Edwin: And what else?

Shake: Giant Claw.

Very: Was Au-Go-Go.

Edwin: Oh, yeah, the new label. Is there anything recorded with Salty?

Shake: Not yet.

Edwin: When?

Shake: I think in February.

Edwin: And is that with Time Bomb or...

Very: Australian label called Corduroy.

Edwin: I've heard of it.

Shake: Tribute to Rolling Stones. We're going to do "Come On."

Edwin: Is that going to be a "7"?

Shake: No, a compilation.

Edwin: When you play Osaka, are there big crowds? Are you famous in Osaka?

Very: Yeah, sure, why not? [all laugh]

Edwin: I don't know. I'm just asking. And in Tokyo? Are you big in Tokyo?

Shake: No body knows us there. The garage scene in Japan is not so big.

Edwin: Is it kind of like here [I point to Al's Bar].

Very: Yeah [laughs].

Edwin: Maxwell's should be bigger.

Rockin' Jelly Bean: Yeah, bigger!

Very: Very much Bigger!

Edwin: ...Well, I guess that's about it.

Rockin' Jelly Bean: [to me, indicating I should ask the band] How about American women?

Edwin: OK, what do you think of American women?

Very: Oooh... fox.

Edwin: Fox... foxy.

Very: Foxy. [makes hour glass shape with hands and utters various clucks, whistles and hubba hubba type noises] Soku grammar?]. Very grammar?].

Edwin: Like grandma?! [I do my best old lady voice] Now you kids. [One of them gets the joke, says the Japanese word for grandma along with the other word and they all laugh like hyenas...] \$



BOUNCING SOULS

BORN TO LOSE

By Money & Todd

The Bouncing Souls rolled into LA in their custom-made Chunksaah Records mobile lounge with equipment trailer in tow. Picture a white moving truck with portholes and a surly looking skinhead painted on the side. Inside, the partymobile had been retrofitted with sleeping accommodations for eight - yes, you read that correctly, eight - bunks and a comfy lounge area. Those wiley guys from New Brunswick, NJ, even rigged a makeshift ventilation system out of plastic tubing. A cooler held warm Rolling Rock and Bud Longnecks. A zillion and one stickers clung to every imaginable surface. Maybe it was the close quarters, the racks stacked sailor-style from floor to ceiling, or the camaraderie of the band, but the van reminded me a German U-boat - a vessel where friendships are born, battle-tested and maintained on the strength of the respect they have for one another. Spend a few minutes around Greg Attonito (vocals, cane thrower-upper-and-dropper), Bryan Kienlen (bass, vocals), Pete Steinkoph (guitar, vocals) and Shal Khichi (drums) and you'll discover the Bouncing Souls place a very high value on friendship. You could even go so far as to say the success of the band depends on it. **The Bouncing Souls are brilliant in the studio, their recorded work is clean, crisp and catchy as hell, but the genius of a Bouncing Souls song is not its complexity, uniqueness or depth. Your average glue-sniffer can pick up the lyrics after just two or three listens.** The Bouncing Souls are not heavy. The Bouncing Souls are seldom profound, and when they are it's in an accidental-on-purpose kind

of way. No, the genius of the Bouncing Souls is their reinvention of the sing-a-long. And not only are they capable proponents, they've restored it to its proper place in punk rockdom. Whether it's the infectious oi orgy in "Lamar Vannoy," the doleful irony of "Born to Lose" or the mindless enthusiasm of the soccer-style anthem "Here We Go," the Bouncing Souls bring an element to punk rock that's been missing for some time. And if the tracks I've heard off the new album are an indication, don't be surprised if "Fight to Live" supplants the theme song from Doctor Who as the next stadium sing-a-long at crunch time. It's easy to imagine frontman Greg, urging the crowd along at the Meadowlands during halftime at the World Cup, visions of Ronaldo scissors-kicking in his head, uttering his smarmily bemused proclamations to the boys in the back row of the upper deck like a guy who has spent all afternoon looking for his sunglasses only to have someone point out that they've been sitting atop his head the whole time. The Bouncing Souls are like punk-rock kindergarten teachers, gathering all the grommets together, distributing blunt scissors and construction paper, Twinkies and apple juice, inviting us all to do our thing, separate, but together. Just jump right in. Make something happen. It's no good if everyone doesn't participate. And maybe, just maybe, with a little luck and a lot of perseverance, our friends, the company we keep, will still be there for us - and us for them - when the dust settles five, ten, twenty years down the road.

\$: What's up with the BMX bikes?

Bryan: I don't know. It's just, um. Let's see. I'm 29. Greg over here is 28. Speaking for myself, I used to race when I was about 13. I guess that was '82' or '83 when BMX kind of first hit. You guys are from California so you know all about it. You look about my age. [Actually, neither Money nor Todd are from California, but we didn't want to play our hand just yet.] I was a balls out grommet kid. Loved BMX. Loved to race. Lived for it. I guess the difference between me and thousands of other people my age is that I never got over it. I'm just as excited about it. I have a bike. I ride it.

\$: How many do you have?

Bryan: Just one. Red Line. New York City. Not a lot of room to roam.

Greg: I just ride it around. It's fun.

\$: I remember when they broke out with the Mongoose.

Greg: Yep. I had a Supergoose.

\$: With the goosenecks.

Bryan: Those goosenecks used to break.

\$: I used to have a Raleigh Chopper. Remember those?

Greg: They made the Rampar. That was their BMX bike, the Raleigh Rampar, but it was like a tank, too heavy.

\$: Exactly. I used to front like I had a cool bike. Then I'd go jump the hills with the BMX kids and my front wheel would go up and my back wheel wouldn't go anywhere and I'd roll over backwards down the hill.

Bryan: I'm not like a cutting-edge trick guy. Couple tricks. That's it. Just the basics. Same with skating.

Grinds. Ollies.

\$: I'm good for a curb jump.

Greg: It's just like anything else in our lives that turns up in our songs: it's just us getting together exploring a stupid idea. All kinds of crazy things. What got us started on the BMX song was me just sitting around saying: "If I had some money, I'd buy a new BMX." That's it. A simple story. There might have been more to it at the time, but I don't remember what it was. The thing is it could have been anything. "Fuck I wish I had money I'd get... anything" and it just happened to be a BMX bike because that's what seemed like it'd be cool to have at the moment.

Bryan: It's just something that occurs to you. The things that we write songs about are just us hanging around. Random thoughts.

\$: They seem very much like a slice of life.

Bryan: That's the what it is. It's all we got to offer really. A slice of our lives.

\$: Is Huff going to make a comeback?

Bryan: I don't know. Maybe the newest, youngest kids don't remember how gay Huff was and they might pull it off.

\$: Maybe if Target gets behind it.

Greg: Who knows, right?

\$: If Target distributes it.

Bryan: That's where Huff was born and bred. In Kmart.

Greg: Totally powderpuff

Bryan: Huff was totally like a BMX except it wasn't. You get on it and something's wrong. You're like, my spider senses are tingling. It's just one of those things. I could never Rollerblade either. I have hang-ups about

little things like that. From different eras of life.

Greg: As a skater you just can't.

Bryan: You'll never tell me. I don't care who gets how cool on what jumps, or how rad on what ramps. On Rollerblades? I'll always think it's pretty whack.

\$: My brother used to work as an X-ray tech. He says in the summer time all he saw were Rollerbladers.

Bryan: Untrained yuppies. No small wheel development.

Greg: Small wheel development!

\$: Small wheels and small cranks.

Greg: Small minds.

\$: Is Keith Van Horn a Bouncing Souls fan?

Greg: Who?

\$: The Pale Rider. The white guy on the New Jersey Nets.

Bryan: Oh, that guy. He couldn't care less probably.

Greg: I'm sure he wouldn't know us.

Bryan: That's for sure.

Greg: Maybe, you never know.

Bryan: Larry Bird knows us.

\$: Larry Bird?

Bryan: Yeah, so maybe he'll spread the word. We haven't interacted with any sports professionals.

Greg: Not in the Bouncing Souls' lifetime.

\$: Not likely to happen?

Greg: I would like to maybe, but...

Bryan: We want to meet Ronaldo.

Greg: But he's having a tough time now. I think he's out.

Bryan: Soccer player. World Cup. He choked.

\$: Is every four years too long for the World Cup?

Greg: You could say that, but it wouldn't make it as



great.

Bryan: It makes it more exciting.

Greg: It's really rad actually.

Bryan: That's good psychology.

Greg: It's like good sex. You have to have it at the right time.

Todd: Every four years?

Greg: No, like.. Yeah, every four years!

Bryan: That's like a whole high school career. Think how long that seemed.

Todd: You'd be carrying an arsenal in your pants!

\$: Bryan, "West Coast bad, East Coast good." That's a quote.

Bryan: I said that? Excellent. I'm over here getting totally entertained and of course it's me.

\$: You want to comment on that?

Bryan: I'll give the Bouncing Souls answer to the what's-up-with "East Coast Fuck You" song. The answer is we really don't dislike the West Coast at all. It's more like a East Coast pride thing. East Coast is cool. There were a few years there when it seemed like the whole world's focus was on the California punk scene. The international spotlight and everything. The song was born out of a hey-man-what-about-us-back-here kind of attitude. It's cold. It snows. It's just like a joke.

Greg: You can't take it seriously if you listen to the lyrics.

Bryan: We just wanted to write a silly song that had all the things we like about the East Coast in it. Like pizza. We got pizza. You got burritos. We got pizza.

\$: Since you have no hard feelings, say three nice things about the West Coast.

Bryan: OK. I can give you plenty.

The ocean. [I assume Bryan means the Pacific Ocean, oceans being fairly endemic to coasts.]

Bryan: The Sterns

Greg: The Sterns!

Bryan: Epitaph.

Greg: BYO. Burritos.

Bryan: Tom Wilson.

Greg: T-bone. San Francisco. The whole damn city.

\$: That's well beyond three.

Bryan: See, we really like California. We think it's hella-rad. We're backing you guys with hella. We're hella backing you. [At this point I have no idea what the hella Bryan is talking about]

\$: You got much love for the West Coast.

Bryan: Much love.

\$: Do you have dreams of playing the Meadowlands?

Greg: The big one?

Bryan: Not the band.

\$: Maybe as a soccer team?

Greg: Actually I already played there. I was like twelve years old. We were on the youth team, you know? We registered to play before a Cosmos game. Do you remember the New York Cosmos?

\$: No.

Greg: The NASL was a professional soccer league in the '80s.

Bryan: You mean like the Dips. The Washington Diplomats?

Greg: Yeah, yeah. It was during that time. I was a kid and the team that I was on played this preliminary game before the Cosmos. There must have been 7 or 8,000 people in there at the time and that was the first time I ever experienced the, uh...

\$: Thrill of victory? Roar of the crowd?

Greg: And I scored a goal, too! The crowd totally went off. And it was at the end of the game so it's like nothing I'll ever forget. Even though we were just a bunch of kids on the field, to me it was a big

experience.

\$: Do you think you'll ever come close to achieving that kind of glory again?

Greg: Well every kid who plays sports has a secret dream of being a pro. You know?

\$: Absolutely. I still do.

Greg: It doesn't go away.

\$: I haven't used up my eligibility yet.

Greg: You know what I'm talking about. And that was that moment. It never goes away. I still play soccer, have fun. And I'm in a band so I can translate it. But I still want to be Ronaldo. What can I do? Those feelings are important. You can't let them die.

\$: I had a dream I threw five touchdown passes in a football game and the crowd was chanting my name. Does that count?

Greg: Oh, yeah. Nice.

\$: It's kind of sad knowing life will never be as sweet as that moment. [Some people stick their heads into the Chunksaah mobile lounge. Chatter chatter chatter. They leave.]

Ideal Groupie?

Greg: Ha! Ideal.

\$: You know, soccer ball earrings...

Bryan: The ideal Bouncing Souls groupie is someone who bakes really good cookies.

Bryan: Just because it rhymes.

Greg: That's where the idea came from and nothing more. We thought, how funny would that be?

Bryan: Oi! Oi! Oi! Lamar Vannoy.

\$: Did your other friends get jealous? Did they want songs, too?

Greg: I don't know. I don't think so. I showed it to Lamar and he was like "I can't believe you wrote a song about me."

Bryan: Because he's Lamar. He couldn't be bothered

either way.

Greg: And the funniest part about it is if you know Lamar, everybody who hears this song has a vision of this burly beer-drinking skinhead and he's just the opposite.

Bryan: He's like a 21-year-old William Burroughs. Picture this skinny guy with a black fedora, wearing black clothes in the summer. Not in a gothic way. He's Jello meets William Burroughs.

Greg: Great sense of humor.

Bryan: And at the shows you see all the kids shaking their fist: Lamar Vannoy! Oi! Oi! Oi!

Greg: It makes me laugh.

Bryan: Every time.

Greg: He plays the accordion, too. Fat Wreck Chords is doing this 100 songs 30 seconds comp. So Mike asked us to do it. We asked Lamar if he'd play and he'd never played in front of anybody before. No Fun At All, this band from Sweden, taught us some words in Swedish. So we decided to sing in Swedish and have Lamar play the accordion. He came to the studio one night with his accordion, which is a whole other story in itself, and we wrote the song in half an hour. He played and he was really good. We recorded everything in an hour. And it's done. Fat Mike got it and he didn't really like it.

Bryan: He said he was kind of hoping it would be a Bouncing Souls song.

Greg: And it is!

Bryan: It's totally retarded!

Greg: It's Lamar.

\$: He's a legend.

Greg: He really is a legend except nobody knows it. He works at UPS, you know. He plays accordion.

Bryan: And you never see him. I mean we hardly ever see him and we're probably his closest friends.

Greg: But it doesn't take away from his legendary status.

Bryan: It's like an occasion if Lamar comes to the City. Stop what you're doing and come hang out with Lamar.

\$: Where does oi intersect with the Bouncing Souls?

Greg: That's a good question.

\$: Aside from the Spiffy caps, swilling the stout, the soccer songs... You're not anglophiles are you?

Bryan: Anglophile?

Greg: What's that?

\$: Someone who loves the English.

Greg: Oh, yeah, yeah. That's part of it.

Bryan: In a way, I guess. Not exclusively. It's just a piece of the pie. It's not all of it.

\$: All of what?

Bryan: Of what makes the Bouncing Souls? An amalgamation of what each of the four people bring to the band. What we like. You got your bits of this, bits of that. Definitely oi music.

Greg: Bryan probably discovered oi music, blasting it into the kitchen five or six years ago. And I liked a lot of it.

Bryan: It gets under your skin.

Greg: In that connection, you know, we liked it. I liked some of it. Bryan liked more of it. But there's millions of other fucking things that we also like and don't like at the same time. Oi's a good example.

Bryan: But it's only part of it. I guess there are lots of bands that are like, "We are this, this is what we are. Just one thing." And we've successfully avoided ever being that. To this day still. We have another record coming out and really people shouldn't feel like they know what to expect. And that gives us the freedom to do whatever the hell we want. Oi's just part of it. There's a certain spirit in there.

Greg: Yep.

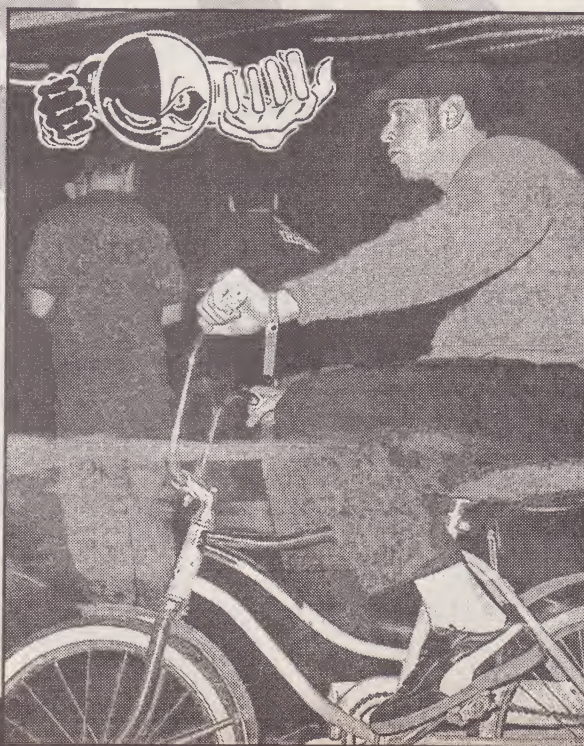
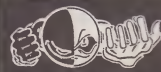
\$: Your music is definitely injected with spirit.

Greg: That's the part of it I always liked.

Todd: You guys have good chants.

Bryan: Chants too. It's all about the chants.

\$: Have you ever been confused with Soul Coughing?





Bryan: I've never even heard them, but our sound guy went on tour with them.

\$: I don't know much about them.

Bryan: [lightbulb] Oh, because of the word "soul."

Greg: Oh, lots of other names too, like: Wailing Souls, Burning Souls. What's that big one?

Todd: Soul Asylum.

\$: Soul Side.

Bryan: There's a couple of "[Verb] Souls" that get a little close. Like Wailing Souls.

\$: What's your definition of soul?

Bryan: That's a good one.

Greg: Soul is the expression of yourself. Whatever you are. Whatever you do.

Bryan: There's soul in this sticker collage.

\$: OK.

Bryan: I don't know. I'd have to think real hard.

Greg: It's whatever you do.

Bryan: It's hard to define.

\$: So the soul is not, as Nietzsche contends, meager, ghastly and famished?

Bryan: Well there's soulless music. Minimum of soul. Like that electronic shit. Shit that's completely computer. To me that's maybe like a minimum. The least organic.

Greg: But it's still an expression of someone's soul.

Bryan: It's just me. My version. My reaction.

Greg: Yeah, yeah.

Bryan: [making a suggestion] We could write a book about it.

\$: Do the New Jersey Nets have one? A soul, that is?

Bryan: Yeah, sure.

Greg: I hope so.

\$: They better find one

Bryan: They're the living dead.

\$: Is New Brunswick associated with Brunswick bowling manufacturers? Is it like the bowling capital of the world?

Greg: There's not even a bowling alley in the town.

\$: Is it near Rutgers?

Greg: It is where Rutgers is.

\$: [Sarcastic] So you're all Rutgers alumni.

Greg: No.

Bryan: We're alumni of hanging around the area.

Greg: Exactly. We've played a few benefits there.

[Wig, the tour manager, and Shal, the drummer, enter]

Bryan: Wig went to Rutgers and graduated. He's our college graduate friend. We're dropouts.

\$: Describe the ideal Bouncing Souls groupie.

Greg: Hal! Ideal.

\$: You know, soccer ball earrings...

Bryan: The ideal Bouncing Souls groupie is someone who bakes really good cookies.

Greg: Snacks!

Shal: Special cookies.

Bryan: That's good. Maybe after this Flipside comes out that's how we'll get things started.

Greg: Boxes and boxes of cookies. Homemade items.

Bryan: Food good.

Shal: Bryan bad.

\$: Is there anything nice that can be said about Elizabeth, New Jersey? Other than the fact that it's near Newark Airport?

Bryan: Have you smelled it?

\$: Yeah.

Greg: My sister's boyfriend is from there, and he's a pretty cool guy.

Bryan: I got some tattoos there when I was young.

Shal: I grew up next to it for three years. In a town called Hillside.

\$: Is it true that the Bouncing Souls is a front for the mafia?

Bryan: Everyone in Jersey is "connected."

Shal: But we don't want to get Greg's dad in trouble.

Greg: I would like to say that my grandfather, who worked in Queens, lived in Queens, all through the '20s, '30s and '40s, used to badmouth the mafia forever. He never told me why, but I know he must have had problems with them in his business. "Italians are bad people!" he'd say.

Bryan: [Imitating Greg's grandfather] Greg, keep your nose clean!

Greg: Then, of course, all the movies came out.

Shal: But if you make a good martini, you can stay on their good side.

\$: What about this new album will surprise people?

Bryan: It's different from the last one.

Greg: The songs. It pushes more air.

Bryan: It pushes more air. I think it pushes a little more air.

\$: What the hell does that mean?

Bryan: We have this concept...

Greg: Pushing more air is the difference between like Parliament and the Misfits. Parliament pushes more air.

Bryan: A more generic explanation would be that punk in the '90s has made the mistake of trying to be too tight and clean, and it comes out kind of light in the pants. It's really fast, but you're just kind of stirring the drums. You're not going BOOSH! POW! You're going skadaladada skadaladada. You know? When you're pushing air, you just put more into everything.

Greg: A little more boss.

Todd: Speaking of Parliament, didn't your first 7" kind of sound like Parliament?

[Laughs]

Greg: We wish!

Bryan: We tried.

Wig: You guys have been exposed, man!

Bryan: Flipside. They know. "Ugly Bill." Named after our friend. We wrote a song called "PMRC." That was like not funky. We were like, "Let's write a political song! Censorship's bad!"

Greg: That tells you a lot about the Bouncing Souls. There's a million musical influences, but back then, we didn't know how to handle it. We tried to put it all into one song.

Bryan: That's it.

Greg: Like learning how to play.

Bryan: Discovering our style. There's four songs on that 7" and each one is totally different. Greg kind of raps on one song. What else is one there? "Ball of Confusion."

\$: Love and Rockets "Ball of Confusion?"

Bryan: And we totally did the Love and Rockets version.

\$: A faithful cover.

Bryan: A funky rockfest. The thing is 12 years later there's still bands out there doing the same thing.

\$: Songs from that era are making a comeback. Orgy and that Depeche Mode song. Limp Bizkit doing "Faith."

Bryan: Ooh. I hear Limp Bizkit and it reminds me of us when we were first starting out.

Greg: You guys know, being in Flipside and all, that the world of music keeps expanding. Limp Bizkit becomes a band and a lot of people are going to buy their record because it's more available. Ten years ago. Music wasn't so available.

Todd: Ten years ago you could conceivably own the

vast majority of punk records ever made. Now we probably get a hundred every three days.

Greg: New albums?

Todd: New albums. Our stacks are stacked. It's overwhelming.

Bryan: How do you narrow it down? Do you listen to everything?

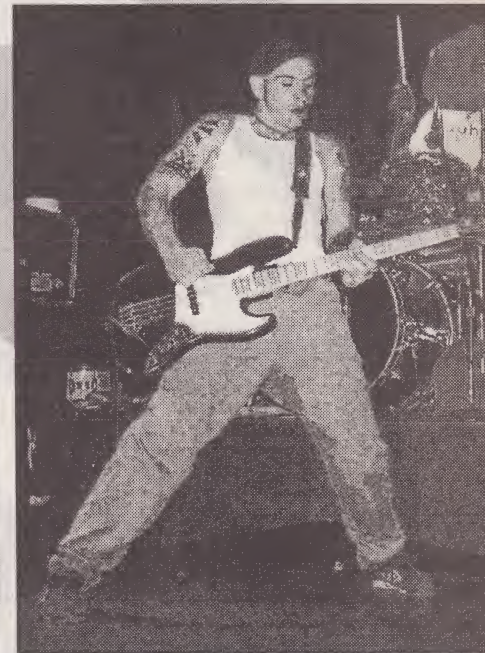
Todd: Not everything.

\$: We put it in a special vault.

Bryan: Special vault, yeah! We got one of those. [Points to trash can.]

Greg: Hey, how does this one sound [Bangs an imaginary record on the wall.] Pretty good!

\$: How's the video project coming along?



Greg: It's coming along. I'm finally learning how to use the editing system. Adobe editing system. We're gonna make a home video. And I'm on tour. So it's not coming along at the moment. When I get home I'm gonna work on it. I've got video from 7-8 years ago, but I'm just getting started really.

\$: Is it gonna be comprehensive?

Greg: The big difference is there's not gonna be a lot of live shit. It's going to be everything else a band does. And since it's mostly like using the camcorder, I'm also gonna use narration from people, people like Lamar and Rob who wrote about us on tour. Maybe letters from kids. Try to tell stories. Obviously there was no plan, so I'm going to try and edit it that way.

\$: Sounds like enough for a full-on documentary.

Greg: Kinda. I want it to be that way. Tell the story more than you just put it in and see The Bouncing Souls at the Palace. It's cool to see like a song or something, but it ain't like going to a show.

\$: Is it different living in the City?

Greg: I've lived in Queens for a little more than a year.

\$: You like it?

Greg: Yeah, mostly because I have my own place. I've never had my own place before.

\$: And where do you live?

Bryan: I live in Manhattan. About four years. It's more work. More to see, smell, hear. More sensory gratification. Which I need. I like living in a city that doesn't close down. All my life living in Jersey I always got anxiety at the end of the day. The day ending. Everything getting dark. Everyone going to bed. Now I'll go to bed at regular hours, whatever, but just knowing that there's life around, there's a certain energy that comes along with that. Living in the City. I like the crowdedness. It bugs you after a while and you need to get out the City. But there's no place I'd rather live.

☺

Whippersnapper



An Inquisitive Introduction to

Whippersnapper

by Roger Moser Jr.

Definitely not naive, wet behind the ears, nor dumb and full of cum, Whippersnapper unleash energetic intensity in the form of masterful melodicore madness full of youthful vigor and optimistic opulence. I was so overwhelmingly impressed with their recent release, "America's Favorite Pastime" on Lobster Records, I joyously jumped at the challenging chance of interviewing Andy) vibrant vocalist extraordinaire. Special thanks to Todd for his shameless support and energetic encouragement, Zack at Lobster Records for his organizational skills and zesty zeal for life, and Andy for his articulate answers and paternal patience concerning my crazy queries.

Rog: Introduce yourself and enlighten us with your instrumental prowess... also, access the inquiring readership to your ages because you appear to be whippersnappin' youngsters of the teen variety, yet you possess a sound as mature as the mold on my grandma's bohiney.

Andy: I'm Andy and I sing, write lyrics, and arrange vocals and vocal harmonies, so I'm not completely useless in the music department. I've just recently turned twenty. All of us are nineteen or twenty. When we wrote and recorded "America's Favorite..." we were eighteen and nineteen. The thing that most people don't know, especially when it comes to wondering at our age is, that we've been playing together since we were thirteen. And before that, some of us had been playing instruments for years. Pat, our drummer, started on his first kit when he was seven. Ben, one of our guitarists, has been playing since he was eleven. We've had a lot of time to get used to our instruments and the chemistry in the band. The first time Ben and I played together I had just turned thirteen. We covered "Learn to Listen" by the Ramones for a middle school talent contest.

Rog: What defining moment in your life introduced you to the ferocious purity of punkdom? Also, how about a brief rundown of all influences musically and creatively (in the soul stirring sense).

Andy: Well, it was different for all of us. I had been listening to Minor Threat, the Descendents, and the Ramones when I was a little kid, but I had no idea it was punk rock. I just thought it was really good rock'n'roll. I kind of wandered off from that sound until I started high school and Jason, our other guitarist, took me to see Lagwagon in Atlanta. I had been to all kinds of rock'n'roll shows, but this was different. Lagwagon had canceled because Derrick had an accident in Florida and so instead it was all local punk and hardcore bands. I remember watching this one hardcore band and saying to myself, wait a minute there's something different going on here. There was a feeling in the club, something that made me feel like I belonged there, and that these kids actually had something to say. I started to pay more attention to the punk scene and borrowed, bought, and bootlegged any record I could get. It was rock'n'roll in the truest sense - rebel-

lious, aggressive, and intelligent. I probably could name influences all day long, and at first it was only punk bands, but now days it's jazz, blues, early rock, classical, punk, metal, even pop. We listen to all kinds of music. I guess I could definitely say that the Beach Boys, to some extent, are a major influence for my ideas on vocals - lots of harmony, lots of parts, it came through a little on the last record, but more so in our new material.

Rog: From a personal and political perspective, what's your philosophy of punk?

Andy: Personally, I believe punk rock to be about self-determination, self-reliance, intelligent inquiry, responsibility. It's probably more of an injection of my own philosophies rather than anything resembling the truth about punk rock. Punk is not a way of thinking. If it were, we'd be in a mess of trouble since no one can agree what punk is, or stands for. Philosophically, or politically, there is such a broad spectrum in the punk scene that to say that you are a punker and expect anybody to have any idea of what that means in relation to your ideologies and politics is laughable. I get

Youth Gone Wild!

disillusioned with the scene sometimes, when I'm at shows and it just seems like some kind of social club to trade zines and records and fashion tips. An extension of some shallow high school clique. I feel ashamed to be a part of it when I go on tour and see just how much sexism and homophobia still exists within the scene. I have my philosophy and I have my politics and I don't think I consider either of them to be "punk."

Rog: Speaking of the perversity of politics, what's your humble opinion of the Clinton-based "sex scandal" and the imbecilic impeachment proceedings? Modern day witch-hunt based upon political agenda via bipartisan squabbles, or moralistic mindlessness making a mockery of loose and loutish liberalism? An up-to-date crucifixion of character, perhaps?

Andy: Bill Clinton is a greased melon in a water race with the republicans splashing after him as he slips out their grasp. And each time he slides away the American public squeals with glee. As for political agenda, I can scarcely think of any action in government that isn't politically motivated. Personally, (and I may be the only one these days) I think adultery is not "just sex" as is said in so many editorials, but an immoral act. It's the defilement of a sacred trust. He seems quite the hedonist to forfeit the higher pleasure of being a revered leader for the immediate pleasure he chose. He needs to learn that, as Nietzsche said, power over others is a poor substitute for power over one's self. The guy gets points for semantics, though.

Rog: Which of these self-promoting egotists is the biggest media whore in terms of ruthlessly pimping their idiotic image on doltish public consumption: Madonna, Bill Gates, the Pope, Courtney Love, Paula Jones, the ghost of Adolf Hitler, Kenneth Starr, Moanica Spewlinsky, Jesus Christ, or Satan himself?

Whippersnapper on Bill Clinton:
He seems quite the hedonist to forfeit the higher pleasure of being a revered leader for the immediate pleasure he chose. He needs to learn that, as Nietzsche said, power over others is a poor substitute for power over one's self.
The guy gets points for semantics, though.

Andy: I'm gonna have to go with Madonna, because so many of the others are actually supporting a belief of some kind that they want to see perpetuated. Madonna is all about consumerism. Madonna is all about selling an image. God knows it works. The only debate is whether Madonna using her sexuality to sell her music is an immoral act as an artist (to try and sell your art not based on talent but on image) or is it an expression of girl power? I don't know. I love and hate Madonna.

Rog: If given a choice, which of these maddened miscreants would you invite to a weekend camping excursion and why? Charles Manson, Cliff Clavin, Barbara "babbling" Walters, Leonardo DeCraprio, Pol Pot's skeletal remains, or me?

Andy: Probably you since you can spew just an incredible rhythm of rhetoric. Your language usage is great. I think that if I took you camping and you got drunk (which I presume you probably would) I'd get an amazing couple of hours of freestyle prose-conversation. It would be an adjective extravaganza.

Rog: In the election year of 2000, who would receive your undivided support as presidential hopeful? Howard Stern, Dee Dee Ramone, Jello Biafra, Nina Hartley, Andi Beltrano of SnapHer, or the diseased vagrant standing on the street corner seeking a small sum of pocket change?

Andy: I think I'd have to write in Jesse "the body" Ventura who just was elected governor of Minnesota as a reform party candidate. I mean, after seeing his action in the ring and on the big screen who knows what kind of political power he could pull in Washington. I can just imagine his speeches, or the selection of Mean Gene for press secretary.

Rog: Do you suppose Linda McCartney is cozily keeping John Lennon company until Yoko's imminent arrival in the afterlife? In other words, is it your opinion that Linda is currently in the ecstatic throes of performing a knee-trembling hummer on Walrus John's nether region in a loving act of sexual mercy until Yoko wings her way in?

Andy: John was such a vibrant spirit that he's probably astral projecting himself and meeting Yoko in some sort of meditative dream land that looks like the cartoons in Yellow Submarine. I don't know. I'm an agnostic and I pretty much think that the spiritualism that people feel is from mere psychological need, so I'm struggling with the answer to this one.

Rog: Thanks for, hopefully, being patient throughout my mindless meandering... one last inebriated inquiry, please. What is your highest hope for the immediate future, and what's your ultimate ambition in life (besides an ice cold brew and a hot pocket to park your penile portions within)?

Andy: My highest hope for the future is to just be able to get a steady touring schedule and rock out every night instead of just a couple of weeks a month, that and to blow away our last record with our next one which hasn't even been written yet. The ultimate ambition in my life is to be able to look back and appreciate how far I've come, how far I have to go, and that I've left something meaningful behind. Thanks for all the mindless meandering, it's been fun. ☺

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 Peachtree City, GA 30269

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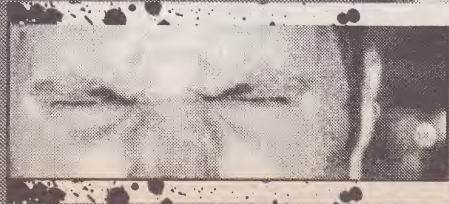


interview and photos

by Matt Average

Benumb

Benumb started in early '94. Some members are in a side band called Gray, and another member is in RWS. This current line up has been together since the early part of '95. Mike from Capitalist Casualties designed their logo, played guitar on their first seven inch, was instrumental in setting up their first EP, and has been very helpful in getting these guys the exposure they needed in the beginning. And if you're looking for some intense hardcore with some grind influences, then this is a band to put your ears to. They're one of the best of the bunch.



M.Avrq: On your earlier releases, prior to "Soul of the Martyr," there are no song titles. Why is that?

Pete: I can only put this as honestly as possible. I, as a person, really suck at making up song titles. It was like, "Why the heck bother with it, just leave 'em out." There was substance behind the lyrics, but as far as ideas for song titles... I don't know. We just left them out. A good part of laziness, and a good part of not being able to do it. I can only be honest.

M.Avrq: There's also no lyrics included either. So that along with no song titles make you guys this enigmatic band.

Pete: As far as lyrics, again, we just never sat and wrote them out. I think it was time restraints also. It was a whole lot easier to knock out a thanks list. We could get on the phone and knock that out, whereas lyrics would have taken a little more time.

M.Avrq: What are some of your lyrics about?

Pete: Some of the lyrics now are about what we feel inside, what pisses us off, the sorrow, the anger and frustration of living through everyday life.

M.Avrq: What pisses you off the most in everyday life?

Pete: In everyday life? Mostly people. Attitudes, ungratefulness. I see people as they should be grateful for what they have instead of bitching about what they don't have. It's really frustrating how heartless the world is, and how that affects other people. The way times have just turned. Look at the corporations - the corporate world is just so cut-throat. It's just put off on the rest of the world.

M.Avrq: I agree with that very much. It's becoming epidemic. It's like our heroes are the people who are

again. It seemed like it died off there for a while, after masses of people started dying. I'm talking like a decade back, or longer than that. It seemed to taper off, and now people are getting back into it. I think there's an increase, especially with that meth stuff. It's a disease. It really is, and it's really sad.

M.Avrq: How do you think this is manufactured? Like the need for people to turn towards that shit.

Pete: I personally think it starts off as boredom, as a recreational thing in the beginning, and like nicotine, it's so addictive. I don't think right in the beginning there's a real need for it. But it turns from recreation into disaster.

M.Avrq: Do you think this erosion in our self-preservation, like people turning to things like drugs, can it be reversed?

Pete: There's a whole erosion of their soul basically. The way they are to their friends, the way they are to their families, it's just everything. I've seen families destroyed from that shit. Normal, good people are eaten alive by that shit. Am I answering your question? I'm probably off on a tangent.

M.Avrq: I think people using drugs is a way of dealing with insecurities, like the way this society is structured...

Pete: I definitely think so. As a recreation, it might cover up a lot of what they're feeling about at the time.

M.Avrq: When I used to live up there, and for a while I was living in the Mission district, and I'd see people looking to score dope. It was people

Something's definitely wrong. They were trying to protect a human life. I see a bunch of loop holes coming up these days in the laws, and we got these murders on the street. I think that's kind of fucked.

M.Avrq: How do you, yourself, resist becoming part of the mass?

Pete: I try to stay away from the newspapers and TV, and I may be ignorant of what's going on, but I'm content. I'd rather be ignorant and content than have my head filled full of this crap and be pissed off about it.

M.Avrq: A friend and I were talking about this a while back. It seems that they want us to be ignorant and content because it makes it easier for them to get over on us and keep us in line.

Pete: That's a good point. I'm not saying my way is the right way or the wrong way. But for me, to stay content as a person, nobody's fucking with me, and...

M.Avrq: Yeah, at the same time I feel that way, but what information am I being given from the news?

Pete: This is one thing I've definitely learned; it's pretty obvious that what's on TV is what they want you to hear, and it's just straight out propaganda. The newspapers... It's amazing, if you read the smaller headlines in the newspapers, that's where all the crap is actually going on. The stuff they want you to read is put in the bigger headlines, and the bigger stuff is put in the small headlines and stuff like that, like which one of our leaders fucked up. They'll never bring stuff up like that. It's

As far as lyrics, again, we just never sat and wrote them out. I think it was time restraints also. It was a whole lot easier to knock out a thanks list. We could get on the phone and knock that out, where as lyrics would have taken a little more time.

fucking us over.

Pete: Exactly. It's stuff like that. Shit in our everyday lives. It's stuff we see on the street. I was working in San Francisco this one time, I think it was in the Mission district, well that's where my work is sometimes, and there was this lady that was, I think she had shot up, then the next thing you know, I had just glanced at her out of the side of my eye, and I turned around, the next thing I knew, she was dead. Lying face down in the gutter. Nobody was helping her. Nothing. A friend of hers finally came up and said, "Hey, she's dead! Somebody better call 9-1-1. She's not breathing."

M.Avrq: Do you think seeing stuff like this happen on a somewhat daily basis desensitizes us to other atrocities and makes it easier to cope?

Pete: I'm not immediately subjected to that. It's just where I work. With my job we have shifts, like I might be stuck out in the Mission one week, then another week somewhere else. It's not something I'm always subjected to. The area where I do live, and this is something that I can really talk about, over in Antioch, and eastern Contra Costa county, there is a big epidemic of methamphetamines, and just the way it destroys families. That's another thing where I can just sit and write about for days, where it just destroys families, friendships, homes, everything. It eats away at the roots.

M.Avrq: Do you think that life in general is becoming worse? Like with the whole methamphetamine thing, that seems like it's increasing in usage amongst people.

Pete: I definitely think so. It seems like nobody ever fuckin' learned. People are experimenting with heroin

you wouldn't even expect, they seemed like the people who had everything you could ever want out of life. But I guess there was some sort of need inside them that made them want to go out and start doing that shit. It was depressing.

Pete: Honestly, I think there's a lot of hurting people. They may have it all, but something's fucked up somewhere.

M.Avrq: What do you see as the biggest downfall to our society?

Pete: The biggest downfall? It would be a cross between the huge corporations swallowing the mom and pops of the world, and also drugs. It's those two things right there. It's a blanket answer, I'm sorry. But let's break it down. We all know how hard it is to even get a business started before the corporation wipes you out. That's one way, then all this crap coming down, and wiping out families right there. As far as values, I don't mean just family values, but values in general, there's a complete disregard for human life, it seems like, in the recent years. **M.Avrq:** Do you think something will eventually turn it back?

Pete: I don't know. I think it's going to get increasingly worse. There's people trying to change things. But this may not be the answer that people want to hear, but look at the restrictions that police have on them right now. Some of them need it, granted. In certain areas there should be a stronger restriction about brutality, and what they can and can't do. But at certain points they shoot the bad guy that's about to hurt somebody else, and that guy turns around and sues the cop. Something's wrong there.

Bent Bomb

amazing.

M.Avrq: I have less and less reason to turn on the news these days. I don't care that Clinton had an affair. That doesn't effect my daily life, or anyone else's. I think the whole O.J. Simpson thing, the whole Lewinsky/Clinton thing is a diversion from what's going on in our lives. It's tabloid journalism, all flash, while we're getting fucked in the end.

Pete: Not that I condone terrorism, but when America gets attacked by terrorist, there has to be a reason, they just don't do it for the hell of it. But I don't think the press or government will ever give us the real reasons why embassies are being bombed.

[After a few technical difficulties, the subject changes to something much much lighter...]

M.Avrq: How did you hook up with Relapse?

Pete: It was seriously crazy. We had gone down to LA to play with Suppression, and Jay from Abstain had seen us, and he was in contact with someone from Relapse. And a few hours later, there was a phone call on my machine. They originally just wanted to distro, but they actually liked what we were doing, and asked us to do a seven inch and this one right here [the LP/CD].

M.Avrq: What is it like to work with Relapse? I'm not too familiar with the label, and I keep hearing people slag 'em off, and I'm just wondering what's up.

Pete: To be completely honest with you, we're really happy with everything they've done for us.



When we were playing those few dates on the east coast, they really took care of us. They were like, "If you need anything, give us a call." We just kept in touch with them from day to day. It was a pleasant experience. As far as money situations for recording that CD, they got it right to us. Really, no problems. To be up front about everything, I really don't know everyone's perceptions of Relapse. They're run out of a basement of a Christmas card store in Pennsylvania. I'm not kidding you. It's an all year long Christmas store. You drive around the back, and part of the basement is the company. It's really dinky, really small. Like I said, I don't know everyone's perception of it, but I know they talk about it being this major corporation, but I've seen labels around this area that are supposedly much smaller run out of houses, as compared to where this is just run out of a basement.

M.Avrg: I've noticed the same thing myself. So-called righteous labels are sometimes more disgusting and questionable than these labels that people are slagging off.

Pete: I strongly agree. When we began just doing distro for the seven inch, Pellet Head was like, "Hey, if you want to, you can stick flyers for other bands or labels inside your seven inch." That was a good idea. But when it came time to do the seven inch, I ran the idea of making the list through that. They were the first ones to go hell yeah!

M.Avrg: You guys got a pretty good response from doing that. A lot of people were pretty excited that you do was just contribute how we could. Just trying to get the whole family thing going.

Pete: Thanks. I gotta be up front, we're lazy about a lot of stuff, as far as making flyers. What we wanted to do was just contribute how we could. Just trying to get the whole family thing going.

M.Avrg: I've noticed a few of the songs on the new album have a Noothgrush sound to 'em.

Pete: We like that slow stuff too. Noothgrush is a great band.

M.Avrg: Are you guys heading in that direction?

Pete: For the future stuff? Not really. It was something we wanted to mess around with and see how we liked it. I think we're going to be trying out something a little different this time around. Not really different, but maybe longer songs! [laughter]

M.Avrg: How long?

Pete: About maybe another thirty seconds longer!

M.Avrg: Oh no!... I'm just playing. [laughter]

Pete: Well, for us it's an eternity.

M.Avrg: This record ["Soul of the Martyr"] comes on really strong. All your records have been strong, but this one is really over the top.

Pete: Bart Thurber really did a hell of a job on it.

M.Avrg: Even the Noothgrush type stuff you did was strong, too. I like Noothgrush, and very few bands can do the slow stuff well. And you guys pull it off well.

Pete: I like Grief, Seven Foot Spleen, that type of stuff. That stuff can move the hell out of me.

M.Avrg: What is it about the slow stuff that you find appealing?

Pete: Actually, the power behind it. The agony, it just expresses it so well. It totally captures the mood. This is where I have to come down and say it, Noothgrush are the masters of mood stuff. The dark, depressing type of thing.

M.Avrg: How was the tour you guys did over

the past summer?

Pete: We owe Black Army Jacket days of props. Those are the greatest guys in the world. If I was ever to be stuck with anybody on the road again, it would be those guys. Not only did they let us borrow their equipment, they made it all possible for us. Every show we played was a blast playing with them. Dave Witte, I would have to definitely say, was the morale. It made the trip so much fun. We had drove eight hours to Asheville, North Carolina, and we had to drive up to DC and hook up and play with Pig Destroyer. We had been driving all night, and I was damn near asleep at the wheel and everything. Dave Witte had started throwing cans and damn near everything out the window. At 3:00 in the morning you see some cans flying at you while you're driving down the freeway - just stupid shit like that. It made the whole trip a lot more funner. Andrew and Rob did an excellent job of booking it. It was really a lot of good time.

M.Avrg: How was the response to you guys?

Pete: Really good. I was really pleased. Good stuff.

M.Avrg: How do the scenes differ? How is the east coast different than the west coast?

Pete: I'd say the east coast is a lot like the LA people, they're a whole lot more laid back about stuff. From what I could see about the LA people and the east coast people, they're a whole lot more laid back. I hate to say this about my own stuff over here (Bay Area), but a lot of people seem so anal retentive and pushing this PC stuff too hard, while over there (east coast), they're just lot more laid back about it. They're not afraid to joke around. Even though it might not exactly be politically correct, they realize it's just a joke and still funny. I'm not gonna take it much farther than that. They just seem more laid back.

M.Avrg: What's the best part of being in Benumb?

Pete: Honestly, it's getting to play with different bands, meet new people and make new friends. That type of thing. I gotta be upfront about it, that's the best thing - getting to meet new people and go to different places. I really, really like that a lot.

M.Avrg: How would your life be different if you weren't doing the band?

Pete: I'd probably be spending a lot more time in school. Doing something to that effect. I think I would have been more of a scholar. That takes too much time.

M.Avrg: So, Benumb's getting in the way of your higher education? [laughter]

Pete: At times. The way I see it is, either do one thing or the other. Trying to burn a candle at two ends you're going to burn out real quick.

M.Avrg: Tell me about it... I guess tell us your future plans and if you want to give out an address or anything.

Pete: I just want to mention something else, and I hope this isn't going to sound like a plug. Relapse has just started this really cool thing, at least something I thought was cool. Relapse is starting this "street team," where they give these kids these flyers and stickers to give to their friends, drop off at record stores, and bring them to shows to pass out, along with CDs. Each month they get a choice of a free shirt, or a free CD, and they even get into the Relapse shows for free. If anyone is interested, just call the credit card number and ask for Chip. The number is 1-800-303-0606. Tell Tom, the Annoying One sent you! [laughter]. Matt, thank you for this interview. Support the scene. Fuck if it's metal, fuck if it's whatever. Dave Witte, if you're reading this, guess what finger I'm holding up. ☺

**Benumb, 2405 Sunset
Drive, Antioch, CA
94509 USA**

HOTRODDING TO HELL WITH...

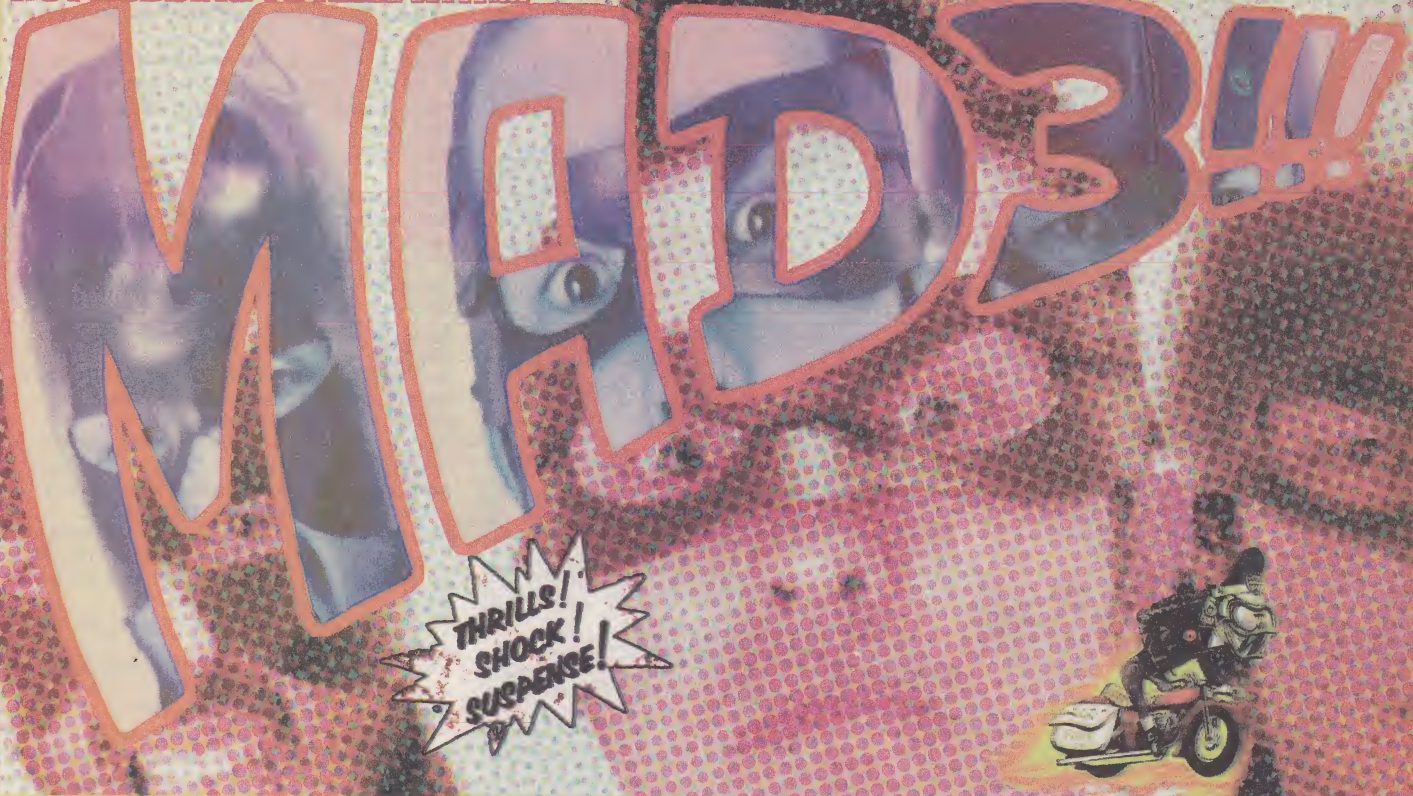


photo by Lynn Werner

Amidst a sleepy Tuesday night in the bowels of Hollywood, the club known as Bar Delux received a thundering blast of rock'n'roll assault from Japan. Three bandits on a musical mission to kick everyone's ass took the stage and took no prisoners. Meet Mad 3, the most phenomenal band to hit the stage since the days of the Iggy and the Stooges, The New York Dolls, The Flamin' Groovies, The Who, The Kinks, you name it, you got it all in one neat package from the land of the rising sun. Eddie the Guitar Legend is a consummate showman with his unparalleled guitar work. He's a genetic splice of Davie Allen, Link Wray, and Eddie Cochran with the moves of Elvis Presley. Drummer Kyo bashes his drums without abandon and sets the rhythm for bassist Haruto and his atomic strength bass bombs. This interview was conducted in front of Bar Delux by a barrage of interviewers; Tim "Jesse the Body for President" from Pomona, Edwin, and yours truly. Thanks to everyone in Mad 3 and their girlfriends, Kenji from Time Bomb Records (not 1+2, sorry Kenji) for translation duties, Steve Baise, Ralph and Rob from Tigermask, Janice and her doggie Willow at Bar Delux, Long Gone John of Sympathy for the Record Industry for putting out the latest Mad 3 masterpiece, "Teenage Delinquent," Brett Crypt for not buying me that beer he promised, and Todd Flipside for letting me do whatever the fuck I want! Hop on, shut up, and read! Party!

Nam: OK what is your favorite drink?

Eddie: Drink?

[Kenji (from Time Bomb Records): translates in Japanese.]

Haruto: Every alcohol.

Eddie: Dr. Pepper.

Kyo: Coffee.

Nam: Tell me about your new album, "Teenage Delinquent."

Haruto: It's a lyrical one.

Eddie: Uhhh... just rock'n'roll opera.

Kyo: It's a concept album.

Nam: Tell me about the concept because I can hear three distinctive sounds. Did you intend to divide the album that way to represent the three different people in the band?

[Mad 3 enlists the aide of Kenji once again to translate. I'm realizing that the bulk of my rhetorical English questions are futile.]

Eddie: This is rock n' roll history. 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s - all rock n' roll.

Nam: So you're 50's Eddie, Kyo is 60s, and Haruto is 70s!

Everyone: [jovial unison] Yeah!

Nam: What bands do you like?

Eddie: Kinks...

Edwin: King Crimson?

Eddie: No, Kinks. Yeah, Kyo likes King Crimson. Uhh, Link Wray, Davie Allen, Vibrators...

Nam: Yeah you guys do a great cover of that Vibrators song. You didn't play it tonight. You didn't play "Invader" either. [I screamed for "Invader," their far-out, crunchy space themed single on Estrus Records, at least 4 times to no avail. I'm letting Eddie have it for that one.]

Eddie: ...uhh, John Lee Hooker, Johnny Thunders, and the New York Dolls.

Haruto: Captain Bee-ond.

Edwin: Captain Beefheart?

Haruto: No, Captain Beyond. Suh - word - ba - tim - oh.

Edwin: What?!

Haruto: S-I-R...

Nam: Sir Lord Baltimore! Yes!

Yes! I know!

Haruto: ...and Motorhead!

Nam: OK, Mod Man (Kyo) it's your turn to tell us your favorite bands!

Kyo: Kinks, Small Faces, Machine, Blues Magoos, and 13th Floor Elevators, uhhh... Mothers of Inventions...uhhhh...

[Mad 3 discuss in Japanese. Special guest interviewer Tim from Pomona steps up to the mic.]

Tim from Pomona: There's one thing I want to know as far as American culture and Japanese culture, one thing I understand about Japanese culture is, if you have a cold in the nose and your nose is running, [Nam feigns a sneeze to demonstrate] if you blow your nose [Tim makes nose blowing sounds to resolve the bands puzzled look], it's not good. It's not good.

Eddie: Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

We have tissue paper but Europeans, Americans handkerchief.

[What!?!]

Tim: You mean we use our hands?!

Edwin: Tissues for use in Japan.

Nam: Handkerchiefs are American?!

Kyo: I use handkerchief.

Edwin: You use handkerchief! That is no good!

Eddie: Many Japanese people use tissue paper.

Tim: To blow your nose? I heard it was very rude to do that in public. It's like cutting a fart.

[Mad 3 turn to the translation guidance of Kenji.]

Tim: In American culture it's like [aural translation with fart noise].

Eddie: Hah!?

Nam: No, maybe Tim heard it wrong. Back to the interview! Now you have 3 different influences, was it hard to make an album because you have such different influences?

[Sing with me everyone in a 50s western TV theme styled song:

"Kenji's translation to the rescue!"]

Kenji: These all guys listen to different music but it's basically that they like same root music. I think it's kind of a very basic rock'n'roll

By Namella J. Kim
pictures by Eri Shibata





sound so it's not hard to play together.

Nam: I understand the first two Mad 3 albums were shaky, like not quite sure of yourselves. Now I read in a press release that you are more confident. Do you still have side project bands? I know Eddie played with The 5,6,7,8's for awhile.

Eddie: Yeah, yeah, long time ago. Uhhh... 5,6,7,8's... you know Yoshiko from the band and me play in the Zero Kings. It's 50s type band.

Tim: I want to know what do you guys think of the American version of Godzilla.

Kyo: Bullshit!

[Everyone agrees with a spill of laughter.]

Kyo: Fuck.

Eddie: Japanese is better.

Kenji: American Godzilla is not Godzilla.

Nam: American Godzilla is ugly!

Tim: American Godzilla is stupid!

Nam: Japanese Godzilla is cool.

Eddie: Yeah, cool.

Tim: If I were a kid, I wouldn't play with the American Godzilla. Fuck that shit!

Kenji: American Godzilla is same as, looks like the same as Jurassic Park.

Nam: Yes, yes, dinosaur, not quite a monster.

Eddie: Not like human. [I think he means not like a guy running around a miniature town set wearing a suit.]

Tim: Is the American Godzilla a big movie in Japan?

Eddie: So-so.

Tim: But people know the truth, they know it sucks.

Kenji: You can see a lot of TV promos and commercials but people say, "Blaahhhargh!"

Tim: Do you think American Rodan will be worse?

Eddie: What happen to interview please?

Nam: I don't know. Tim, we don't care.

Kyo: Who is the guy?

Nam: No, no, it's OK. I asked Tim to help with the interview.

Tim: Even Americans know that the American Godzilla sucks! I was just curious to see if the Japanese audience liked it or if they thought it was wuss. So the answer is world wide.

Nam: Yes, it's indisputable right here. It sucks, it blows, it stinks.

Tim: It's terrible. They shouldn't even call it Godzilla.

Nam: I read you made a music video with Coop directing. I read in an interview with Coop in Cheeseball zine that he is directing a video for Mad 3.

Eddie: Huh? [He looks bewildered and flattered at the same time] Yeah?

Kenji: He wanted or he doing?

Eddie: No, no, no, no, no.

[Kenji translated in the midst of the ballyhoo. Mad 3 are buzzing as if Nam spoke the name of a holy deity.]

Eddie: I want [Coop to direct our video].

Nam: The article I was reading states that Coop is directing a video for "The Mad Three," a speed thrash band. I was like, no it can't be them but who else could it be.

Eddie: Coop knows [the bands' existence]?

Nam: Yeah, well he said you guys were a thrash band. You guys aren't a thrash band. No, not at all. So that's news to us. Thanks for clarifying that. So Eddie what kind of hair products do you use for your hair?

[Not since "Kookie" Edd Byrnes have I seen use a perfect pomp rest upon a man's skull.]

Eddie: Uh motor grease. Motorcycle grease! Japanese grease, name of is Kool Grease.

Nam: Kyo what do you put in your hair?

Kyo: Only water.

Nam: Haruto, you have long hair. Tell me how you keep it nice and long.

Haruto: Yeah uhh, using own oil. My own. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Tim: What is the one thing you don't like about America?

Eddie: Everybody is tall.

Kyo: I think toilet. Toilet is higher than Japanese toilet. [Makes struggle noises to demonstrate the difficulty at which Japanese men experience while relieving

themselves in American urinals. Thus the "everyone's tall" complaint is sympathized.]

Haruto: Every food is too much for me. Too much volume for me.

Edwin: What?

Nam: Yes you're right, too much volume. Americans eat big, fat slob portions.

Tim: You don't like McDonald's?

Haruto: I like it.

Eddie: I like Burger King.

Nam: How many albums do you guys have out?

Eddie: Two albums ["Jack the Violence" and "Teenage Delinquent"], one 10" ["Napalm in the Morning"] and 7".

Nam: Why did you change from doing "Napalm in the Morning" with Estrus to Sympathy for "Teenage Delinquent"?

Eddie: No reason.

Kenji: They just decide. Somebody offer to them.

Nam: Are you under contract?

Kenji: No, signed to Time Bomb, license to Sympathy.

Nam: I have to ask a stupid question for Eddie. Do you know Squeaky? Squeaky and I are friends and last time he came to LA he said, "Oh Eddie is such a handsome man. Maybe Eddie should be a model."

[Mad 3 share Squeaky stories in Japanese.]

Nam: Squeaky writes for Flipside as well and he was saying what a handsome man you are! No he is not gay. He has a girlfriend. He says, "Eddie is a very handsome man and he dresses very well. He should be a model." So do you ever think about modeling?

Eddie: Modeling?

Kyo: He is sometimes modeling... for shit magazines!

Haruto: Japanese magazine, *Composite*, name and he is sometimes modeling.

Nam: I think Haruto should model for hair. I like Haruto's hair. He looks very wise with long hair.

Eddie: I have some news. I have a hot rod car. It's 1930s



Nam: Ford Model A, high boy street rod.

Nam: No way! How much did you pay?

Eddie: 2 million... yen... 2 million.

Nam: 2 million dollars!?

Eddie: I am sorry, no.

Nam: Do you race a lot?

Kyo: Like "American Graffiti."

Nam: Do you have blonde women drive up and say, "I love you"?

Eddie: Yeah. And I like BSA motorbike.

Haruto: I have a Harley.

Nam: Do you have ape hangers?

Everyone: No!

Nam: He's too short.

Haruto: I have '79 Shovelhead in orange. And I...

Kyo: ...shopping to 7-11 everyday.

Nam: Wait, let me guess, Kyo, you drive a Nissan!

Kyo: Nissan? No, no, no Toyota. Toyota Crown. Old car.

Nam: Eddie, how do you get that mean guitar sound?

Eddie: Mean? I use a fuzz box. Yeah, Bigmouth and Unibox, Superfuzz, Japanese Hani [?], and Roland Busy As a Beaver. I use a lot of fuzz.

Nam: Haruto how do you get that bass sound? Your bass is too LOUD! BOOM!

Haruto: I use '71 Gibson EB3 and attachments sound amp only and Honda [?] made hotbox, sometimes use.

Kyo: Japanese friend make for him.

Nam: Wow, a Haruto model pedal. Hi! Kyo, I noticed a lot of Keith Moon influence.

Kyo: I love Keith Moon.

Eddie: John Bonham.

Nam: What is best about America?

Eddie: Now? Flamin' Groovies...

Nam: They were a long time ago!

Eddie: Cramps.

Nam: Yeah Lux Interior is here!

Everyone: Yaah!

Kyo: Big fun with Ivy!

Nam: What about everyone else? You can't say the Devil Dogs.

Kyo: Phantom Surfers!

Everyone: Yeah!

Kyo: Supernova!

Nam: Haruto, what about you? And please don't say Motorhead.

Haruto: Motorhead!

Nam: No, please don't say Motorhead, we know that already!

Haruto: Black Sabbath

[They're English not American!]

Nam: Do you like Nashville Pussy?

Kyo: Mr. Big?

Nam: Mr. Big?! What the fuck is that?

Haruto: Mad 3!

Nam: Haruto, American bands please.

Kyo: Teengenerate! Gasoline!

WHY NAME MAD 3?

Kenji: All three go mad...

Eddie: We want to be caveman.

Caveman is very mad.

Kenji: Caveman music is roots of rock'n'roll.

Eddie: Jungle beat, voodooism.

Nam: Voodoo? Now I am scared.

Eddie: Outer space!

Haruto: Uhhhh... Bad Brains!

Kyo: He loves HR.

Nam: What is your favorite cartoon? Captain Harlock?

Eddie: [befuddled] Yeah! Captain Harlock!? Wow! Do you know Queen Emeraldas?

Nam: No.

Eddie: That is his girlfriend.

Nam: Oh, OK. You said you like Flintstones, why?

Eddie: Pebbles.

Kyo: Invisibles. Super 3.

[Mad 3 talks amongst themselves in Japanese.]

Eddie: Impossible.

Nam: Oh like Josie and the Pussycats.

Haruto: Japanese call the Super 3.

Nam: Like Mad 3!

Everyone: Yeah!

Nam: Is that where you get ideas from?

Eddie: Sorry? Ah yeah.

Nam: Do you get ideas from cartoons?

Eddie: Ah yes, yes cartoons. Do you know Ultraman?

Nam: Yes, yes!

Eddie: And Camelrider[?].

Haruto: Mazinga.

Nam: The Mazinga toys are very expensive in America.

Haruto: I like Devil Man and...

Nam: You don't like Goldar or Giant Robot and Johnny Socko?

Eddie: Yeah! It's cool.

Kyo: Now I like South Park.

Nam: Wait, you like South Park? How do you understand the American humor?

Kyo: Little.

Nam: Well next time I'll have my friend translate and we'll send you the tape.

Kyo: No, I have video tape 1,2,3.

Nam: Any words for American fans?

Eddie: Words? What? The question is difficult. Rock'n'roll never dies.

Haruto: Keep crazy.

Kyo: Keep Mad!

Nam: Tell me the story behind Mad 3?

Eddie: Behind?

Edwin: History.

Eddie: Oh history, it's so long.

Edwin: Origin.

Nam: How did you meet all 3?

Edwin: Why name Mad 3?

Kenji: All three go mad.

Kyo: In Japan I always broke the drum set. Arrgh! After the show. Blood all over the place.

Nam: What? You?

Kyo: I hit cymbal.

Nam: Did you recover? Is that why you have bangs?

Kyo: No...

[He lifts his bangs to show me a perfect forehead free of scars.]

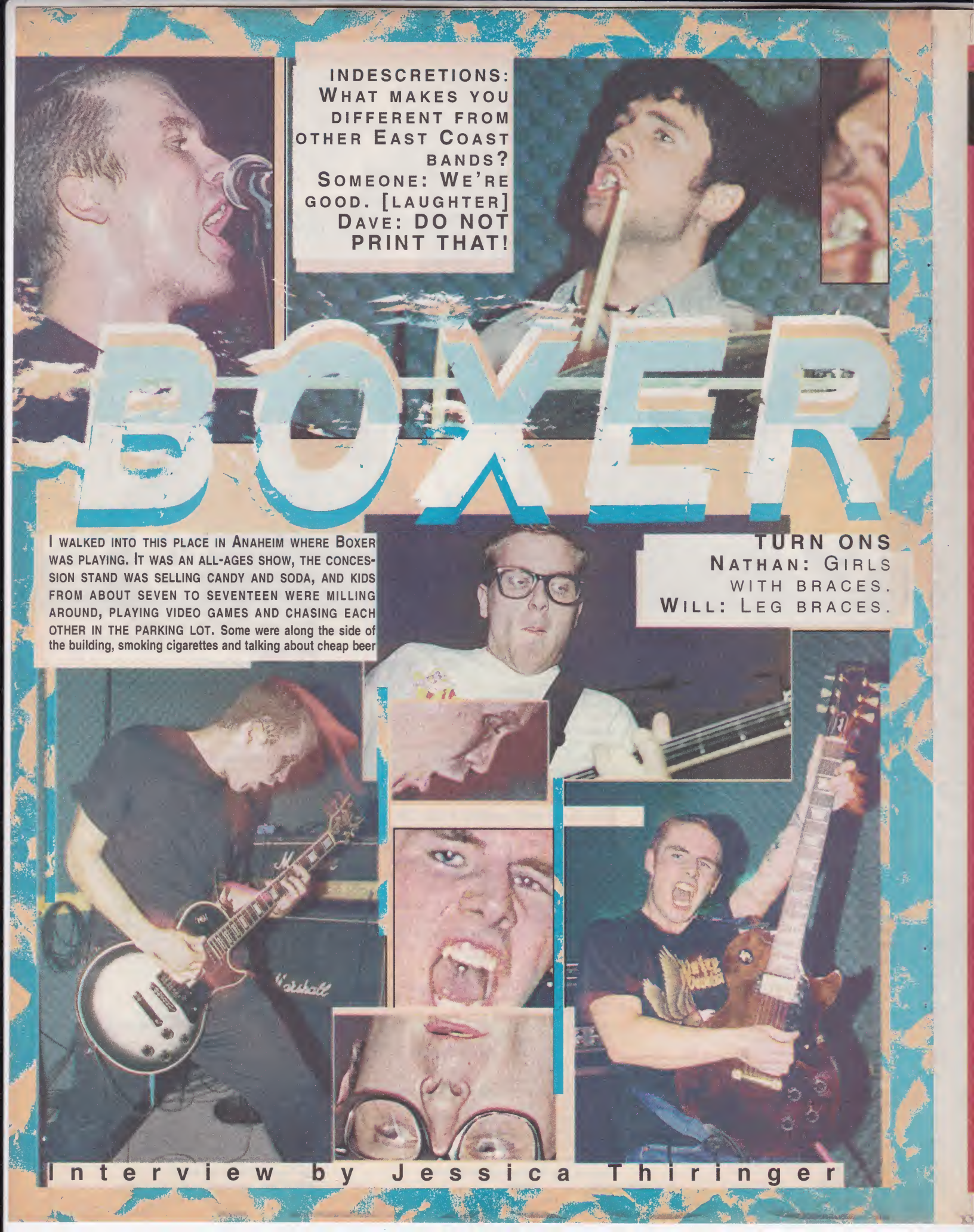
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Nam: Voodoo? Now I am scared.

Eddie: Outer space! \$



INDECRETIONS:
WHAT MAKES YOU
DIFFERENT FROM
OTHER EAST COAST
BANDS?
SOMEONE: WE'RE
GOOD. [LAUGHTER]
DAVE: DO NOT
PRINT THAT!

BOXER

I WALKED INTO THIS PLACE IN ANAHEIM WHERE BOXER WAS PLAYING. IT WAS AN ALL-AGES SHOW, THE CONCESSION STAND WAS SELLING CANDY AND SODA, AND KIDS FROM ABOUT SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN WERE MILLING AROUND, PLAYING VIDEO GAMES AND CHASING EACH OTHER IN THE PARKING LOT. Some were along the side of the building, smoking cigarettes and talking about cheap beer

TURN ONS
NATHAN: GIRLS
WITH BRACES.
WILL: LEG BRACES.



Interview by Jessica Thiringer

and Boone's wine. Inside, the older ones were hanging along the walls, trying to look cool and poised. I wasn't sure what to expect. I felt OLD, to say the least. But you know what they say... if the kids are united...

Boxer holds the vision of a united punk world close to their large, tender hearts. They may seem idealistic at times, but at least they aren't bitter, burnt-out or jaded. Their enthusiasm and teamwork is almost contagious and their super high-speed show was amazing. It's so refreshing... someone has to have the job of proudly carrying the torch high. Dave (vocals), Matt (guitar), Will (bass), Jeremy (guitar) and Nathan (drums) work so well together. They have multiple roles in the band. They all play brother, friend, confidant and moral cheerleader to each other, without losing a shred of their own personalities. They watch out for each other, tease each other, give each other support and build each other up. Their unstated philosophy seems to be "United we stand, divided we fall..."

Don't get me wrong... these boys are no cream puffs... they are just as full of tough, trash-talkin' Northeastern attitude and swagger as they are full of nice-guy charm and manners, so don't be fooled for even a second. They played all the songs from their album, "The Hurt Process" with nothing but pure adrenaline. I was completely unprepared for such loud sound, for such action, such a live show! They whipped those youngsters into a frothing frenzy in a heartbeat.

They were so amped up after the show that they were, at several times during the interview, talking so loudly over each other that it was really hard to transcribe the tape. The quotes are accurate, but at some points, it was difficult to tell just who was saying what. So if I've attributed the quotes to the wrong person at any point in time, I'm really sorry.

Will: Hello... testing... testing. Hello, Boxer interview, Take One.

Nathan: Ask a question, ask the magic one.

Matt: Why are you so fucking tall?

Will: Wow, these are hard questions.

Dave: 'Cause I grew up near Chernobyl.

Matt: Are we recording?

Jessica: Yes, we are recording.

Matt: There will be fights later.

Will: OK, just don't say anything dumb like last night.

Jeremy: I wanna prepare, let me see the questions. I want time to prepare.

Nathan: Teacher, can we have the questions before the test?

Jessica: OK, rank, file and serial number.

Dave: I'm the singer. I'm tall.

Nathan: I drum and I'm not as tall.

Matt: I play guitar.

Will: I play bass and I'm German.

Jeremy: Hey, I'm J. Money. I play guitar.

Jessica: J. Money?

Jeremy: J. Money. J. Money, baby. No. I'm just called Jeremy. Jeremy Money.

Matt: [to Jeremy] What, you think this is a game or something?

Jessica: OK, let's get the preliminaries out of the way. Where are you from, when did you get together, how did you get together, what do you get out of this?

Will: Boston, Mass.

Jeremy: Me and Dave, we've known each other since high school.

Dave: Me and Jeremy went to Catholic high school together.

Jeremy: Shirts tucked in, no hair below the collar.

Dave: We use to go down by the gym and play Metallica songs on our guitars.

Jeremy: We're all about the East Coast.

All: EAST COAST!

Jeremy: It's a tough place to be, the East Coast.

Nathan: We're about the East Coast, the West Coast, and everywhere in between.

Will: But we love Boston.

Dave: This is our first national tour, our second tour in all. We're about a month out.

Jessica: What's been your favorite place so far?

Nathan: Phoenix.

Will: Tonight was awesome.

Dave: Yeah, tonight was pretty fuckin' awesome.

Will: South Carolina was awesome. New Bedford...

Nathan: I like Phoenix because of all the pretty girls. No, they have a great tattoo parlor, though.

Jessica: What is your perception of your sound?

Will, Matt, Nathan: Rock'n'roll.

Dave: ROCK'N'FUCKIN' ROLL. Fuckin' A.

Will: Big rock.

Dave: Rock'n'roll with punk rock ethics.

All: Yeah.

Jessica: What keeps you committed to anything?

Will: The fact that I don't have a house and I have to pay for this freakin' van.

Nathan: The fact that we love the music.

Dave: It's my dream since I was five years old.

Jeremy: My Nana.

Dave: Motley Crue has a lot to do with us being a band.

Will: Yes.

Matt: They defined rock. If there's anything you want to know about Motley Crue, just ask one of us.

Dave: Motley Crue, if you're reading this, we would like to play with you.

Jeremy: We saw today there's this contest to open up for them in your home town.

Dave: Maybe you should not put a picture of us in, a just put one of the Crue in. Or, you could have a picture of Motley Crue with our heads pasted on theirs.

Matt: I did that once.

Dave: Yeah, Matt had a shrine to Motley Crue.

Jeremy: That kid whose face I fucked up, he said, "Geez, is everyone from Boston so polite?" I kept apologizing. I was like, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry." I feel bad.

Dave: Yeah, he busted a guy's eye out with his guitar.

Jessica: What do you guys listen to when you're traveling across the country?

[All at once and all shouting over each other: Hot Water Music, Rocket from the Crypt, Motley Crue, Foo Fighters, Weezer, Jimmy Eat World, Reverend Horton Heat, Johnny Cash, Ventures, Bullet Boys.]

Dave: Johnny Cash... ahhh... Johnny Cash... can you tell Matt likes Johnny Cash? He's wearing all black, folks.

Jessica: What do you like and dislike about each other while on the road?

All: Oh no... tough question...

Will: The only problems we have with each other are problems everybody would have when you're stuck in a van for hours and days on end.

Nathan: We're brothers. Brothers from different mothers. We get along great.

Jeremy: Whenever problems come up, we discuss it when it happens and we get it over with.

Dave: I don't have any one specific thing that someone could do. We're all cool. Matt's nickname is Angel, 'cause he's the nicest person in the world.

Jeremy: He's so cute. He blushes. All the time.

Matt: It's hard being so damn nice. We're very moody.

Jessica: What makes you different from other East Coast bands?

Someone: We're good. [laughter]

Dave: DO NOT PRINT THAT! We're just kidding, anyway.

Matt: We're not about competing with other bands.

Will: Our music is different. I think we have a different sound.

Matt: We try not to restrict ourselves to one sound.

Nathan: We all listen to different things. We're not hardcore, we're not emo, we're not punk, although we've been called all of those things. We just write our songs. And then we play 'em.

Dave: And we all love toothpicks. So if there's any toothpick companies listening, we'd like an endorsement.

Matt: We chew on toothpicks 24-7. We even sleep with 'em in our mouths.

[Rich and Kevin from Vagrant approach]

Dave: Rich is the nicest man in the world. He is a great businessman. We love Vagrant. We love our label. They're the greatest. [the band starts clapping]

All: WE LOVE VAGRANT!

Matt: No shit. We went in there, and we were picking stuff up. They were like, "You want that? Take it!"

Rich: They steal all the shit... there weren't boxes big enough to carry it all out.

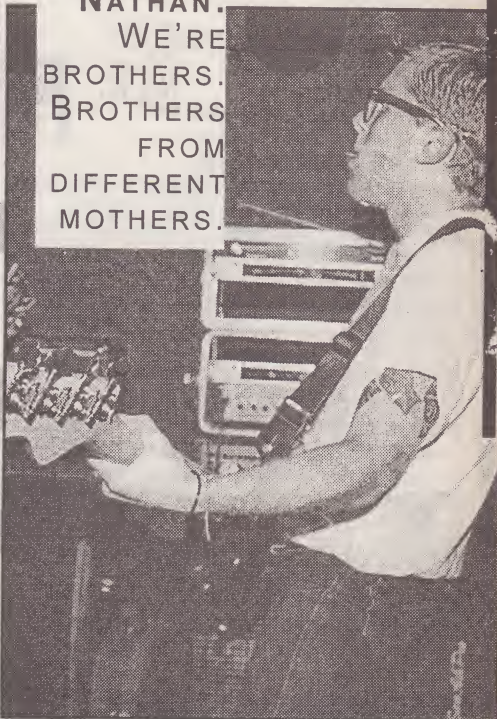
Dave: I was making one. Everyone was like, "What are you doing?" I was like, "I'm making a bigger box!" [laughs sheepishly]

Matt: I was like, "Do you think I could have this?" And they were all, "Yeah, it's our label. We can do whatever we want. We're allowed to do that."

Jessica: How do you feel about all-ages shows?

All: We love 'em. They're the best. They're awesome.

NATHAN:
WE'RE
BROTHERS.
BROTHERS
FROM
DIFFERENT
MOTHERS.



Jessica: Why?

Dave: Young girls.

Nathan: I think it's dumb when kids can't go to a show because they're not old enough. I mean, if they want to go and enjoy the music, that's all that counts.

Matt: Who says a 17-year-old kid can't enjoy music? Who's to say who can and can't come listen to music?

Will: They want to make more money off the bar. Kids have to find other places to have shows and all the clubs are going to start missing out on good bands.

Jessica: Pretty much, what are the differences you've seen in the scenes from coast to coast?

Dave: You know what I've noticed? It's weird. We'll go to a small town and these kids... they just go to every show. A band comes through and they all go.

Will: We were in Gainesville and there was a kid at one of our shows and I asked him who he came to see and he said he said he just came to check out what was going on. You won't find that in Boston. In Boston kids only go to shows if they've heard of the band and if they like them.

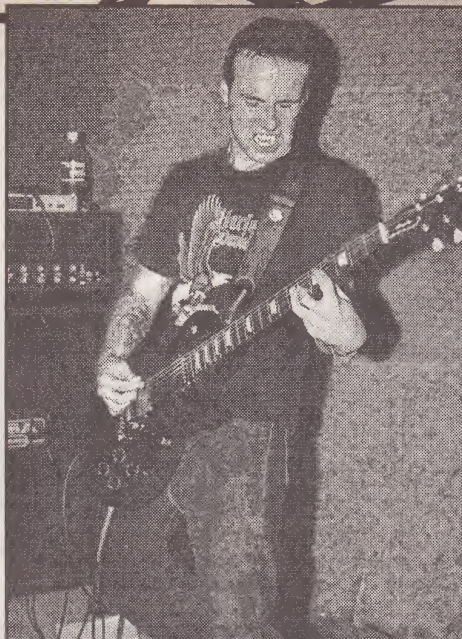
Nathan: I think lots of cities are like that. Kids aren't like that in small towns.

Jessica: Have you picked up any habits on the road that you normally wouldn't indulge in?

Nathan: We have so many little things...

BOXER

Matt: We have the Boxer sound off.
Dave: OK, Let's do it. Start with Jeremy.
Jeremy: [shouting] Boxer sound off! One!
Will: Two!
Matt: Three!
Nathan: Four!
Dave: Five!
All: FUCK YEAH! [five fists shoot into the air]
Matt: Normally we'd punch the top of the van.
Nathan: We do it so we make sure we didn't forget anyone.
Dave: We forgot Matt once. We were all, "Boxer sound off! One, two, three, four... uh... um... where's... uh..." [looking around]
Will: We found him in a shower all curled up in the fetal position, shaking.
Nathan: No we didn't.
Dave: It makes a good story, though.
Jessica: Do you have any questions you'd like to ask each other? Is there anything you don't know about someone that you'd like to find out?
Will: I live with these guys. We know everything.
Matt: I have one.
Dave: What is it?
Jeremy: Tell us about your first date.
Dave: Why are you so cool?
Will: Yeah, why?
Rich: I'm not even gonna answer that.
Dave: Wait, Matt has a question.
Matt: I forgot your middle name.
Dave: It's Allen. David Allen. I don't know your middle name.
Matt: Wally. It's Walter. I was tormented as a child. The other kids used to taunt me and say, "Matt Wally Walker. Matt Wally Walker." Everybody had normal names like Fred and Dan and Tom and stuff.
Will: I'm William Jay Kerr the Fifth.
Jeremy: I'm Jeremy William McDowell.
Dave: Nathan, what's your middle name? You don't have one, do you?
Nathan: Robert.
Jessica: Oh yes... something about a bad reputation you guys wanted to clear up? [They all groan...]
Will: Apparently we beat up a cop or something. I don't know.
Matt: Do we seem like bad guys to you?
Dave: This is what happened...
Nathan: Shit just happens and we get blamed for it.
Will: I mean, it's ridiculous.
Dave: [in a reproachful tone] Here's what happens. This is why we have a bad reputation. Because little



BOXER

hardcore kids get on the Internet and spread rumors about us. I swear, that's why. Not that I don't like little hardcore kids, but that's why.

Jeremy: Honestly, we're really nice guys.

Dave: Really nice. We'd like to clear everything up now. Whatever we did to start rumors, we're sorry. It was the beer.

Jessica: I'll vouch.

Nathan: We're nice guys.

Matt: We're really nice. We didn't do anything.

Will: It's just a sore subject. 'Cause I hate people thinking things about me when they don't know me personally.

Nathan: Yeah. People just make up rumors and they just spread.

Will: People call me up and say, "Oh, I read this and you said this and did that." Whatever.

Nathan: It would be one thing if we did those things.

Jessica: What really turns you on?

Jeremy: Whoa...

Dave: Wow.

Nathan: Girls with braces.

Will: Leg braces. [laughter]

Dave: Oh my God! Oh my God!

Jeremy: You know what I love? I love punk rock girls 'cause they're tough. I love tough girls. I just love tough girls. Any girl that's tough... I'll love her.

Dave: I love strong women.

Will: You know turns me on? Creepers.

Nathan: Knee-highs.

Matt: Tattoos.

Dave: Tattoos.

Nathan: Girls with sleeves. Tats...

Will: Lots of tattoos.

Nathan: Girls with full sleeves, come to me!

Matt: I have to say this... my girlfriend turns me on. [everyone coos and claps]

Dave: Ahhh... Angel.

Jeremy: Matt's girlfriend turns... turns... Matt on.

Dave: Matt's girlfriend turns everyone in the band on. I have to admit it.

Jeremy: Do you see that girl over there? She's just spikey... tough... so I like her.

Jessica: Do you want her to beat you up?

Jeremy: Yeah... I want her to... to take her spikes and poke me.

Jessica: What are your weaknesses?

Jeremy: Girls with spikey hair.

Nathan: My testicles.

Will: Jeremy's weakness is just girls in general.

Jeremy: My other weakness is Batman toys. I would spend my last dollar on old Batman toys.

Nathan: Tattoos are my weakness. We have favorite parlors in Kansas City and Phoenix.

Jessica: If you could do anything with no consequences, what would you do?

Jeremy: Can we come back to that one? I want to be honest, but I don't want to sound like a wuss either.

Dave: This is kind of broad, but I would do whatever the fuck I wanted, since there would be no consequences.

Will: I would break down all the walls and separations in the scene. I know it sounds gay, but there's too much separation. Ska kids are ska kids, punk kids are punk kids, hardcore kids are hardcore. Back in the day it wouldn't matter. A hardcore kid doesn't feel he can go to punk shows, and ska kids won't go to punk shows because they're afraid they'll get made fun of for wearing their plaid and stuff. I think that's stupid. I think everybody should just enjoy whatever type or types of music they like.

Nathan: I just want to beat the crap out of someone with a baseball bat.

Will: I wanna hear Jeremy's answer.

Nathan: Yeah, I wanna hear your answer.

Dave: You're not gonna cry, are you?

Jeremy: No! I would go to heaven and visit my dead grandmother.

Jessica: Matt, did you think of an answer yet?

Matt: Everything's about consequences for me. There's consequences for everything.

Will: Matt is a worry wart.

Matt: If I could, I would be on tour and with my girlfriend at the same time.

Jeremy: Matt won't get an ulcer because he laughs constantly. He makes everything so much funnier because he'll laugh for 10 minutes.

Matt: I laugh at everything. Will cracks me up. The naked skank.

Dave: It's awesome, but it costs money. You have to put down \$20.

Matt: I think I've seen it for \$3.

Dave: I've seen it for free. It was nice.

Will: I think I did it for \$1.50.

Nathan: Just get him drunk and give him 50 cents.

Jessica: Do you have any expectations you feel you have to live up to?

Will: We don't have expectations. We set goals and work toward them and then we set higher goals and achieve those.

Matt: The only expectation is that I expect as much from everyone as I expect from myself.

Jeremy: I have personal expectations.

Rich: Show's over... go get your equipment. [Two or three of them hang their heads with a "Yes, Sir" look and go to load the equipment]

Matt: I want to hear this.

Jeremy: I think everyone's done things in the past that they're not happy with. I've done things, more than a couple, that I'm not happy with, and I want to have expectations of not doing those things twice. My expectation is to be a better person.

Dave: My expectations are not to have any expectations. I've learned one thing - it's don't expect anything, because everything changes. Nothing is what you think it's going to be. Most of the time.

Jeremy: I always let myself down! [almost wailing]

Dave: Oh my God. Are you OK?

Matt: Wow. It's OK, Jeremy. You don't have to be perfect. No one does. ☺



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 or e-mail vagrant1@sprynet.com

BOXER



T.H.C.

Interview by
Shane Williams

photos by Jan Corey

T.H.C., the band name, stands for The Hard Corps., not the active ingredient in marijuana. George Sarah named it such for the connection to the hard electronic sound he was making. My desire to do this interview stems from the fact that both he and another seminal figure from LA's music scene are the two main creative forces at work. I'm speaking of Sarah Folkman - who was bassist, lyricist and vocalist in Geko. George was in Stereotaxic Device, and both of them were part of what I insist on calling a scene because that was how I perceived it. Bands like Babyland and Pressurehed were also part of it. The latter had association with Flipside since Al put out Farflung, a group with ex-members in it. And of course much of Babyland's recorded output was released through Flipside up until recently. We have also interviewed Tunnelmental - another band from this scene. A scene of what kind of music you ask. Well currently I listen to a radio show (which I erro-

neously dubbed Acculturation instead of Occultivation in a recent column), and they bill themselves as playing dark-wave, ethereal, and electro-industrial. This scene I'm talking about from the late '80s (stretching easily of course into the present) encompasses all that. Sure, Stereotaxic were on the noise experimentalism side, whereas Geko were certainly post-punk, gloom, even "goth" - enough so to have played The Krypt and The Zombie Zoo - but there was plenty of crossover back in the day as there still is. The term most likely to be applied to T.H.C. these days, is trip hop - especially since the added string section makes their musical instrumentation similar to that of flagship trip hop femme vox outfit Portishead. That said, while Flipside is a punk rock fanzine, it has grown into LA's preeminent music magazine, and I'm proud to get the drawings on preeminent LA musicians like these. Read on:

Shane: At the risk of being a little redundant since this will directly follow the lead-in - who was officially in the band as of the time you answered this - and tell me a bit about your past bands as well.

George: As of August 1998 I consider the membership to be myself, George Sarah, as composer and player of various electronics; Sarah Folkman as lyricist and vocalist; Tom Vos on viola and doing additional string arrangements; Kristin Autry on both violin and viola; Guenevere Measham on cello; and Melissa Reiner on violin. My musical past was as a part of a band called Stereotaxic Device in the late '80s and early '90s. I started T.H.C. five years ago and at that time it was a hard electronic/hard trance sound. Sarah and I have worked together sporadically until about two years ago when she became a full-time member and creative partner.

Sarah: Shane, you probably know as much as any human other than Carrie and I ourselves about the band Geko. After Geko broke up I had a short-lived band with Bill Lay on guitar and Jeff MacGregor on piano in which I sang, wrote the lyrics, and played bass. I loved the sound we had and we did do a few home recordings and played locally once or twice, but I was rather negative about the music business at that time (with Jeff also barely keeping a positive attitude about that

aspect, and Bill working towards a degree in physics), so it didn't take much for it to drift away. I began working longer hours and Jeff went out of town and that was the end of that.

Shane: Excuse the boring obviousness of this next question - but with electronica segmented into so many sub-genres and with me actually caring about shit like that - what genre of music do you call T.H.C.? - and you might as well throw in the influences/inspirations to get that out of the way too, haha.

George: I'd say leave the genre open-ended as simply electronic music. Some people have put us in the drums and bass/trip-hop category, others have coined the term electronic classical music to describe us. My current biggest musical inspirations include Samuel Barber, Aphex Twin, Autechre, Henryk Gorecki, just to name a few.

Shane: Fair enough George, but what about in the early days before you were working with Sarah was your music more minimalist techno - perhaps part of the "hard step" sub-genre, thus the band name?

George: It was hard electronic dance music with sampled dialogue and more repetition. The approach for composing then was what I refer to as sonic soundscaping.

Shane: So how would you say working with Sarah changed what you were doing then.

George: The goal was to incorpo-

rate more melody and mood. Of course it became more song-oriented in arrangements, and more expressive due to her lyrics.

Shane: What about you Sarah, what changed for you in how you approached music inbetween Geko and T.H.C.?

Sarah: My approach to any creative process has always been that I feel an urgent need to externalize something that is pinging around inside my head. It can feel as if terrible damage will be done to my person if I fail to express something. If it takes the form of a lyric, I would either write a bass part to match or (as I currently do in T.H.C.) set it aside until George furnishes me with music that matches the tone of my words. Before T.H.C. I had always sang and played bass, and I discovered that not having an instrument to cling to and shield myself with left me in a very naked position. An amazing amount of insecurities surface before every performance, but I'm driven to get on the stage because when it's good and the audience connects with me there is no better feeling. I had no idea what kind of performer I'd turn out to be and no ideal towards which I strive - so I suppose that is something that will be in constant flux throughout my career.

Shane: So George, how did the early T.H.C. stuff differ from Stereotaxic Device?

George: SD was more experimental and chaotic. The root and foundation of it was definitely "noise."

Shane: What was that early noise scene like in LA?

George: Well we did play with other bands at The Lectisternium and at Helter Skelter, but I never considered myself or the band I was in part of a scene. I was just, and we were just, doing our own thing.

Shane: But what about the growth of the rave scene - how did you perceive its relationship to both this noise or industrial scene - or just even punk/underground rock? I mean is dancing all night at a rave something either of you relate to at all?

George: I only attend a rave when there is a particular performer I really want to see. I think the rave scene is good in that it helped emphasize the worth of electronic music. As far as the fashion sense of the scene - well getting too involved with any subculture in that respect is an invitation to looking and acting ridiculous. I've done my share of checking them out though, after all, I really love Aphex Twin and he has played a number of them.

Sarah: Well, I never could depend on even enjoying

seeing bands perform live. I've always tried to support friends' bands by attending, and there are occasions when I went to see if certain bands could or couldn't (would or wouldn't) duplicate their recorded sound, but I have an aversion to crowds, so that has limited my concert and even club attendances. Close friends can testify to (and even strangers who've been physically near me in this setting) the odd, barely audible, keening that oozes from me when I'm involuntarily trapped amidst too many people. I've tried to tell them they're experiencing tinnitus, but they rarely go for that. Dancing has always been one of the primary joys of my life, so I'm all for any music scene that provides the opportunity to indulge, but having never been to a real rave due to the massive crowds as part of the experience I'm disqualified from having an actual opinion about them or the scene based on them.

Shane: Were you pissed off when "electronica" became a named genre? One that the recording industry was obviously hoping would move a massive amount of units? - or did you see that as an opportunity to finally make some money off of playing music? - or did you just ignore the hype altogether?

George: I pretty much ignored it, or you might even say I was ignorant of it, since I wasn't following the hype in the mainstream media, I've been attending electronic clubs and concerts for a long time and in LA I've always considered the scene, the interest in electronic music, "big."

Sarah: It is just the way the business operates. I guess the hype had good and bad aspects. It allowed more, actually invited more people to hear a type of music they might never have been exposed to if it hadn't all of a sudden made popular radio and video formats and was sold in the major retail chains; but it also put unreasonable pressure on the bands involved - perhaps killing some that would have become great...

Shane: Sarah, you paint. How does doing music differ from the visual arts for you? And how are you integrating them into your life? In respect to the band; are you doing the covers for upcoming releases?

Sarah: I paint, but not as often as I used to. I've never been able to achieve an equal balance between music, writing, and painting. One will grab the spotlight of my attention and the other two will sadly be abandoned for awhile. This used to happen in month-long cycles, but I'm now, very thankfully, in more conscious control of myself altogether, and I can direct my drive as circumstances dictate. Well, usually. OK... some-

times not at all. Painting is the closest to religion for me. It's meditative and a large portion of my mind can float anywhere at all while my hand is busy at the canvas. With both writing and music I must be completely present or not do it at all. We are using one of my paintings as our demo cover, and will maybe continue to incorporate my images with the band. We just shot a video that I wrote the basic script for and story-boarded. Of course what ended up on the film bears only marginal resemblance to what was on the story boards due to lack of time and the fact that once something becomes a larger group endeavor it often changes dramatically.

Shane: I realize the name evokes the active ingredient of marijuana almost coincidentally, but being more than merely interested in the subject I'd still like to know the band's thoughts on the drug: from any mundane concerns to whether you believe in the spiritual and creative efficacy of it or any other substances as far as making art better in the production or consumption senses.

George: I personally don't smoke (or drink) anymore. Nor do I endorse it. I think endorphins are far more of an enlightening and spiritual high. I do support the use of hemp fiber 100 per cent. As far as art and creativity - I know I've made the most progress creatively and in the business since I became sober.

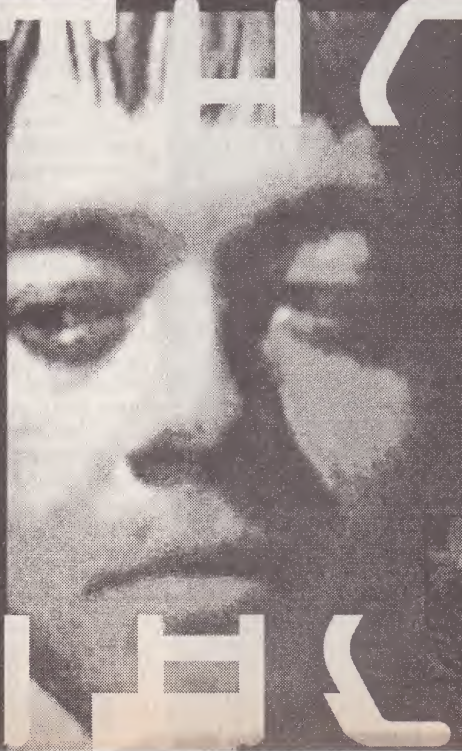
Sarah: This is a thorny issue. Any serious response I made would not only have to go on for pages and delve deeply into social and psychological issues, but I'd end up getting more personal than I'd intend; so I'll leave this topic alone for now.

Shane: What about emotional states vis-a-vis creativity? Does a song benefit from being in anguish over a broken relationship or unrequited love? Or is happiness also conducive to creativity?

George: I think an artist can feel enlightened and achieve great work. Some of the best music I've written was during periods of calm and even mundane happy times. But some of my best music was written during turbulent, sad and suffering times. So creative expression is innate in an artist. I believe it is a misconception to think anguish is necessary - a true artist can look into empty space and still receive inspiration. However, I have written music that was a direct result of a fucked-up relationship or a friend's death - once even about how I felt after watching a documentary on manatees! [They being cetaceans, best known as the sea mammals mistaken for mermaids and thus inspiring their legends. -Shane]

Sarah: I've found that any high emotion is conducive for me as long as it isn't so intense that I'm rendered incapable of actively engaging in my own

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THC

creative expression is innate in an artist. I believe it is a misconception to think anguish is necessary - a true artist can look into empty space and still receive inspiration.



life. When I'm experiencing a "good" emotion (though of course emotions aren't good or bad, and we shouldn't try to simply categorize them as such lest we imperil our mental health) I'm generally moved to write from that immediately. With bad or difficult emotions I usually need to let some time pass before I have the fortitude to examine and interpret them. It's my experience that music and lyrics only move me when they tap into a profound emotional state. Music has always been tied into the most intense times in my life.

Shane: What are the advantages of being an LA-based band? Would you like to relocate altogether to Europe or somewhere else?

Sarah: Advantages? Hmm... well, you get toughened up pretty quick playing to LA audiences. So many people here are in the entertainment business, and that makes them critical in an odd way. A non-music business audience is out to have a good time, maybe hear something new, relax or get charged up; a music business audience is working. Their livelihood can potentially be affected by what the band on stage is doing. Of course we have been fortunate meeting people in the business that are in it because they love music and want to help bands reach an audience, but there is a striking difference between playing some of the local clubs and playing elsewhere; or at a festival or private party. Here every show has that "prove it" quality, a make it or break it aspect. It can be wearing. I like living in LA, it is where I grew up, where my best friends are. I like the libraries, the grocery stores etc. Rather than relocate I think both George and I would like to tour extensively and see the world and experience life like that.

Shane: So what kind of shows have you been playing in LA? I'm also curious about comments on the venues themselves and any differences specifically and in general about the club scene now as compared to when you were in your earlier bands.

George: We have been quite busy performing in LA. In the past two years we've probably played 6 shows here in town as well as playing live on Y107, 91X, KXLU, KSCR, KUCI, and being interviewed on KROQ and KCRW. The clubs that pay you are not the ones with the best sound systems, like Magic Wednesdays or Moguls. And the clubs with awesome sound systems like the Whisky or The Viper Room, well let's just say they could learn something about hospitality.

Sarah: When I was in Geko I was friends with many of the club owners and show bookers, and coupled with being friends with many of the other bands, it did give the shows then more of a social quality than it currently has for me. No venue can be perfect - there are things to like and things to groan over with each one. It balances out.

Shane: Before we get back to the bands recent activities, let me have fun with a couple of more "fizzy" questions. If you could be reincarnated as any species of feline or breed of cat what would that be?

George: The domestic house cat, because I would still be able to play piano.

Sarah: I wouldn't want to be reincarnated as any kind

of domesticated animal. They are completely at the mercy of people, and unfortunately people are not reliable. I'd go with being a jaguar. What does that say about me? Wait - after further consideration I'd like to belong to a pride of lions (as a female, a lioness). I recently saw a wonderful documentary about them and they were depicted as loving, social, good parents. Made me jealous actually.

Shane: Thumbs up or down on Pierre Henry?

George: I saw The Silver Apples at Spaceland and I give them the thumbs up. [These are both early electronic music composers -Shane]

Shane: Throbbing Gristle?

George: Their "Second Annual Report" is one of my favorite albums so a definite thumbs up.

Shane: Tricky or Spooky?

George: Thumbs up to Tricky; I've enjoyed what I've heard of his so far. Thumbs up to DJ Spooky as well, however I think his interviews are more interesting than his music.

Shane: OK, I'll work back into seriousness (my coinage at this juncture for seriousness, lest anyone think I'm in error here) by asking you about some tech stuff. What is your take on so-called "fair use" laws and the ethics of sampling?

George: I think sampling is great. People have this misconception that it is stealing. Well, then you might as well say any guitar player in a rock band playing the riff from "Wild Thing," or a blues progression in the key of "F" is "stealing." With samplers you are taking a pre-existing sound and making it part of your own song by layering, processing, and manipulating. I think it takes a hell of a lot of imagination to do it well.

Sarah: I see sampling, when it isn't used too blatantly, as another musical instrument or device. I definitely think the original artists should be compensated. I must admit my ignorance of what the laws regarding sampling currently stipulate; but I certainly don't think we have broken any of them.

Shane: Is technology a good or a bad thing?

George: Technology is a very good thing. All it means is that you have more options and choices. You can still record on your Tascam 4 track if you want to.

Sarah: If you are asking about music technologies then I agree with George. Technologies in medicine and agriculture like bioengineering are not always benign, and should be studied carefully before application, and perhaps never applied at all. Just because humans think something up doesn't make it beneficial.

Shane: Since we began this int by mail, the two big things the band has done was record up in Canada and play some shows in France. Let me ask you about how things were in Canada first.

George: We were fortunate to hook up with Gunter Schulz. He has been working as part of KMFDM for ten years or so. The recording sessions were a bit strange. The studio was very small and I was putting in 12 and 16 hours days, as we had a limited amount of time we could be there. I am happy with the way the final mixes turned out.

Sarah: My main memory of these sessions was that there was no bathroom. I attained new heights in bladder control.

Shane: And France?

Sarah: I never would've guessed that my first tour away from LA with a band would be to France. Life certainly is unpredictable. Performing in Paris for two weeks was truly a fantasy come to life. This was the first time I've ever performed night after night, instead of twice in a week at most. I really felt like a working musician. Consequently the sometimes nasty voice in my head that has been known to mock all my artistic endeavors vanished and I developed a new perspective on what it means to perform: hard, tiring work, but oh so rewarding. Unknown audience members gave me flowers! That was a first. One nice man gave me a guitar pick and I carry it with me still. I definitely felt like: "Holy cow - we're in Paris!" All our free time was spent wandering through ancient streets and buildings, dipping into another culture, trying new food. My greatest disappointment was a strike the museum employees undertook which closed several major collections during our stay. Thankfully the Louvre stayed open, but the Italian Renaissance wing was closed. You can bet that I cursed heaven for that!

T.H.C. has two demos out, the second of which has a remix by David J. of Love and Rockets included. Some of this early material will be coming out on a CD this spring on Brain Surgery Music distributed by Red. The most recent Canadian recordings are still in search of a label. A 12 inch will be going out to DJs and their video will also be available. In addition, T.H.C. songs will be part of three films. Dead Man's Curve, the soundtrack of which is on TVT; Mascara, and Cleopatra's Second Husband (a film directed by Jon Reiss, known for NIN's video "Happiness in Slavery"). It is distinctly possible, unfortunately, that T.H.C. will no longer be a touring band due to George's trepidation. You can contact him at georgesarah@earthlink.net to inquire about his future plans.

Write Sarah Folkman at PO Box 481051 LA, CA. 90048 if you are a musician interested in working with her. ☺

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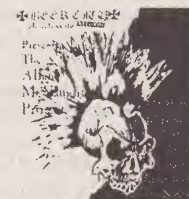
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Girl bands, ya know ya hate em.

We all do. Sure, you get the feeling that it's nice to see girls up on a stage when you're not in a strip bar, but the wego-tashow just because were girls girl bands outnumber the wego-tashow because were the only good band in New York bands. Well, the Plungers fit into the latter category. I don't know if you got the records, but where the fuck have you been if you don't know who these kids are? Well, Akiko and Masayo are the two cool chicks from

Japan on bass and guitar and John, who hails from the exotic wastelands of New Jersey, is on drums.

Somehow all their past bands dried up, moved away, became mail-order husbands or went to pursue a career writing foot fetish mags. So far these kids have done a small tour and have a single and a full length out on

Intensive Scare as well as another single on Solamente. This interview was done after their packed-full show at Lakeside Lounge in NYC on 2/6/99

Questions by
Bill Florio
of Greedy
Bastard Zine.

Masayo: Do not use word I don't know!

Bill: I can't use words you don't understand?

Masayo: Of course, how can I understand?

Akiko: Anyway...

Masayo: Anyway, OK, so I'm not gonna speak anything.

Bill: So, what's that band you like from England?

Masayo: [laughs] Damned. [pronouncing carefully]

Bill: Getting better, your English is getting better.

Akiko: Oh really, what did she say?

Bill: She used to say "Dump! I'm going to go see Dump tonight!"

Masayo: Dump, Damned, see now it's because I have American boyfriend. He taught me.

Bill: Do you have a TV?

Masayo: Yes, but let me explain something. I have my new boyfriend but you are still my future husband.

Bill: You shouldn't talk about your boyfriend in a magazine, tho.

Akiko: I know, that's a wrong career move!

Bill: Yeah, that's a bad career move. Like Jackie Chan can't say he's married on TV because young women will commit suicide.

Masayo: Excuse me, so are you gonna

commit suicide? I don't think so! You're my future husband!

Bill: OK, did you guys really eat sushi in Texas?

Masayo: No, I didn't have money.

John: I had a burrito and I got really sick.

Masayo: No, it was in Memphis.

Bill: Was it bad?

Akiko: No it was good. It was an expensive restaurant, too.

John: I didn't eat it.

Masayo: I didn't eat it because I didn't have money.

Akiko: I had money for some reason and it was good.

Bill: I heard that you two only want to eat Japanese food.

Akiko: No we are not "fury"s. I eat anything, we ate barbecue ribs...

John: I only eat macaroni and cheese.

Masayo: I like junk food.

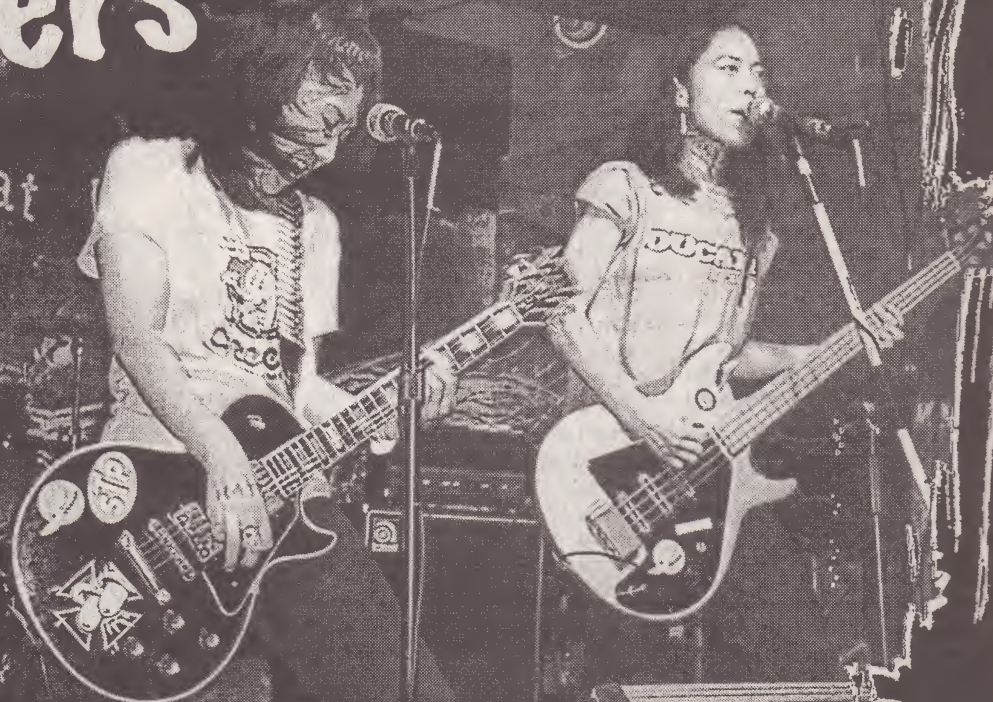
Bill: Aren't you a dietician tho?



the Plungers

the plungers

stairs at



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St. Station, NY, NY
10013

Masayo - Guitar
Vocals • Akiko - Bass
Vocals • John - Drums



Masayo: Not now, rong time ago. I was dietician. But, I cannot get healthy food in America.

Bill: So when are you guys gonna re-record "The Twist"? I heard it didn't come out so well.

John: We're doing it in reverse order. We did "Lets Twist Again" and then we'll do "The Twist."

Masayo: I don't understand.

Akiko: Our version of "The Twist"?

Masayo: I don't get it.

Bill: I heard it was a lot of fun to record that song.

Masayo: Yes, because we change the key, no?

Akiko: We changed the whole thing, the whole structure. Don't you remember we used to play it completely wrong?

Masayo: Just a one part.

Bill: OK, Masayo doesn't remember.

Akiko: That song brought bad karma for John.

Bill: So, what happened on New Years? I heard there was blood.

John: I had an anxiety attack.

Akiko: Nobody we know.

Bill: I heard it was your fault Masayo.

Masayo: I can explain that. Yeah, I didn't nothing with that, No?

Akiko: This guy was being really rough and I guess he bumped into Masayo, so everyone was pretending to protect Masayo and beat him up. Especially the Candy Snatchers, but I think it was this guy's fault because he said, "Virginia

Pussies."

Masayo: And when they were fighting, I was collecting money from the froor. And I was showing Akiko, "I got 2 dollars from froor!" And she was "There people fighting!" and I shouldn't go there, it's dangerous but there were so many coins on the froor and we should grab them.

Akiko: And they were all fighting for you! Just for you!

John: That's one thing about The Plungers. We always go for the money on the floor after the shows.

Akiko: We keep it in our piggy banks.

Bill: [To Masayo] Why are you scared of fish?

Masayo: I, I, I don't scared. But, huge fish! Candy Snatchers, crazy man brought BIG FISH! That fish look at me....

John: She was swallowed by a fish as a child.

Akiko: As long as the fish doesn't have scales, that's OK.

Bill: What happened to your goggles?

Masayo: Goggles? Is long time ago.

Akiko: It's already cliché.

Bill: You started a new trend huh?

Masayo: What's cliché mean? Excuse me, he was talking about Stallions, we are Plungers, man!

John: That was part of her snowboarding phase.

Bill: How did you guys get here, and how did you get together?

John: I drove here tonight.

Akiko: I took a cab.

Masayo: I walk down.
Bill: Well how did you get to New York?
Masayo: A plane.
John: I was smuggled in small capsules over a period of time into New York, and then reassembled.
Masayo: I am a huge fan of Gorilla Biscuits. That's why I am here. [laughs]
Akiko: Don't forget Token Entry! And Warzone.
John: I knew these guys were playing with somebody else and they needed a drummer, so I went to practice with them and it was really cool, so I just stayed around. I don't know what went on before I was there.
Masayo: New York was the only ticket on sale, that's why I came to New York.
Bill: That's why you took it, because it was on sale?
Masayo: Yeah, a one-way ticket to New York, on sale.
Bill: Did they give you a free guitar with the plane ticket?
Masayo: Shh! For a guy Devil Dogs. I have a lot of influence from the Devil Dogs.
Bill: So you came to New York for the Devil Dogs?
Masayo: No, I told you, for Gorilla Biscuits!
John: If you listen to the theme song for "The Beverly Hillbillies," you'd get more insight.
Bill: What's Akiko's story?
Akiko: I was here for Reagan Youth not for Gorilla Biscuits.
John: Actually, what happened was, I was down at the blood bank donating blood like I do every week. I met both of them there also donating blood. We were too weak at first, but eventually...
Bill: Did you cut yourself shaving and only air came out?
John: Once our red blood cell count was up enough, we were able to form a band.
Bill: Does anyone have crazy relative stories?
Akiko: Masayo. You're grandpa, he was in jail because he blew up...
Masayo: Yeah, but hard for me to explain. He tried to bomb...
Akiko: He threw a bomb.
Masayo: No, he was going to, but he got arrested.
Akiko: He was a politician.
Masayo: Yeah, politician.
Bill: What did he try

...when they were fighting, I was collecting money from the floor. And I was showing Akiko, "I got 2 dollars from floor!" And she was "There people fighting!" and I shouldn't go there, it's dangerous but there were so many coins on the floor and we should grab them.

Discography:

"Here Are the Plungers" 7" (Intensive Score)

"Come On Let's Go" b/w "Cool Diner" (Solamente)

"Let's Get Twisted with the Plungers!" LP (Intensive Score)

Compilation tracks: "Get Up for R'n'R" (The Thing #201)

"Here's Fifty Bucks" (Rocketdog)

to bomb if he was a politician?
Masayo: I don't know, my sister, she's work at the TV company so she find out by computer. We knew that my grandfather, he went to jail. So my sister, she wanted to find out. He was in for a couple of weeks but he knows a policeman so he could get out of jail.
Bill: Hitler was in jail before he became a politician. Did your grandfather write a book?
Masayo: No.
Akiko: Maybe you should leave that out of the application for a green card.
Bill: Don't tell immigration!
Masayo: Everyone in my town knows about me. "Oh you are granddaughter." Anyway. I'm proud of it, of course!
Akiko: Someone wrote a fan letter to Masayo from jail.
Bill: What did he write you for?
Masayo: For my application for a green card. I haven't write him back yet.
Bill: Could you marry someone in prison? Would that work?
Masayo: I don't think so.
Bill: So if someone's in prison and you marry them, you can't gain citizenship?
Masayo: I don't think so. So, Bill I cannot marriage with you.
Bill: I'm not going to prison. Nobody knows what I did!
John: My uncle came home to my parents' house with a brand new car one day and like four days later it was used in an armed robbery. Someone was shot to death and left to die in the back of the car in the parking lot of a hospital and when he saw "Reservoir Dogs," I was like, this is a story about my uncle's car man.

Akiko: Sorry, I don't have any story about my relatives.

Masayo: She was hippie, it's enough!

Bill: What's this "Girl Band Geek" song about?

Akiko: You know those who stand right in front of our stage and if we didn't have any girls in the band, they wouldn't be there. Just because there's chicks in the band, they stay there and they're usually... pretty fucking old.

John: As the drummer, I'm really proud of my breasts, but I don't like when these guys come and they just ogle my knockers. \$



"That's the Beat Girl

feeding the coins

into the juke box

Long black stockings

and no make-up."

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY

OK, maybe Adam Faith wasn't actually singing about Holly Golightly in 1960, but he might as well have been. Away from the disruptive influence of Ludella and Kyra, her girl gang cohorts in Thee Headcoatees, Holly's carved her own solo niche as a sort of moody beatnik chanteuse. A true protégée of Billy Childish, she's already cranked out a remarkable body of work in under five years, issuing a rapid succession of intensely individual releases on independent labels in the UK, the US and Europe. Albums like 1996's *"Painted On"* [Sympathy for The Record Industry] and this year's *"Serial Girlfriend"* [Damaged Goods] are characterized by Holly's coolly poised but soulful vocals, cutting lyrics and atmospheric, blues-inflected music that sounds instantly familiar. We spoke at one of Thee Headcoats/Headcoatees' packed monthly gigs at The Dirty Water Club in North London. During the interview we perched on the corner of a pool table in the frigid makeshift dressing room. Thee Headcoats provided the soundtrack from onstage, crashing, thumping and yelping through their set. Holly, stricken by the flu, fortified herself with slugs of Jack Daniels & Coke and drags from her Marlboros. Here it is - uncensored - Beat Girl: The Holly Golightly Story.

**"The way I've
got things
now is about
as good as it's
going to get
for me, really."**

Thanks to Paul Crittenden of The Dirty Water Club (dirtywaterclub@yahoo.com)

Graham: The name Holly Golightly sounds like such a great stage name, but it is actually your real name. Well, sort of...

Holly: My Mum was reading *Breakfast at Tiffany's* while she was pregnant. It was the first name that came to mind because she didn't have a very long memory span at the time! [Laughs]. I was born at St Mary Abbott's in Kensington in London, in the same hospital that Jimi Hendrix later died in - probably the same bed! It changed from being a maternity hospital to being a place where people who were choking on their own vomit got took!

You had to register the name within six weeks of the birth and she made it up on the spot. At the time she was reading *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, but I don't think she knew whether I was going to be a boy or a girl. And she liked Audrey Hepburn a lot. When we did the first Headcoatees record Billy suggested we hyphenate the "Go" and the "Lightly" to "make it more classy - for the American market," he said!

Graham: Do you ever get Headcoatees fans telling you they're surprised when they first hear your solo records or see your solo gigs, that it's slow and bluesy rather than garage punk?

Holly: All the time. When we went to Denver last summer the guy organizing the show didn't know what to expect. I'd sent him two singles, but four sides doesn't really cover it. When we got there he thought we'd be doing some of the more electric stuff like "I Can't Be Trusted," then we asked him to hire a double bass and if we could not use the big PA they were using and if we could play on the smaller stage and that we'd be doing harmonies and stuff like that. He booked us a rehearsal room before we played and sat outside and afterwards when we came out he said, "It's not what I thought it was going to be like." I said, "Look, if you want us to just do a load of garage songs, that's not a problem, but this is what we do." Luckily he really liked it. But people do expect it to be more like Thee Headcoatees.

Graham: Well, it's sort of a departure and sort of not. As a Headcoatee you do songs like "Big Boss Man."

Holly: That's more because Billy knows what my taste is. There's a limit to how many Sonics songs I could get through, but Kyra is perfect for that kind of thing. Everyone in Thee Headcoatees has got a thing they can do confidently, that comes naturally to them.

Debbie used to get a completely different set of songs because of what her voice sounded like. And Sarah really can sing in tune, so that's another thing entirely! When Billy writes stuff for us he bears in mind what people are good at. We all have a go at them but usually it's pretty much a foregone conclusion who's going to do what. So I usually get the bluesy ones.

Graham: Your first solo EP in 1994 actually came about because you happened to be at a Mickey Milkshake recording session at Toe Rag and there was some left over studio time.

Holly: It just got put onto the end of the cassette and the cassette was going to Vinyl Japan because it was Mickey's stuff and Tetsu [Japanese president of Vinyl Japan] heard it and said, "We do EP!"

Graham: [The EP came out as the four-song "Jiggy Jiggy"]. You and Ludella Black do such a great version of Mudhoney's "Good Enough" on that. [They transform it into a wistful 1960s girl group lament graced with finely-braided girl-girl harmonies].

Holly: I did that song onstage with Mudhoney when they last played in London. Mark Arm thought it was a

better version than their version! It's so obviously a girl's song. It's odd singing with these bands where you have to wear ear plugs, and then doing what I do, which couldn't be further away from it. But they must like something about it.

Graham: Tell me about recording and touring as a featured guest vocalist with Rocket From The Crypt last year.

Holly: That was really good fun. Actually, they played in Australia with Blondie on New Year's



Eve with Mudhoney! It was a shame they couldn't get the money between them to bring me over, because I could've done a song with each of them! Rocket From The Crypt had quite a bit of money to spend at the time. With the budget they had, one more room when you've got an entourage of 15 people, going with a sound guy and the bloke who wipes their arses, didn't make much difference. I did ask for money for it, though. I would've done it for nothing if I could have afforded to, but I did ask to get paid for it and I think I ended up getting paid more than any of them. They don't earn anything from it. It costs them so much to go out on tour, you can't feasibly make money.

Graham: So it was more luxurious circumstances on tour than you're used to.

Holly: No. Thee Headcoatees get very good treatment on tour. We get nice hotels with swimming pools and sports centers.

Graham: In Japan and the States.

Holly: And Belgium. We insist on it. It's not like when you're 17 and happy to sleep on the floor. We've all got bad backs and get the flu. [Things turn more personal.

She tells me about her totally unsupervised wild child youth in London when she quit school in rural Surrey at 15 and moved into a squat.]

Holly: I moved to London because I met a bloke at a gig. I can't remember what gig it was - something awful at The Hammersmith Palais. I started going out with this bloke who lived in Hackney and we split up before too long and I ended up staying. I had a squat in Drayton Park [in Islington, North London], just down the road from here, actually. I lived there for about a year and a half, underage, without the council knowing. I'd brought my dogs with me from Epsom and everything, and I lived just around the corner from my Mum, who I'd never lived with in all my life. My Mum and Dad have always lived in London and never been together and I'd never lived with either of them. I was brought up by my grandparents in East Sussex, which is why I got to do all the country stuff: driving tractors, birthing lambs, riding horses. I got a job dispatch riding [North American translation: motorcycle courier], I had a really big motorbike, a Kawasaki. Completely illegally. It was fucking lethal: my feet couldn't touch the ground on it! I was making about £400 a week! This was in 1982 when there weren't that many dispatch companies around, nothing like what it is now.

Graham: What does a 15-year old kid do with all that money?

Holly: I probably had the best squat in North London! I paid people to come in and knock walls down and put arches in and staircases. I still drive past it. It's council property. The old Squatter's Association has gone kind of defunct and you can't do it as easily now. In those days if you took somewhere over that had been left empty for more than six months you were pretty much assured. They might have offered me

a tenancy if I'd been 18, but I was under age. Because I'd been in care all my life through the courts I was kind of under charge of Islington Council, so my social worker was lobbying on my behalf to let me stay there and giving me sustenance. She didn't know I was working, so she was giving me £50 a week - more than people were getting on the dole! It was the richest I've ever been in my life. I did that for about a year, then I met a guy who came from Islington and moved in with him and stayed in London 'til I was 21. He was a bit of a biker. He was a punk rocker but he had a motorbike and did a bit of dispatch riding, too. I thought he was really cool. He was in jail for a lot of the time I was living with him. It was actually something that happened at The Hope & Anchor to someone who was in a band who was badmouthing someone I'd lived with previously, a flatmate. I got pulled in with him when he got knicked for the same charge. They accused us of conspiring, that I'd put him up to beating this guy up. The charge was attempt to maim and he was looking at 15 years but he only did two years on remand and somehow the judge figured that was long enough. So I was

banned from The Hope & Anchor, through no fault of my own! It was unfortunate. I was only 18 at the time. I know it's an awful thing to say, but the victim would've got it from someone else eventually. At 21 I left London. I'd had enough. I went to college and studied silversmithing. I worked in a racing yard: I missed the horses more than anything. [She shows me scars and stitches, souvenirs from her horse-related injuries: "Under my chin, my elbow, all over my head, broken ankles, sciatica as a result of my back injury..." A horrific car accident which saw her being knocked off her horse and dragged across the road by a novice driver seriously injured her back and effectively ended her horse riding days]. The music and the horses never really went together very well, anyway. You'd get home after a gig at four in the morning and have to get up at six to start shifting out the stables. I got my lorrie licence, so I could be a truck driver, which is what I do now. I transport structural steel. Heavy metal. I work for a paint sprayer - it's just colored metal, for enameling, for industry. Twice a week I go from Bedford to Cambridge and the rest of the week I have places all around the M25. It's not long distance - I mean, it takes all day, but it's just the parameter of London.

Graham: You were still a teenager when you first met Billy Childish and started going to Milkshakes gigs.

Holly: The squat I was telling you about was the next street behind The Hope & Anchor. [In the '70s up to the mid-'80s The Hope & Anchor was a legendary punk venue. Today it's a pretty anonymous venue for no-hoper indie bands]. And that boyfriend I had at the time lived just around the corner. He used to drink there as a regular. It was where he and his mates used to drink, but they never used to go downstairs to see the bands. [Upstairs is a pub. The music venue is in the basement]. But I was a bit curious because I'd used to go to gigs before I met him. So I saw The Milkshakes just by chance. I met Billy first. I didn't speak to Bruce [Brand, Headcoats drummer and Holly's boyfriend] really until we met up again when Thee Headcoats first started, and then we started going out. I didn't really know him when he was in The Milkshakes. Well, I know he was married [to Louise, who sang in The Milkboilers, The Milkshakes's girl group "sister" band, which later became The Delmonas].

Graham: What was it about The Milkshakes's music that appealed to you?

Holly: It was four handsome men - it had nothing to do with music! And my boyfriend was in prison at the time! I used to go see Thee Mighty Caesars, who came after The Milkshakes. Then I didn't see Billy for years. I used to write to him. He wasn't playing for quite a long time. I was back in the country, working at the racing yards, so

I wasn't available to go to shows. But I only lived in Ashford [Kent], which wasn't a million miles from Rochester, so I went over to visit a few times. Then out of the blue he rang me up and said, "My new band's playing, do you want to come and see it?" And that was Thee Headcoats and that's when

Sarah [Headcoatee Ludella Black's real name] from the Hope & Anchor days, but just to say hello. She was frightened of me, apparently! I can still remember what she was wearing the first time I met her, isn't that bizarre? A red turtle neck and cream trousers. She always looked so good.

Graham: That late '50s-early '60s Beatnik thing.

Holly: I had no fashionable clothes at the time - I was still wearing my riding gear and jumpers that my Nan had knitted! I only saw The Delmonas play live once, when they supported The Mighty Caesars. They were fantastic.

Graham: And when you saw The Delmonas, did you think, "Yeah, I could do that"?

Holly: Not at all. I didn't think for a moment I could do anything where people would be watching me do it! Singing was something I had never considered. I hated singing at school. I was always really self-conscious and used to sing really quietly so you couldn't hear whether it was wrong or not. I still do! But it was inspiring, seeing people who maybe aren't technically the strongest singers in the world. Hilary and Sarah did such a good job of it. They did a cover of "Kiss Me Honey Honey" which I'd thought only Shirley Bassey could do. I'd never heard someone doing a cover like that, taking this big band thing out of context. I didn't think at the time "Yeah, I can do this." I probably just thought, "Wow - they're so cool."

Graham: You do such a great cover of the Lee Hazlewood/Nancy Sinatra song "Sand" on your album of cover versions "Laugh It Up" [Vinyl Japan, 1996].

Holly: I've done two great versions! I've done one as a duet with Max [Decharne] from The Flaming Stars [ex of Gallon Drunk and The Earls of Suave]. That'll be coming out as a single on an American label called Box Theory in Philadelphia. [The B-Side will be her interpretation of Rickie Nelson's "Lonesome Town"]. On "Laugh It Up" I sing it with Brian [Nevill], my drummer. That was the first singing Brian had ever done. The reason he ended up doing it was because I'd made four appointments to record it with Jake and he never turned up!

Graham: I'm glad you mentioned Jake Vegas. Try to sum him up or put him into context for an American reader.

Holly: He's my friend! He's this character who knows an awful lot of people. He used to do this nightclub called More Than Vegas [with his partner, the American glamour girl Sparkle Moore, as hostess. The now-defunct, much-

missed club truly was the 1990s British equivalent of Max's Kansas City in New York in the '70s]. He's had this unusual existence in London for quite a long time. He works in shops you get done for working in. [She's referring to Jake's prison stint when the sex shop he was working at in Soho, West London got busted. Don't ask]. I've always thought he was really good. He sings a bit and has a bit of a band going. [His frantic, sprawling big band Jake Vegas's Naked Kiss]. He's very futuristic -



I met up with Bruce again. I would've been about 24.

Graham: Had you been listening to The Delmonas's stuff? [The Delmonas were Billy's girl group concept before Thee Headcoates]

Holly: Oh, yeah, because Billy had always been sending me all the records as they came out. I played that "Delmonas 51" LP to death. It was just fantastic. I knew

there's nothing retro about it. He's incredibly talented. He writes really well. He wrote me a lot of letters while he was in prison and every line is hilarious. I sent him a *Breakfast at Tiffany's* poster while he was in prison. He'd be swanning around in his satin dressing gown and snakeskin boots - not a good look for borstal. The other prisoners would be throwing chairs at him!

Graham: It's interesting you said futuristic, because he's basically a blues singer but the music is so stark and scary.

Holly: He's got this theory that there's no place for drums in music. Physically, because he's got all these Elvis moves onstage and they get in the way, and musically: he just doesn't like the sound of drums. The reason it's so stark is that if he had a drum kit there'd be something holding it all together. The reason it's so fragmented is because it's pretty much the most horrible guitar sound you can get combined with the drunk-enest double bass player in the world! I thought Brian could probably sing because he knows so much about music - you can't know that much about music and not be able to hold a note, to sing along. As it stood, he probably did as fine a job as Jake would have done. Jake wouldn't have sung the right words or kept the right time. He would have done just whatever the hell he liked, and I did foresee that as a problem. But with Brian it's much more structured and traditional. [The Gallon Drunk song "Jake on the Make" is about Jake. Search out Jake's singles "Jake's Flower Garden" on Camden Town Records and "Madame Rudolph" on Acupuncture Records. Come to think of it, Holly also has at least one song written about her: "She Came from the South" by the band Guaranteed Ugly]

Graham: Covering a Lee Hazlewood song is a revealing choice, anyway: you incorporate blues and country and western influences in your own songs in a similar unself-conscious way.

Holly: [Dismissive]. I didn't even know who Lee Hazlewood was until five years ago. Paddy from Vinyl Japan sent me one of his solo albums, which had some nice parts but was pretty much of a muchness.

Graham: Was it one of his jokey ones?

Holly: No, it was really sad. His wife had just left him and it was really desperate songs. I don't even know which album it was. It's on tape. Because I live on the boat it's hard to keep albums in reasonable condition. Consequently I end up with loads of cassettes with no labels on them. I've done "These Boots Are Made for Walking" in Japan on the karaoke machine, but I've never been a particularly big fan of Nancy Sinatra. She's the wrong color, for a start! I lean much more towards really powerful soul singers like Etta James or Big Mama Thornton, who can really belt a song out.

Graham: I know you've just assembled a new line-up of your solo band. [It's indicative of the high regard Holly's held in that her varying backing bands over the years are composed of the cream of London's blues, garage punk and rockabilly musicians. She usually employs a full band complete with double bass, harmonica and rhythm guitar].

Holly: Dan [Melchior] was in my first line-up. He was doing some recording at Billy's and Billy told me, "He's got the most amazing voice, you've got to come and hear him." Dan was really shy and he was oblivious to me being there because he was there to record and he got on with it and we just spoke briefly and I went home. Billy told me Dan was interested in getting a band together and playing guitar a bit. I'd already asked Brian [Nevill] and Matt [Redford] to play drums and bass on this idea I had for "Laugh It Up." It had to sound a certain way and I had to get people good at sounding that way and they were as good as you get. I'd met George [Suerf] one night at Jake's club More Than Vegas. I didn't know he was a harmonica player. I thought he was learning guitar. They were all playing

together as a band already as Big Joe Louis & His Blues Kings. Brian told me George was learning guitar so I said, "Oh, come down to Toe Rag next Saturday and play some guitar." I had no idea that he was a fantastic harmonica player or that he could sing. When he came and opened his bag he had a million harmonicas, so I utilized that to the fullest. Everybody I know plays a bit of harmonica in terms of white R&B, which is pretty basic. But George can lead the whole thing with harmonica, which is pretty spectacular. We started playing at The Station Tavern and recorded the "Laugh It Up" LP and George decided he didn't want to do it anymore because it was so badly organized! We weren't professional enough!

Graham: That's when you did your residency at The Station Tavern. [These shows were intimate and casual, with the band still feeling their way through the music and Holly glancing at lyric sheets, exuding earthy beatnik chick poise with a smouldering cigarette in one hand and a highball glass in the other, like Jack Kerouac's dream date].

Holly: Yes! Six fucking months, every Wednesday night - that is pretty reliable! About the same time Brian moved to the States. And Matt's just always really busy

ly like staying in London because of my dog - he's actually in the car at this moment! [She means Jack. Billy Childish paints Holly with Jack, with the boat in the background, on the front cover of her LP "Painted On"]. I used to feel so guilty! He's a border collie. I've had him since he was six weeks old. He's just a really good bloke. He's the best boy in the world! I spent six weeks intensively training him when I first got him and since then we've never had to tell him off for anything. He's very bright and very well socialized because he comes everywhere with me. When I go away people don't mind having him for a week because he's so well behaved. Kyra says she'd marry Jack if he was human! I don't earn enough money doing the music to call it a living so I have to do a day job and when you go home on a Friday night and it's cold and you light a fire, that's really it for the weekend - to be warm! If you leave the boat for a couple of days without lighting the fire, everything's damp. All your books and records get fucked up. So consequently I don't read much or listen to much music! I've just got a four track and a guitar that's kept well above the water-line.

Graham: So you spend most of your time writing songs. [Which would explain why she's so prolific].

Holly: I play guitar a lot. I do quite a lot of stuff at home that you can only do at home. Like I really like cooking. There are loads of other things I really like doing that I just didn't do for years because I just spent every weekend going out and getting obliterated and then going back to work on Monday. It's quite funny: I told my boss yesterday that I need a week off every month for the next six months or so, at least, to do these tours I'm committed to. And he just laughed and said, "Nobody would have the front to ask for this much time off!" So basically he said alright. The way I've got things now is about as good as it's going to get for me, really. I've got a job where I can do it or not do it. This year I

might get the boat finished up and Bruce and I can sell it. I don't want another winter on it. [Reminds me: a while back Holly was wearing her hair very long and swept up in this awesome 1960s Priscilla Presley beehive, and the next time I saw her she'd drastically chopped it to just below her chin. She explained that hot water is scarce on the boat in winter and she'd had to cut her hair to conserve water. At the time I thought she was joking].

Graham: Where will you live if you sell the boat?

Holly: It doesn't really matter. The world is my oyster! Probably not in this country. If I can wrangle it, I'd rather be somewhere hot. I just don't thrive in this climate anymore. And I've always worked outdoors. I haven't been ill all winter until now. It's only since I've been a bit namby-pamby that I've realized that I like the home comforts. [The interview's reached its natural conclusion. Holly's due to join her fellow Headcoatees onstage shortly. I ask how her flu ravaged voice is holding out].

Holly: I've got such a sore throat! But it's alright. When I recorded with Rocket I had a sore throat for three weeks. The volume you had to sing at to be heard - it was like Joan Jet! They had me singing in a completely different key than I normally do. Because I smoke so much it's hard to tell how good my voice might be if I didn't smoke. I get regular throat problems on tour with The Headcoatees. Kyra's the first one to lose her voice because she belts so much. She'll lose her voice but then she'll actually stop singing for a couple of nights. I try to make it so I can sing every night but perhaps not as powerfully as it should be. Like I said, I sing quieter than everyone else, because I might get it wrong!



because he's so

good. Matt and Brian might have been interested in still going out without George, in another guise, but as it turned out those two were pretty much covered and doing other stuff. With that line-up half the band was pulling in one direction and the other in another direction 'cause me and Dan don't really pay any mind to professionalism - we're really not that bothered if someone gets something wrong, we just like doing it. The dynamics were unbearable sometimes - we were really all moody buggers. Bruce was the obvious choice. The reason Bruce didn't play drums all along was because I thought it would be nice to do something completely independent of anybody I'd done anything with before. And it was. So the new line-up is Bruce on drums, Dan and Johnny Gibb, who used to be in The Kaisers and still is in The Wildebeests. I think he's still going to keep playing with The Wildebeests, even though he lives in London now, not Edinburgh.

Graham: Tell me about the harsh reality of living on your boat in Rochester, Kent.

Holly: It's a bit like this! [Gestures around dank dressing room]. It's cold. Damp. Leaky. Cold, mainly! It makes up for it in the summer: you have two good months in the summer and the world seems lovely, and then it's fucking winter again and it's horrible and you just want to sell up and move to California. I actually might be in a very good position in a few years time to be house-sitting in Santa Barbara for six months every year, which is like the light at the end of the tunnel.

Graham: So you spend Monday to Friday driving your truck and living on the boat in Rochester and then you spend weekends at Bruce's flat in London?

Holly: Not so much recently. I used to come to London and go out on weekends and gradually over the past three years... I don't drink so much anymore because I'm always driving. I only have two drinks. I don't actual-



RECORD REVIEWS



001 LOSERS CLUB

Self-titled **LP**

All the songs on here are upbeat pop punk numbers. This is melodic but has a rough edge to it. It's not real slick like other pop punk bands. If you like you punk melodic, check this out, you might dig it. -Thrashead (A+, PO Box 5271, P.D.R., CA 90296)

50 MILLION

"Bust the Action" **EP**

These guys bust the action by releasing 26 songs of short-blast, snotty punk rock going all over the place. The songs have a very live feel going and by the looks of it they did record it live at various places but not in a concert setting. The bass guitar and drums were recorded really loud on a lot of tracks. It had a spontaneous feel like the Minutemen did with a sort of jam session atmosphere going. Undecided because the songs went all over the place. -Donothedead (Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, SF, CA 94146-0402)

6X

"Kung Pow" **EP**

Extremely well executed power pop punk featuring classic female vox that has just that perfect amount of gunpowder mixed in to the siren-like wailing. With good songwriting and playing, 6X harken back to early Blondie and who they recaptured that '60s girl group wall-of-sound feel but with even more edge and speed. However, there's something about this whole affair that makes it appear meditatively polished to be just market friendly enough. The "I am a graphic designer" packaging of the cover jumps on the "Asian is hip" trend by using some random simplified Chinese characters that have no meaning but look cool. Add to that the professional production and honed proficiency of the players that despite the driving and gritty sound inside still comes off as a little calculated. And that is perfectly appropriate as I know for a fact that 6X have an audience who find this release a godsend. Personally, though I do find myself liking it, almost a guilty pleasure of sorts, I am still a little put off by their smug "wanting to be seductive" image and sound. I predict this will be a minor hit in their market share. -Cynical Squeaky (Daemon, PO Box 1207, Decatur, GA 30031)

90 DAY MEN, THE

"1975-1977-1998" **EP**

Experimental noise-jazz that I have never been able to stomach even in small doses. My Grandma Ruth and I could sit down and bang on some pots and pans with mixing spoons and make a better record than this. I feel sorry for bands that spend their money to put out a CD that sounds this bad. But I feel sornier for people like me who have to listen to it. Like Butthead said once in his immortal wisdom, this brings the term "suck" to a new level. 90 Day Men, go stand in the corner until you've learned your lesson. -Jason Cole (PO Box 14624 Chicago, IL 60614)

97A

"It's in Our Power" **EP**

One new song and a re-recording of two old ones. They all completely thrash to the maximum. "It's in Our Power" is an interesting song about voting. "Crossing" is still one of my favorite songs by them. I'm anxiously awaiting for some new material, but this will do until then. More classic thrash from 97A. -Thrashead (Teamwork, PO Box 4473, Wayne, NJ 07474)

999

"Slam" **EP**

After hearing their song "Homicide" for more times than I wanted to, I made a vow a few good years ago to never listen to 999 for the rest of my life. Well, as is the nature of making vows, that was shot to shit. And in hindsight, that was a pretty dumb vow to take anyway. 999 are pretty damn good. I've forgotten how much until I gave this collection a listen. The material here is culled from the demos of material that would later appear on their albums "Concrete" and "Biggest Prize in Sport", along with some altogether previously unreleased stuff. The sound quality varies, but for the most part it is good. Plus it's interesting to note how much darker 999 sounded before they were polished up in the final studio versions. The power pop/punk sound they perfected had more edge on these demos. The instrumental "Investigation" and "Inside Out" are good examples of this. This CD is a must for 999 fans, and also a good introduction for the curious who have yet to hear this classic band. -M.Avg (Overground, PO Box 11NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE 99 1 NW; <www.overground.co.uk>)

A.O.D.

"Phat N' Old" **EP**

God this is nostalgic! Has anyone written a thesis about the "punk reunion tour" phenomenon? 15 years later, A.O.D. return to their roots - live on Pat Duncan's show on WFMU (great sound thanks to Pat and Charles).

Lightening fast and "stop start on a dime"-tight (most of the time) "wacky suburban hardcore," a concept that is an important aspect of the whole punk attitude, what with songs like "Old People Talk Loud" and "Pizza and Beer." I think one of these guys is also in a punk band with his 15 yr. old daughter now. Anyway, they still sound the same! And I'll bet they STILL get Snausages thrown at 'em. Serves 'em right. Scorching, tongue in cheek thrash. Support these TV addict geezers. -Squeaky (Glue, PO Box 320, Verona, NJ 07044-0320)

ABSTAIN/NASUM

Split **EP**

Abstain do three tracks of their killer grind sound. Intense tracks and great lyrics as usual. Great local band. Then Sweden's extreme grind powerhouse Nasum devastate you with eight tracks of total head-splitting grindcore. Nasum can do no wrong no matter what they do. Every song will absolutely blow you away. Fucking amazing thrash here. Another must get from both bands. -Thrashead (Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08, 10 372 Berlin, Germany)

ACURSED/BONDS OF TRUST

Split **EP**

Acursed play awesome traditional Swedish hardcore. Four tracks of killer distorted and speedy thrash with some slow, intense parts. Great political lyrics, too. Bonds Of Trust play more straight edge style hardcore with more of an early '80s influence. They bust out eight nice, short, and fast hardcore songs that blast through. Chalk up two more killer bands from Sweden. The Swedes never stop the good bands coming. Great split. -Thrashead (Putrid Filth Conspiracy, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodra Parkg. 35a, 214 22 Malmo, Sweden)

AGAINST THE WALL

"The Truth Movement" **EP**

This is one strange record. Against the Wall's original material instantly reminds me of Propagandhi straight down to the lyrics. If someone blindfolded me so I couldn't see the cover and said that it was Propagandhi I would have no problem believing them. Being a big fan of Propagandhi I really liked what they were doing. But it's the covers on this that really did it for me. First they do a killer version of "Just Like Heaven" by the Cure and to top it off they finish off the record with A-Ha's "Take on Me" which we all know and love. The two styles trip me out for some reason. I can't quite put my finger on what it is that makes this so good and I don't really care. This is just a good record pure and simple. And they're from Escondido California where I spent two hellish years of my life so I may be a little overly sympathetic to them. Escondido was so redneck at the time that it made Bakersfield look like Amsterdam. Hey Escondido readers, remember Fatal Attempt? Probably not but we were the first punk band you ever had so here's a big fuck off to ya. Your town is the pits. Thank your lucky stars that you have a band this good in your midst because all that place deserves is another meth lab explosion. Which happens at least once a week anyway. -Jason Cole (Accident Prone, 306 N.W. El Norte Pkwy. # 305, Escondido, CA 92026)

AGATHOCLES/SHIKABANE

Split **EP**

Yet another Agathocles release, and as usual it fucking rocks. Three studio tracks of pure grind and thrash mayhem. They call it "minicore," and mince your brain it will. Killer tunes and great lyrics from one of the best. Agathocles. Japan's Shikabane are pretty fucking intense. Shikabane whip out five brutal tracks of killer Japanese style hardcore and thrash. Shikabane fall all over the fucking place. Intense split. -Thrashead (Keloid, c/o Yuji Kanai, 113 Kanjinbashi-cho, Fukakusa, Fushimi-ku, Kyoto, 612, Japan)

AHRIMAN/VAE VICTIS

Split **EP**

Each band does two songs apiece. Ahriman's tracks are both slow to mid tempo ragers that have the emphasis on heavy vibe. The song structure is very quirky and makes for interesting listening. The vocalist has this really ugly sounding voice, which fucking rocks. Vae Victis is along the same lines. Heavy, quirky and noisy, and one of their songs has total killer thrash parts although they seem to throw more of a melodic edge in the melee somewhere. Pretty rocking split. -Thrashead (Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV, 89507 or 702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

ALABAMA THUNDER

PUSSY

"River City Revival" **EP**

Let's see, it's kind of a Motorhead meets Lynard Skynard, and the band is named after a place in the south and a pussy. I'm not trying to draw any parallels here, but if I'm not watching two crazed biker women making out while they play the guitars, I'm not interested in listening. And just for the record, heavy metal and southern rock both suck. -Juan Bastos (Man's Ruin)

ALIO DIE & YANNICK DAUBY

"Descendre Cinq Lacs Au Travers D'une Voile" **EP**

This is a collaboration of Italian and French ambient artists; one 20-minute piece of beautiful ambient sound. Nice, subtle nuances of volumes and frequencies here and there. The piece flows along nicely and stays interesting throughout. Nice packaging as well. Good release. -Thrashead (Aqua; <Ameluxus@tin.it>)

ALLEYS, THE

"Road to Shotsville" **EP**

As soon as I put this CD on, my wife said the singer sounds like Paul Westerberg. I said, "Hell no, if any body he sounds like Shane MacGowan." We came to the conclusion it's "Shane Westerberg"; regardless of whom it sounds like, after that first song, it was all just dust in my ears. Slow, out of tune ballads that sound like a warped eight-track version of Social Distortion's "Prison Bound." "The Road to Shotsville EP" plays more like a cheap spaghetti western with out-of-tune lyrics, a harmonica that sounds like a punctured Cadillac tire, and a cover of Neil Young's "Heart of Gold" that should be takin' out back and shot dead. I'm sorry, I just get the feeling these guys are trying to jump on that Social D. train but got left at the station. -Southern Fried Keith (Dog at the Wheel Music, 505 Beachland Blvd. Suite 1-609, Vero Beach, FL 32963)

ANDRE WILLIAMS AND THE COUNTDOWNS

"Hot as Hell! Live in Europe" **EP**

First of all, if you haven't heard Andre's "Silky" album you need to get yr ass in school and pick that shit up. Second, you need to know this thing smokes. I don't know what the connection is between Mr. Rhythm and the Countdowns but whatever it is it's working harder than your Daddy was when he was sweatin' on top of yer Mamma twenty years ago. This baby is tighter than a Catholic schoolgirl's prom dress. Ouch! Third, why the fuck don't more people release live stuff/bootlegs on cassette? It keeps the price down, and the sound quality is generally shakey when something is recorded off the board anyway, so a little tape hiss isn't going to hurt anything. Plus, who listens to live recordings much anyway? Well, I've wound up listening to this one a LOT but that's because it's everything a live recording should be. The band is tip top, the energy is high, the crowd is going apeshit, it has songs you can't get anywhere else (eg. "Mustang Sally" with a guest vocalist who sounds like he might be Danny Dollrod), and there are a couple of fuck-ups to remind you this is live and the band is high. God bless Andre Williams. Germany ought to be consider this tape a national treasure. -Keith Fitz (Z.A.W. - no address)

ANDRE WILLIAMS AND THE SADIES

"Red Dirt" **EP**

The king of raunch and sleaze is on a roll. He is putting out some great sounds faster than most performers a third his age. This set finds Mr. Rhythm, as his close friends refer to him, in a down home mood. The Sadies are a modern alt/country/rock aggregation from Canada and are an appropriate vehicle for Andre's hay seed ruminations. As well as covering some classic demented Americana, "Pardon Me (I've got Someone to Kill)," "Busted" and "Psycho," among others, this new outfit has created some choice instant standards of their own. They aren't as potty mouth nasty as last year's fifth tour de force, "Silky," but songs like "Hey Truckers," "She's a Bag of Potato Chips" and "Tramp Trail" are full of the same wit, grit and street smart charm. The band features upright bass, fiddle, dobro, mandolin and the usual assortment of guitars, keys and drums. They have a handle on the laid back style needed, Andre is in fine, "time honored" form and there is enough reverb in the production for several albums... which works well here. Don a Stetson and shake a tail feather to this, pard. -P.Edwin Letcher (Bloodshot, 912 Addison, IL 60613)

ANDREA MAYBAUM

"Tribeca" **EP**

This is one of those releases that come to Flipside that God knows what mailing list it came from or how Flipside

got on that mailing list. Here are some descriptions for songs on the promo material that was included, "Dynamic showpiece with modulation" or "soundtrack-ready power ballad." Now I wouldn't use those phrases when I review a lot of the bands for Flipside. But I try to review everything I get, so here is my babble. She once sang lead in the stage production of Hair. Sounds like a cross between Kate Bush and Jewel like every other woman trying to cash in on the popularity of the female vocals. One good thing about this CD though, when I slide it across the floor, my cat chases it. I saved money on a cat toy. -Donothedead (Self released, no address)

ANGRY SAMOANS

"The '90s Suck and So Do You" **EP**

This is not what I expected from an Angry Samoans record. Very, very, Ramones. Lots of whoa whoas and oh ohs. I think I would like this more coming from a band that I didn't have such high hopes for. But after a few listens it started to grow on me. All in all, it's not too bad. But this is no "Back from Samoa." I just wonder why they did it. -Jason Cole (Triple X, PO Box 862629, LA, CA 90086-2529)

ANGRY SAMOANS

"The '90s Suck and So Do You" **EP**

Does the title of this CD apply to the current state of the Angry Samoans as well? Sounds more like the Queens doing the Ramones than anything remotely like the Angry Samoans. It's time this band threw in the towel for good. Hell, they're wearing out their welcome on what borrowed time they have left. -M.Avg (Triple X)

ANOMONON, THE

"Summer Never Ends" **EP**

Wow. This is quite a surprise, a four piece guitar band from (I think) Louisville and it's produced by Paul Oldham and some guy named "Bonnie Prince Billy" and another Oldham, Ned is paying guitar in this (for lack of a better name) low fi country group - and it captures a mood. I wish I could recall the harmonica riff that this reminds me of - that's it, some early seventies Neil Young thing - for a second that's where it's at. The Oldham family is rapidly turning into the Carter family of the '90s and I'm tickled to listen. -Stone Cold Steve Austin (<www.palacerecords.com>)

ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE

"Live So What?" **EP**

OK, if you haven't heard these guys either A.) You're living in a cave. B.) You are just getting into punk. Either way, The Anti Nowhere League started in 1979 and played some of the best street/punk ever. They broke up in 1984 but got back together in 1992. On this CD they play live some of their best songs ever. Age did not ravage the League. They sound as good as ever and don't disappoint us! So if you don't have anything by The Anti Nowhere League, get this. If you have all their records, still get this 'cause it's a killer live CD that's recorded very well! This CD is essential to have! Get it now! -Freddy Flipoff (Cleopatra, 13428 Maxella Ave. #251, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292)

ANTI WORLD

Self-titled **EP**

By the looks of this EP I was expecting a total gothic band. I was really surprised to hear some pretty rocking punk tunes come out of the speakers. The look and the content are gothic, but the sound is straight-up punk. Could this be the start of a whole new group of death rock/death punk bands? If it sounds like this, I hope so. This is some killer stuff. -Thrashead (A.S.O.M., 222 W. Burnside, Portland, OR 97209)

APHELION

"Six Songs" **EP**

This six-song demo from Atlanta-based Aphelion was a delightful surprise. Vocalist Diana McCrary handed it to me after one of their impressive lives shows saying something like, "It's old and not the best we've done, but..." I brought it home and was really taken aback by it thinking, "You mean, it gets better than this?" This quartet is made of a guitarist/percussionist, a violin player, Diana on vocals/flute, and the statuesque presence of Renee Nelson on pillar harp and bass. This is ethereal music at its most beautiful, full of haunting melodies, magical tales of old, and classical undertones by obviously well-trained, serious musicians. Glimpsing some of the new music that will be on their CD due out sometime in late May, Aphelion seems to be gearing up for something even more promising as this new band gets their feet wet and gains some much deserved self-confidence. I can't wait to hear their next project. -Blu (Aphelion, PO Box 5554, Atlanta, GA 31107; <www.mindspring.com/~obscure/aphelion>)

APCALYPSE BABIES

"Nuclear Rain" / "Does Your Mother Know?"
Very interesting... Imagine if the Underones played bubble gum pop. That may sound strange, but seriously, these guys play bubble gum pop punk. I wouldn't put it past 'em to play "Sugar Sugar." The singer has a perky voice that really fits the style, and the backup vocals on "Does Your Mother Know?" are classic. The music is pretty good, and the keyboards are a nice addition, further cementing their sound. Upbeat, flows nicely, and the songs stick in your head - in a good way. I gotta hear more, as I'm hooked. This single is limited to 500 so act fast! -M.Avg (\$4 to Michael Bateman c/o Therapeutic, U.N.O. Box 534, New Orleans, LA 70148 - 9998)

ARMISTICE/FLUX OF DISORDER

Local thrashers Armistice finally get some vinyl out. Two rocking Discharge-influenced type tunes with some metal lings here and there. Reminds me a bit of Crucifix. Flux Of Disorder also play more English style hardcore. Some good, ripping tunes with some good lyrics. Great split. -Thrashhead (HoneyPot, 1215 Ronan Ave., Wilmington, CA 90744)

ASMUS TIETCHENS & ACHIM WOLLSCHIED

"Repetitive Movement"
3 tracks of background noise or someone tapping on something. Minimalism. -Donoththead (Staal Plaat, PO Box 11453, 1001 GL, Amsterdam, The Netherlands)

ASSMEN, THE

"Enemy Nation"
These nutjobs belt out some pretty damn good raspy rockin' (think The Mushgungas) and have a HELL of a time doin' so as they force-feed their wicked sense of humor along with it with songs like "Beer Is Good Food" (Take a ride in suds and leave your troubles behind/The only solid food I eat is smelly pork rind), the parent-comforting "I Wanna Date Your Daughter" (Forget about the flowers, the calls on the phone/I'll take her up to her room and we will be alone), and the all-too-real "Sugarbuzz" (Problems in the future, lots of crime/I've got me a case of nipple wine). If The Assmen ever come out west from their hometown of Erie, PA, I really hope that they hook up with their labelmates Adam's Alcoholics (another drunk and out of control band from Phoenix, AZ) 'cause to see these two outfits on the same bill would be one fuckin' funny night to go to a gig. -Designated Dale (Dirty, PO Box 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312-6869)

ASYLUM ST. SPANKERS

"Hot Lunch"
Now this is different. This material is straight out of the forties. Makes you feel like you're hanging out at some downtown diner at 4:00AM after a hard night of drinking with Frank Sinatra back when he was still trying to make it big. Time for some black coffee and cherry pie ala mode. The musicianship on this record is above and beyond what I usually get to review. They use like twenty instruments in the mix from the clarinet to the cross cut handsaw. And when vocalist Christina Marris steps up to the mike I just want to reach for a scotch and soda, throw "Casablanca" on the VCR and drink 'til the sun comes up. My favorite line on this is "I like martinis and cigars/But I hate martinis and cigar bars." I couldn't agree more. The Asylum St. Spankers may not be for the run of the mill Flipside reader but I will be playing this for years to come. Out of the stack of CDs I got for review this was the surprise highlight of the lot. And it ain't even punk! -Jason Cole (Gold Spring, PO Box 162622 Austin, TX 78716)

ATTRITION

"The Jeopardy Maze"
I will just steal a quote from their (or actually his) website to describe them: "electro-industrial gothic avant-garde soundscapes." -Donoththead (Project, www.project.com)

AVENGERS

"Died for Your Sins"
One of my all-time favorite first-wave '77 punk bands is back to claim all our souls. When the late '70s are brought up, of course people will yammer on about the Sex Pistols, Clash, Ramones, etc. etc. and so on and so forth, but fuck that all! There are those of us, when '77 is mentioned, the first band comes to mind is the Avengers. The Avengers had this sonic-musical assault that blew away all around them. Then there were the awesome lyrics and vocals of Penelope Houston. Her voice was beautiful, yet very strong, and confrontational. The whole band has an aura of being confrontational, but they had an intellectual streak that set them apart from a lot of bands from the same time period. Penelope's lyrics were very clever and biting, riddled with disgust and sarcasm for what was going on around her, as well as hope; that things would change for the better. Good examples are "The American in Me," "Open Your Eyes," "We Are the One," etc. Now on to the CD. It's nice to hear these songs, some previously released or different versions released, to stuff that's never seen the light of day until now. The tracks on this CD are from various demos and live shows throughout the Avengers' two year existence from '77 to '79. Four of the tracks were recently recorded as the Scavengers, with Penelope on vocals. Greg, the original guitarist from the Avengers bashing it out on guitar, Joel from Mr. T Experience on bass, and Dan Panic from Screaming Weasel on drums. All the songs kick ass like the old Avengers stuff did. At any rate, this is a fantastic document

of an extremely killer band. A mandatory piece of punk rock history. GET IT! -Thrashhead (Lookout, PO Box 11347, Berkeley, CA 94712)

B.G.K.

"A Dutch Treat"
Finally this is fucking out! What took so long? Anyway, BUY THIS! If you don't, you're out of your mind. This is another one of those classic trash bands that fueled the fire that was my childhood. Incredible, tight thrash with a variety of different influences that made B.G.K. unique and put them a few notches above the contingent of hardcore bands at the time. I'll never forget the time I saw them at the Olympic Auditorium, August 10, 1984. It was billed The First International Event, a show that consisted of Solution. Mortal, Reagan Youth, Raw Power, Ristlety, B.G.K. and the Dead Kennedys. I never forget that show. B.G.K. had me in total awe. Two years later I caught them again in my old hometown of Omaha, Nebraska in 1986. Once again another incredible performance. The power, intensity, and intellect of the band were incredible. Their recordings were just as amazing. It's all here. The "Jonestown Aloha" LP, and the "Allies Je Haar Goed Zit" comp LP tracks both from '83, the "White Male Dumbance" 7" EP from '84, and the "Nothing Can Go Wrong" LP from '86. The stuff will still rip your head off after all these years - it's still incredibly killer stuff. It's held up throughout the years as well. It doesn't sound dated at all. B.G.K. still rip a gaping hole in the head of 90% of what is out there today. Another incredible band that seriously changed the way I view music. A blast from the past for me and other oldsters, and hopefully a breath of fresh air for others. Like I've already said a billion times during this review, fucking incredible. Definitely recommended listening. -Thrashhead (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94041)

BAD SAMARITANS

"Ouch"
After over a decade of playing around and annoying various people in the LA area, these maniacs finally get a full length out. It's about fucking time. There's some pretty straight up, ripping hardcore here with some serious and some goofy lyrics. How could you not like a song called "Jesus Was a Leather Fag"? That's fucking classic. Eric's sick sense of humor is all over the place on this CD. I'm glad to see these guys are still around making racket, it's a good thing. -Thrashhead (Burning Tree, 10938 Magnolia Bl, #227, North Hollywood, CA, 91601)

BAD SAMARITANS

"Ouch"
The Bad Samaritans to me sound like they have been hanging around Dead Laiz's Place too much. Something about the guitar sound that sounds a lot similar. It's not a bad thing, just the guitars do sound the same. This is definitely punk though with a bunch of blast offs here. Reminds me of being in the '80s with late '90s production. I guess you can get into a decent studio at an affordable price nowadays. The vocals are slightly snotty but screamed and the guitars just rage forward with slight tinges of metal. The only drawback to this release has to be the song "Ultimate Lie." It reminded me of a lot of Hollywood rock bands that would end up trying to be the "next best thing." It was the feeling I got when I heard the song. Otherwise this is flawless (minus the sound-bites) and is kind of refreshing since it is going against the grain of what a lot of current bands are playing now, not really following a formula. This is my shout out to say give it a try if you hate it after purchasing it, send me a letter saying "fuck you" in care of Flipside. -Donoththead (Burning Tree, 10938 Magnolia #227, North Hollywood, CA 91601)

BAD BOY BUTCH BATSON

"Spare Parts"
Self-laught visionary Batson is a primal well-spring of nonrestrictive creativity. The missing link between Captain Beefheart and the Shaggs has been found. He trusts in his own ingenuity, inventiveness and imagination. What convinces me about Batson's integrity is not his weirdness, but his new elegance. His first release, "Twisted and Bent" was bizarrely primitive, yet captivating. He retains the uncomplicated honesty, but flavors the newness with musical styles ranging from Howlin' Wolfish growls to fotty funk to Residents-like wackiness to a cacophonous collage of radio, TV, movie and phone message snippets. One of those voices talks about the word shape of a tree. How did it get that way? The forces of nature! Batson has told me his influences range from Lenny and Squiggy to the high pitch noises of the refrigerator. Here's an artist who recorded grocery bags full of tapes early in his life that reeked of Beefheartian innocence. He's finally reached high production values, but maintains his essential grassrootsness. Grandma yelps, Grandpa sings, and Bad Boy gurgles an array of absorbing originals, plus two twisted covers: "I Think I Love You" and "The Poor Side of Town." -Gerry Fialka (Dutch Boy, Box 25982, Greenville, SC 29616)

BAD LUCK CHARM

"Auto Satan"
Some decent punk'n'roll here. They have an emphasis on the rock trip. Some songs blast at you and some are more subtle. If you're into the rough rock'n'roll sound, then this is for you. -Thrashhead (13, PO Box 8188, Omaha, NE 68103)

BALI GIRLS

"A Housewife's High"
Moody, snot-bruise yellow in tone, speeding up into a Melvinated noise dirge with that one small, barely distinguishable thread that keeps it all together, like the loose

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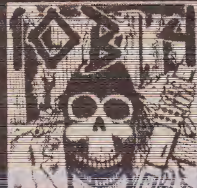
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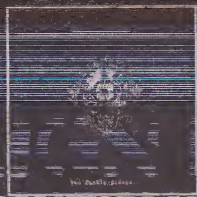
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strand that turns out to be the entire sweater or the cable tossed out of a helicopter Arnold Schwarzenegger getting rescued by, or the floss used for getting through rotting teeth. Then it dives back into dolphin and whale hump music, but like they're clicking and sonaring through a mine field and one of 'em hits a detonator. Smart, mathy rock with some splattering results and creepy interludes. -Todd (Spork, PO Box 19802, Seattle, WA 98109-0802)

BANANA ERECTORS, THE

"Fed Up with High School Days" b/w "Draggin' USA" **C**
On one side of the Red Rover chain, you've got a female-fronted, Asian version of the Chipmunks where there's a good chance that although the vocals are in English, it's pure phonics to the singer. On the other side are the Ramones locking arms with the Beach Boys both with snarls and smiling faces. Pretty cool but no lasting impression. Love to see 'em score a month in a Vegas lounge, right before the three Vietnamese brothers who dress and contort through three eras of Elvis. -Todd (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

BANDWAY

"Balls Out" **B**
If this was a real band with a few solid rehearsals under their belt, it might be listenable. Guess what? It's not. Think two guys, a bong, cheap equipment, and a four track. Dio-ish homages to pot and chicks. The insert says the songs were recorded between 9/96 and 3/98... so much for progress. Whatever. Don't quit your jobs at the factory. -Carey (High Impedance Dist. by Redeye Inc., PO Box 4821, Chapel Hill, NC 27515-4821; <info@redeyeusa.com>)

BATTERY

"Aftermath" **B**
Wow. Talk about kicking ass right out of the gate. This California-based band has had three prior CDs and as they say on their website, this fourth CD was definitely worth the wait. I'm really excited about this one; this is such a strong group. Maria's unbelievable vocals rip into the listener on the first track, "Aftermath," wavering between seductive siren and angry/bitter riot grrrl. Her voice is highly complemented and contrasted by some great mixing and funky beats and they even pull off a haunting cover of The Cure's "All Cats Are Grey." I've been listening to this CD all week while getting ready to go out on the town and if anything, its high energy is a great pick-me-up. This is the type of music you listen to when someone breaks up with you and you feel like stomping them into the ground. I expect to see lots of this band in the future, amazing. -Blu (COP International, 981 Aileen St., Oakland, CA 94608; <www.batteryinflux.com>)

BEACHBUGGY

"Unsafe... At Any Speed!" **B**
Raw, rowdy and raucous, BeachBuggy offer an aggressive onslaught of sonically souped-up garage sounds and fucked-up fuzz fury, dragstrapped down and revvin' with speed-drenched splendor! Imagine if you will, the good-time giddiness of a psychotically buzzed B-52's in a deathgrip drag-race to Hell with the vocal insanity of Southern Culture On The Skids twistin' and a-turbin' in a torrential tantrum of shifaced spasms... yeh, a Godzilla-sized earfucking of the most roaring variety! The stupefying stamina and distorted dementia of "Hey! Jack" conjures Sonic Youth playfully pinning Spacemen 3 to the cold concrete floor of a white-washed prison cell for a free-for-all jaiwalk compliments of the Count Five and The Seeds. "Quarter Mile Machine" burns rubber throughout the inner workings of my ears, peelin' out and leaving a smokin' streak of skidmarks across my backside! Man, I'm tongue-tied, cross-eyed, and stoked... BeachBuggy gets my motor runnin', fuel-injecting my danglin' dragster of love with the get-up-and-go of a rocket's red glare. "Unsafe... At Any Speed!" is Viagra for the ears... -Rog (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

BEAT SYNTHETIC

"Stop Chasing The Bitter Carrot" **B**
If a band in the '90s sounds new wave does that make them retro? Or does that only apply to the resurgence of '80s new wave popularity? Either way, Beat Synthetic has those tendencies, add a bit of post rock aesthetic and a whole lotta drum machine and there you have it. They wanna be Devo real bad, but Devo rules and this sucks. -Zack Negative (95 Hathaway St. #67, Providence, RI 02907)

BELLRAYS, THE/ADAM WEST Split

I'll boil it down to simple. If you've listened to the Bellrays and don't like what they do, I probably won't like you. As a matter of fact, I'll probably think you suck Rick Dee's Top Forty cock. It's close to being as stupid as not liking lightbulbs. Their recipe is simple: fire and controlled, thrusting violence, like rockets under the ass of astronauts, shooting high, scorching wide fields. The execution is as brutal and clean as a diamond-tipped chainsaw, all kicked out and stepping through your head with singer Lisa's voice, a velvet-lined sledgehammer that sounds like an instrument of de-winged and pissed-off angels. And this is on a cover of the Saints' "Nights in Venice," which is mighty tough. Buy, listen, learn, devour, praise. Adam West is a bar band, and although into my sixth beer, sucked pretty hard, and if they were live in my room right now, I'd only clap when they unplugged and be bummed I couldn't hear the TV. Repetitive, derivative, in the crater that the Bellrays just blasted out of. The 7", however, you should buy. Maybe a couple. Give as gifts. -Todd (Vital Gesture, PO Box 446100, LA, CA 90046)

BEN GRIM

"Muk" **B**
Sunshine-core owing tremendously to All, but not becoming one of their pummel-deserving stepchildren. Sweet. But not undiluted, teeth-rotting sweetness, it's floundered just enough against the sensitivity that comes without not brushing for a while and finding an exposed cavity. My thoughts: have their hearts and equipment shattered into pieces as small as stained glass mural remnants after a rock's chucked through it a couple of times - introduce and infuse that diversity, pain, and insight, and the songwriting and edginess will develop past girls are great and fantastic and "sitting indian style in the back of your mind," and I'll crack open a beer, truly feel that girls are as "cold as ice" and sing your praises. As it stands, excellent sound, but lyrically compressed to a small stratum. Keep slugging. -Todd (Lampin' Room, PO Box 467, Neenah, WI 54957-0467; <bengrim1@hotmail.com>)

BEND

"Trying to Find Function" **B**
This five-song CD is rather contagious. I initially dismissed it upon quick listen as a darker Alice in Chains sort of deal, but then I listened some more, and the songs really grew on me. In fact, I got kind of swoony. The song "Distance" is my favorite because where the first three tracks - "Remedy," "Transmission" and "Sweet Caress" were more guitar driven rock, this third track took a seductive departure into something that felt more like old Depeche Mode. Scott Dodds' vocals are silky smooth on this one - yet edgy enough to make him seem slightly dangerous. This feeling continues into the last song, "Function," where I was further lured in by a more synthesized sound. And like something contagious, I find myself wanting something to cure it - maybe I need to hear more from this band. I'm intrigued. -Blu (Noisyart Music, 96 Schermerhorn St, Brooklyn, NY 11201; <www.noisyart.com/bend>)

BEST DEFENSE

"Six Gun Defense" **B**
(For those who cannot tolerate the whiteboy equivalent of gangsta rap and "Viva La Raza," kindly skip this review.) Best Defense play fairly typical bootyboy oi, but with a strange twist. Something about the bass in their sound and some of the singer's intonations, remind me of Iggy Pop! I like the individuality of their delivery; it makes them stand out from the seemingly endless parade of oi copybands that all sound the damned same. -Kinn (Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhou, Belgium; <www.unitedskins.com/pureimpact>)

BETTER THAN A THOUSAND

"Value Driven" **B**
Ray Cappa's latest band's newest disc put out DIY without Revelation. "Value Driven" is even faster and more introspective than BTAT's other efforts. Buy this, it's euphoria, the hard way. -J.Cyco (<CIU@attitude>)

BIG STAR

"September Gurls" **C**
I loved the Box Tops but, for what ever reason, I never got a handle on Alex Chilton's follow up cult darlings. This single is a sampling of material from a Norton full length release of studio rehearsals and a live show, all from 1974, called "Nobody Can Dance." As for the 45, the quality is quite good on the studio track. "September Gurls" as well as on the live cut which is a somewhat quirky version of "The Letter" that has been given the (Big) Star treatment: insanely out front vocals, melancholy edge and up dated guitar lead. Rare, previously unissued work from a highly influential band. -P Edwin Letcher (Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station NY, NY 100276)

BIG PAULUS

"The Big Rip Off" **B**
Three guys from Amsterdam get together and decide to do a record of obscure '70s covers like the theme to the American television show "S.W.A.T.," "Hooked on a Feeling," and "Across 110th Street." And guess what? It works! I love this record. But this isn't just novelty. These blokes have real talent which they prove by pulling these songs off properly and that ain't a piss in the wind. -Jason Cole (Bask, Hasebroekstraat 95, 1053 CR Amsterdam, Holland)

BILLYCLUB

"Serve Loud" **B**
Brits and Texans, the Brits all from UK Subs and one guy from Texas. Very cool, aggressive hardcore but in a hick-ish punk rock kinda way. When I heard that all of the members were in the UK Subs before, I had expected a slight influence but there aren't any noticeable references. I saw them a while ago with GBH, and AAA. Billyclub dominated the place. Cool band. -J.Cyco (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

BIMBO TOOLSHED

Self-titled **B**
Bimbo Toolshed are probably the best band in SF but frequent So Cal gigging have made them local favorites here in LA as well. Live, they come off as sort of a cross between Texas Tern and The Stiff Ones and The Bellrays. Like those two LA bands, Bimbo Toolshed features a frontwoman with tremendous vocal power and stage presence. On the very first track, "Sweet Young Thing," singer Swoopo bellows like a punk rock Janice Joplin while the rest of the band engages in some cranking! MC5 style jam kick'n. Thirteen tracks in all and no crap. -Bob Cantu (Distinct, 7387 Stonedale Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94588)

BIOHAZARD

"New World Disorder" ☼

Well, erm, you know what Biohazard sound like, right? They still sound just like that. -Kirin (I don't even know what label it's on. Their promo people are so cheap, they sent no artwork, no press sheet, no nothing. Just a CD in a broken-up jewel case. And they didn't even put the label name on the CD. Duh.)

BIZARRE X/PROSALPINX

Split ☼ [B]

Bizarre X are back with four tracks of their total noisecore and thrash. Nice, primitive, and noisy blasts with just two instruments. Great stuff as usual from them. Pyrosalpinx also blast out some fucking harsh noisecore. They turn in 11 tracks of some killer racket. Pyrosalpinx is like shoving a running jackhammer in your ears. Yee-fucking-ouch. Harsh fucking split. -Thrashead (Scrotum, c/o Bjorn Liebmann, PO Box 18, 09044 Chemnitz, Germany)

BLACKS, THE

"Balls Deep" ☼ [B]

These guys are not really all that interesting, but they're not bad either. Maybe they could be compared to the Dwarves and Derelicts, just faster and noisier. What caught my attention with this record was the cover of "Jesus" by the Feederz. They pull it off fine, but it's hard to improve on such a classic in the first place. But still, I commend these guys for their taste in bands. The song, "Check Your Bag" on the B-side is the strongest of the two originals. The bass line makes it work and gives it character. -M.Avg (\$3 to No Theme, 2509 N. Campbell Ave. Box 75, Tucson, AZ 85719)

BLACKS, THE

"Call the Shots" ☼

This trio sure sounds like bastard children of the Oblivians to me. Raw guitar work, fast, nervous, vaguely rootsy rhythms and out of control, beyond cocky vocals about being in the drivers seat at all times. The band is from Sweden but their screechy, contorted English is plenty strong enough that their stomp and swagger comes through loud and clear on the title track. "What I Got," "Tell Me What You're Gonna Do" and "Know Your Place." Like the Gorles and others of their ilk, the fellows have opted to dispense with the bass and usually have one guitar concentrating on thick, choppy chords while the other is off on some thin, high end lead tangent that sounds a little off but fits the manic, cheap blues, garage spasms like a glove. -P. Edwin Letcher (Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

BLACKTHRONE

"Grinness and Cold" ☼

This seems like a good start for Blackthrone. When I heard the first song, I thought perhaps Blackthrone were doing a parody of black metal and preparing to laugh all the way to the bank; but, as I listened further, I began to care less whether or not the author of the lyrics is being satirical. The fact is, if this tape were cleaned up and had some better production, it'd be pretty damned cool. Granted, Blackthrone isn't Graveland, and frankly, doesn't even come close, but come on, the worst black metal is still better than the best Top 40. -Kirin (NSP, PO Box, 2881, Clarksville, IN 47131)

BLAZING HALEY

Self-titled ☼

Blazing Haley burn it up like their rock and roll relatives located back in the 1950s - loud, proud and tall with a wall o' sound that's on the fuckin' ball. The kind of rockin' an' rollin' clatter that your parents shook their asses to (but will never admit to ya) with songs like "Sleeper" and "Run Down Dive." There's even a couple of slow-movers here, "Vegas" and the number that Elvis never got to do with this band, "Clambake." Don't get me wrong - Blazing Haley is ANYTHING but a lame "vintage" Fonzie throwback band that you see so much of nowadays. No way. These guys have the dance hall feel along with the fiery style with cuts like "V-12 Ford" and the pummeling "Train to Nowhere." Tight and wallowing musicianship along with a vocalist who sounds as powerful live as he does in the recording studio - all you greased-back, chain-walleted, "cool cats" take notice - this is how you WISH your band would sound. This ain't no fashion knock-off, pal. Blazing Haley is the real McCoy. Fans of The Blasters, the Rev., and even admirers of Brian Setzer will find this to their personal satisfaction. -Designated Dale (Blazing Haley, PO Box 149, Santa Barbara, CA 93102; <www.blazinghaley.com>)

BLONDIE

"No Exit" ☼

This new album by rock and roll heroes, Blondie, starts off pretty sonic, i.e. seasoned playing and high class production, retaining a bit of that calypso type feel they seemed to favor since last heard from, with a definite "modern technology" slant. I'm curious exactly how big a project this was seeing that Jeffery Lee Pierce has backing vocal credits, which means this was recorded over the last couple years. Also, according to the liners "Blondie is..." Clem Burke, Jimmy Destri, Deborah Harry, Christ Stein but the musicians are... Leigh Fox on bass, Paul Carbonara on guitar and lots of additional. Some pre-fab disco sounds on here, but not tinny; the album has a nice, well-rounded, heavy, mature bottom. This saves it from plasticity. Of course there is also Mr. Harry's still unique, unforgettable siren-like voice. I like this more than the new Carcigans or Wang Fei, though I yearn for the "X-Offender" and "Kung Fu Girls" of their real rock and roll era, or even take me back to '79 and the "American Gigolo" soundtrack. There is variety and honed songwriting here, from Destri-penned

melancholy power pop ("Maria") to the rap of the title track complete with guest MC Coolio, it's clear that Blondie are not behind the times though despite the extravagance of this whole affair I'm not sure if they're still ahead of the game. Still though, there is that great old school wall of sound/girl group/60s pop charm entwined deep within a skin which reflects their taste for modern nuance. -Squeaky (Beyond Music)

BLOOD RITUAL

"At the Mountains of Madness" ☼

Bwaaa ha ha! God damn I love this! Black metal the way it's meant to be, all full of spewing demons and unrestrained, wild-eyed depravity. What with the way the bass and drums attack; I'm telling you man, black metal is the only treatment you need for constipation! In fact, this music is good for unclogging gunk of all sorts, 'cause if you're able to listen to this and still be worried about a whole hell of a lot of anything at all, something's really fucking wrong with you. This album is a full frontal assault that never lets up; the drumwork is just fuckin' mindblowing, and the guitars are a veritable repatriation of sound. Ave Satanas, indeed! -Kirin (Moribund, PO Box 77314, Seattle, WA 98177)

BLOOD

"Smell Yourself" ☼

Like many other old classic British bands, they come back and play bad rock'n'roll with punk influences they used to play in their heyday. This has all the bad trappings of that "we're old, so you'll buy this no matter what" bullshit. Sorry, I call it like I see, or in this case, hear it. This is shit. I knew I wasn't going to get another "Megomania," but I was hoping it wouldn't be a bad as this. Too fucking bad. -Thrashead (Blind Beggar, Bogerstr. 25, 66957 Eppenbrunn, Germany)

BLOODHAG

"Hooked on Demonic" ☼

Usually, band ideas like this evaporate along with the smoke whisking off the top of the bong or the resultant joke sucks shit. Nothing could be further than the truth for Bloodhag. If you like ripped-open speedmetal and songs about science fiction writers coming from a bunch of guys that look like they could easily be forced to say either "Super size that?" or "Library closes in fifteen minutes," on a daily basis this is your dog-eared, referenced for easy finding bookbag of fun. The packing on this is supreme: reinforced, hinged plastic clamshell with a cassette cradle in the middle, fashioned like a book on tape, it comes with library card that opens up to lyric sheet, full color cover, Northwest EduCore logo, and whence played is superb, including songs about Heinlein being a fascist, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Phillip K. Dick ("The 'K' is for kicking your ass with great books."), Great shit. Geek rock with balls a-draggin' and humor sharper than William Gibson's visions of the future. Live review next issue. Live to read, read to live. -Todd (Spork, PO Box 19802, Seattle, WA 98109-0802)

BLUE TIP

"Join Us" ☼

Dischord - D.C. hardcore. Now: progressive rock and p.c. clique. Ian McKay smiles sincerely. Out of the ashes of the phoenix Swiz - Jason Farrel, my high school, younger, one of the "beautiful people" like his lovely sister - my age. The two of them, unlike the most of the rest of said crowd were actually quite pleasant to me. Blue Tip - magnificent, top notch production (at Inner ear, where else?). Great, crisp sound and Jason's trademark biting guitar. Very "raw." Problem is, cool innovative riffs and arrangements and all but so caught up in their own creativity that the price paid for such self indulgence is overwrought; "no songs," is simply an exercise that goes on and on for an audience that is none other than the composers themselves. Sounds ringing and swirling, ball bearings fitting into places, short stops and layers. Truly gifted, even the wrapping of this package has that near impeccable appearance. Impressive and will be worshiped. -Squeaky (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Wash. D.C. 20007)

BOBBY TEENS, THE

"Treat Me Right" ☼

What do you get when you mix two ex Trashwomen, an ex Mummy and a gal with rockin' on her mind? You get the Bobby Teens. Throw in some guitar work from an ex Supercat and you get the latest blast of glam action from this Runaways-inspired band. If you missed out on Nikki & the Corvettes, here's your chance to gloat on to that street smart attitude and boy crazy zeal. Both tunes, "Treat Me Right" and "Girl Downlow," are sassy rockers with lead breaks, arena style arrangements and hooky choruses. No early '70s Hollywood theme party would be complete without the Bobby Teens. -P. Edwin Letcher (Screaming Apple, Duestmichstr. 14 50939 Koln, Germany)

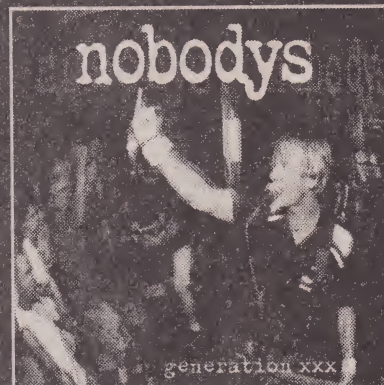
BOMBAY THE HARD WAY

"Guns, Cars and Sitars" ☼

Fans of incredibly strange music take note. It's no secret that India produces more movies than any other country on the planet. Most of those movies happen to be musicals, and although I have never been able to discern anything resembling an understandable plotline in an Indian film, the soundtracks usually more than make up for it. The music on this album is culled from the best moments of literally hundreds of scores composed in the '70s by two brothers, Anandji V. Shah and Kalyan V. Shah. Some of it is the craziest incidental music I have ever heard, and the rest is a wild hybrid of Indian funk, Blackplation boogaloo, and kung-fu spy car chase absurdity. I have no doubt

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hip hop DJs are going to be all over this thing, but there's no reason you shouldn't be there first. This album is just regoddamndiculously fun. -Keith Fitz (Motel, 210 East 49th St., NY, NY 10017)

BOMBSHELL ROCKS

"Street Art Gallery" ☼

First thing that strikes me about this band is they sound like Rancid to me, including the vocals. In fact, they sound as good as or better than Rancid, especially against that piece of shit Rancid put out, "Life Won't Wait." Talk about a project that never came together. Well, back to this release and this is fun for all who enjoyed Rancid's previous releases. I have to make that reference since it just strikes me as a dead-on reference. A very good street punk release from the streets of Sweden. Sweden kicks ass on a lot of the releases that are being put out in the states. Vocals that sound like Tim Armstrong but doesn't break up with the sing along vocals that carries on the melody. All I can say is "what a kick ass release." -Donothedead (Sidekick, Ostra Nobelgatan 9, 703 61 Orebro, Sweden)

BORIS THE SPRINKLER

"Suck" ☼

Fuuuuck, this is good. Makes me want to design a portable gun that shoots goo like the jobber that fills Twinkies only with flamethrower action while in a Mystery Science Theater 3,000'd Ramones video and thinking of carnally spreading into Little Debbie of Nutter Butter and Figaro glory. Not only do you get lines like "Postraction vibroaction high consumer satisfaction eon fluxion noise reduction thermo-spermo-auto suction," (the Robert Mitchum-ized "Moonshine Ridgerun" cum Star Trek saga: "Purple Vulcan Hot Rod") the entire CD repeats on the second-to-last track (remember to hit #17 if it's ever in a juke box) with the redux version cleansed of Norb's banter (for supposed radio playability and getting signed to a big label) and followed by a repeating, sloshy version of "Do the Sprinkler" that goes on until they admit it sucks shit and give up. If you're new to Boris: think ritalin doses that weren't quite high enough. Think of the sound of a wookie nut hitting Han Solo's butt. Think the jerky, unpredictable movements of a Labrador that's gnawed through an unopened brick of SweetTarts, cellophane and all, chained to the Dickies' bumper, and sprinting ahead, tongue wagging out, with the leash long enough to piss on everything in the vicinity and not strangle itself. Think wit instead of tired shit that gets smeared across the radio touted as a rainbow but is really a thick band of bland brown. Think of the joy of a just-tapped keg of Pabst and a free weekend to burn your just-began-vacation neighbor's furniture. Try to think what's going through Norb's mind as he posed for the cover in Wolverine costume, plastic spoon, egg beater, sharpie, pottery scorer and domestic knife duct taped to his fingers. I just wet myself... just standing next to the click and clack of the Sprinkler... I've run out of ideas for this review, but this is an excellent album, the natural daughter to "Mega Anal." Pray the Packers get Favre some targets. -Todd (Go Kart, PO Box 20 Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012; <GokartRecords.com>)

BOYS, THE

"Sick on You" ☼

The Boys are a British punk band that formed in 1976, toured with some famous people, played the hip places, put out four albums, and broke up in 1981. And now they're drifting back into the spotlight. At least that's what the press release tells me. To be honest, I'd never heard of them, but now I'm glad I did. This is good stuff. It's just about what you'd expect from the time and place of the Sex Pistols, the Dead Boys, and the Buzzcocks. It stands up well to the test of time. -Juan Bastos (Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd., London, NW1 9EA, England)

BROTHER MOSE

"Waiting for the Artemis" ☼

Some tracks with a guy moaning behind a piano and the rest commercial rock. -Donothedead (265 East Main St., #268, East Islip, NY 11730)

BUCK

"All Is Forgiven Jerry Hall"/"Out of Luck" ☼

Talk about timely releases! This nifty single is hitting the streets before Mick Jagger's illegitimate kid even makes it out of his model mom's womb! Less than six months since the release of their CD and LA-based Buck has scored another hit with this extremely catchy bit o' vinyl. Although bassist Lisa Marr handles all the vocals on the CD, this time out guitarist Pepper Berry sings the "A" side with just a tiny trace of Texas drawl. This is also their first release with new drummer Sherri Solinger of Murmurs fame who replaces departed drummer Lisa G. -Bob Cantu (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

BUCK

"All Is Forgiven Jerry Hall"/"Out of Luck" ☼

More great shit from Buck. It's coming so fast, they just seem to pull some golden nuggets right out of their asses. The equation's simple, say, like the theory of relativity $E=MC^2$ (hypertext 2) or the lyrics to "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment." Any sloppy Ramones-imitating aper can tell you what haircut Marky had in '83, but do they rock, do they have the architecture behind the simplicity? Probably not. The magic in Buck is the combustion, the application of the nuclear holocaust of pop with razor blades emerging from the well-worn teddy bear. Simple, direct, but not simple like passing a spoon, but simple as a direct kiss

that you won't soon forget even if you try. It'll replay in your brain when you sleep, even against your will. -Todd (Sympathy for the Record Industry)

BUCKWILD

"Full Metal Overdrive" ☼

I'm assuming that they are from Santa Barbara, California. They play melodiccore that is very prominent in today's punk rock scene. It's a high production recording where everything sounds perfect. I can't fault anything about this release other than it just didn't really float my boat. I really like a lot of this style of music but nothing captured it for me on this release. Loved the cover photo of the band in drag dressed kind of like Poison or the glam bands of the '80s though. Reminded me of Pulley. -Donothedead (Lobster, PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102)

BULEMICS, THE

"Old Enough to Know Better..." ☼

If there's anyone who's missed out on any of The Bulemics' material this far, their newest full-length will instantly update your sorry ass on what you've been missin' out on with the stripped-down-to-the-bone marrow r'n'r formula that The Bulemics use here with bloodletting like "Die Tonight," "Horny for Evil," "Old Enough to Know Better," and their past 7 inch slasher "If I Only Had a Heart." Dead Boys fans are gonna raise some eyebrows over these r'n'r hucksters. Satan sure must like to rock, 'cause guess who's playing his next b-day party? The Bulemics force up a bile-coated winner with this disc. Good work here. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

BULLYS, THE

"Stomposition" ☼

The Bullies, from Rockaway Beach NY, kinda remind me of a mutation of Electric Frankenstein and D-Generation. One of the songs here that stuck inside my head was "I'm a Boy" with funny-as-shit lyrics like "I like to pick my nose/and wipe it on my clothes/wrestle with the dog/I use an ax to dissect a frog/Fingernails are full of dirt/I peek up ladies skirts/I look at girls mags/I use my brother as a punching bag." Sense of humor is ALWAYS a plus (in my book, at least). Ya get ten rockin' slaps in the face here from The Bullies with production credits going to Mr. Marky Ramone. Check it. -Designated Dale (The Bullies, PO Box 580, Midtown Station, NY, NY 10018; <www.thebullies.com>)

BURNING AIRLINES

"Mission: Control" ☼

Man, this really stinks. J. Robbins from Jawbox fronts this band, so there's that influence, then throw in a touch of the Foo Fighters, and you get Burning Airlines. Gutless, radio-friendly rock that tends to get self-indulgent at times. The layout is nice though... -M.Avrq (DeSoto, PO Box 6035, WDC 20035)

BURNING DEFEAT

"Seldom" ☼

Interesting Italian crew doing a mixture of metal and punk with touches of Janes Addiction. The music is not bottom heavy but very bright in sound. Almost tribal in their use of din. The vocalist is pretty phonetic and actually sings with strong emotion which is very similar to Perry Ferrell's vocal styling. Enjoyable because they actually take a step forward to create something they can claim as their own. The breaks are actually melodic and ambient. The use of off-key guitar sounds and the weird mix make this an absolutely enjoyable release. Search for this if you are tired of the 10th generation remakes of what many of the releases now sound like. -Donothedead (Green, Via S. Francesco, 60-35100 Padova, Italy)

CALEDONIA

"Spires" ☼

Quoting a varied list of influences from classical, Persian, Celtic to modern goth and punk, Caledonia is a dark rock band that reminds me in many ways of the '80s gothic rock bands. There are no synthesizers here but instead, honest guitar and bass over drums accompanied by the useful and beguiling songstress Mikaela. Songs swing from moody gothic bouts of darkness to more upbeat and in-your-face punk-inspired rock. The CD itself is mixed well. Mikaela's vocals, whether playful and whimsical, whispered or almost angry, never get lost behind the strong undercurrents of the other musicians. The lyrics tend to be on the mystical side, adding a lot of visual imagery to the songs that is pleasing to the imagination as well as the ears. In its entirety, "Spires" is a refreshing, original twist on an old-school goth sound. -Blu (Caledonia, PO Box 97, NY, NY 10012; <www.bway.net/~mikaela/caledonia>)

CAVE 4, THE

"Bikini Crash" ☼

You get your standard, reverb-drenched neo surf intros as well as some punk riffed surf type vocal numbers by this stone-faced Dutch band. A little bit undistinctive and by the numbers songwriting though half decent production and performances in glossy packaging. I like cliché to a certain extent but this is a bit too much so for my tastes. -Squeaky (MuSick, 202 W. Essex Ave., Landsdowne, PA 19050)

CELL BLOCK 5

"King of Crowns" ☼

I'm going to start by taking a snippet from their promo material that might be interesting to those of you reading this review in tiny print. Cell Block 5 features vocalist Dave Dalton who recently was in the Screaming Bloody Marys

and had stints with Social Unrest, The Dwarves and Johnny Thunders when he was alive. Musically, they have a well produced sound but still dirty sounding; an old school punk sound that sets them apart from many of the current bands of today. It helps that they have been around playing in other projects through the years. This might not be the best comparison but I think they sound like the UK Subs mixed with early Mad Parade. My ears could have been easily deceived and thought this release came out in the mid '80s. But then again, I didn't own a CD or a CD player in the mid '80s. -Donofthead (Kranked Up!; <www.krankedup.com> or Cell Block 5, 1415 El Camino, Ste. #10, Burlingame, CA 94010)

CELL BLOCK 5

"King of Crowns" ☼

Hmm, imagine Zeke slightly slowed down and enhanced with a great deal of wacky personality ala the Toy Dolls. Not that this sounds like the Toy Dolls! Like Zeke, they seem to have one strong suit in their songwriting and stick with it. Also like Zeke they have a definite muscled approach going. This band has a dominant singer whose personality comes across very well, with lots of energy and pizzazz. Jeez, they gotta song about RKL! Not bad, very listenable, and recorded with extreme clarity. Punk is often muddy. Not this. The last track is about 8 minutes, with the song first played forwards, then played backwards. Not original: FiFi did that to their entire album on "Sink Hole." -ShitEd (Kranked Up!; <www.krankedup.com>)

CENTURION

"Rides Again!" ☼

Those of you who cannot tolerate the white-boy equivalent of gangsta rap and "Viva La Raza," just pass on by this review. Hard, fast, and heavy, the music here is extremely tight and has just the right blend of metal and good old-fashioned oi. I love the symphonic and bombastic sound they get on songs like "Prelude to Valhalla," and "Rise of the Numenor." The acoustical and emotional prowess of songs like "Remembrance" and "The Fields of Athenry" are proof that these guys have been doing their homework. The progression of songs on the album makes it a highly emotional experience; from storming sorties of fury, to raw and tender ballads, to a little more blistering musical warfare, and then finally ending with the incomparable "Only Our Rivers Run Free." This is a splendid, truly intoxicating album, and one that guys from Centurion can definitely be proud of. -Kirin (Rock Toot/Panzerfaust, PO Box 188, Newport, MN 55055)

CHALKLINE

"In the Present Tense" ☼

I swear to god I almost puked! This shit literally turned my stomach, made me nauseous - to the point where I had to walk outside for some air. I'd say more but it ain't worth my time (or yours). File under generic alternative rock. -Zack Negative (Shandle)

CHAPELBLAQUE

"Hymnals of the Lastdays" ☼

Dark, somewhat sensual, and fairly heavy, with the typical "goth" male vocals that I've come to so despise. Come on guys, stop pretending you're Petah Murphy and just sing. Chapelblaque have that whole "Type-O Negative" thing going on that makes them seem laughable, although, judging by the music behind the crappy vocals, they're actually really talented musicians. If I could somehow remove the vocals from this disc, I'd have me foaming happily at the mouth. -Kirin (Chapelblaque, c/o: Tony Mallory, 28 Fox Brier Ln., Baltimore, MD 21236)

CHARGERS, THE

"Pistol Whipped" ☼

Good old noisy rock and roll with an edge and snootily defiant lyrics. There are two guitarists so a lead is never too far away. The band gets loud and dirty for you on "Pistol Whipped." "(Comin Home Ina) Body Bag" and "Smoke 'Em Baby." The vocals are run through some form of distortion device or other, on the closing track, and the guitars are kept at the feedback threshold throughout. They would probably feel right at home on a bill with the New Bomb Turks. -P. Edwin Letcher (Undy Rock, 15629 School (Up), Cleveland, OH 44110)

CHARLES BRONSON/UNANSWERED Split

Bronson's been dead for a little over a year or so. All of their shit's selling at prices that makes record collectors sport serious chub and makes me wonder why a band so furious kickass and seemingly unstoppable great dismantled the war machine and pressed so little of each piece of vinyl. It hurts me to say this, but if you didn't at least hear of Charles Bronson and pretend to like thrash, paint a target on your head and run through a neighborhood with that advertises 40oz's on billboards. If you aren't killed by then, just start smashing bottles against your head and swallowing the shards. Music doesn't get smarter, more brutal, or faster. Good luck finding any Charles Bronson - this was a re-release of something that never came out due to small label slime. Unanswered, on the flip, went from sludge to blur but when the holocaust comes, you're not looking on the other side of the record. -Todd (Charles Bronson, c/o Ebro, 133 Delcy Dr., Dekalb, IL 60115: computer-generated inquiries will be ignored.)

CHELSEA

"Punk Rock Rarities" ☼

I just had a conversation the other day about this very exact release with my friend who does Soap and Spikes zine. He said how do you tell the kids of today what

Chelsea sounds like when you usually use Chelsea as a reference when reviewing others. I asked shitworker extraordinaire, Todd, how he would go about it. He said, "I would mention that this is what started the punk scene back in the '70s - this is something that is essential for those trying to find the roots of punk and see how it has progressed to the present." I took his advice and quoted him. Bands that were around at that time were the Lurkers, Slaughter and the Dogs, and Sham 69. They were part of the first wave of punk that was brewing in the UK at the time. This release features demo and remix versions of many previously released songs. The first song starts off with "Right to Work" which was also covered by Die Toten Hosen on the "Learning English..." CD and progresses through many highly rememberable songs. Before it became classified as street punk, this was punk rock. This kicks major ass in comparison to a lot of the 10th generation wannabes out there now. Know your scene, find your roots. -Donofthead (Captain Oil, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England)

CHIMPT

"Two Steppin' Across America" ☼

Imagine if Rage Against the Machine were incorporating grind into their shitty sound. Well, this is even worse! Chimpt have that whole rap metal deal going on, and also some grind thrash in there, along with some cookie monster vocals. It's really bad. You just gotta laugh when bands go, "Ah yeah," and say, "You better ask somebody." Well, if you're asking, break up. -M.Avg (Chimpt, PO Box 721, Frazer, PA 19355)

CHINESE LOVE BEADS

"Electric" ☼

Sounds like it was recorded with a Walkman from the neighbor as he waters his lawn across the street while the band was in a bathtub. Makes the drums sound like he's whacking a sponge with a Lincoln Log which made me keep on checking if I'd put socks over my ears. That aside, fast, spitty, pee in your pants and suck out the crusty spot a week later for protein rock that borders on psychedelic fuzz and teeth-loosening mayhem - if, just if, I could hear what the fuck was going on better. If Zeke humped the Monomen, but in a world of shitty sound. -Todd (Discos Yucky Bus, PO Box 40716, Alq, NM 87196)

CHINESE LOVE BEADS

"Asarco City" ☼

Distortion-laden, amped up rock and roll with treated vocals that are kept fairly low in the mix. Reminds me a bit of the Dirtys. All three tunes, "Asarco City," "Tramp" and "Dragon Lady '69" have the same basic go man tempo and in your face attitude from start to finish. The opener is an instrumental track with radio or television ultra religious dialogue in the background. There is some lead action but the double guitar line up mostly just makes for more sonic sludge. -P. Edwin Letcher (Yucky Bus Discos)

CHOKING VICTIM

"No Gods/No Managers" ☼

I like the artwork and the lyrics, but the garage-punk-ska type music ain't my sack of beans. Anyway, even the artwork and lyrics on this CD aren't great enough to replace any of my Crass or Flux of Pink Indians records. "Almost" only counts in... etc. -Kirin (Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026)

CHUCK E. WEISS

"Extremely Cool" ☼

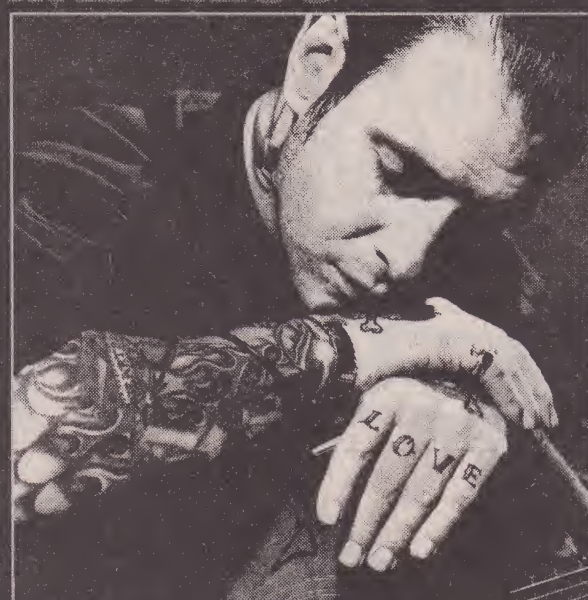
Bo-Dock-Oh-Dockay Dock-Oh-Dockay Bo-Dock-Oh-Dockay EEEEEEEEEEE The LA fixture and lifer night cat Chuck E. Weiss and once-disciple Tom Waits sure had a hell of a lot of fun making this long-awaited album. It evokes ancient pool halls and roller rinks, Salvation Army bums ringing in the rain, barefoot swamp parties and Lord Buckley rantings. Punctuated with Weiss' arsenal of idiosyncrasies: mournful yodels, tinny washboard rhythms, and that crazy skittering, high blues-side-guitar-like falsetto that ends so many of his phrases, the songs tell pithy tales of bravado and betrayal with maybe a hint of snickering when the tape's turned off. In the dirge-like "I'm Deeply Sorry," Weiss lets out a trombonesque series of cries that are part sorrow, part schtick as he is cuckolded by his own mother. Waits' traits and quirks buff up and stretch out Chuck's charms, thunder drums roll in from the desert, dry ice organs steam up the bar mirror. They sing a couple of demented duets, and a spoken word "Do You Know What I Did Amin" together, which starts out promising with some arresting poetry - "I was a men's room attendant at the Desert Inn Hotel. I saw some hepcats buy your record so I could tell you're doing well," but then degenerates into a long chant that doesn't work. Ah, perhaps with some more bourbon. It reminds me of Harry Nilsson's collaboration with John Lennon, "Pussycats," where they were smashed but swingin' even if it was at the listener's expense. Strange, because Waits and Weiss are probably both straight now. But "Extremely Cool" has the stuff and the works to give the Chuck E. add a good fix at least once. And "Devil with the Blue Suede Shoes" is a hit. I could listen to that all day. -Suzy Williams (Rykodisc, Shetland Park, 27 Congress St, Salem, MA 01970)

CHURCH KEYS, THE

"Oogy Wawa" ☼

I always liked the A-Bones. This new band is made up of Billy and Miriam and perhaps someone else from that group and a few members of the defunct Talisman. As one would expect from reading Kicks and checking out the Norton Records catalog (Billy and Miriam projects), this music is steeped in '50s and '60s tradition. The title track is a band original and is of the nonsense phrase variety. It

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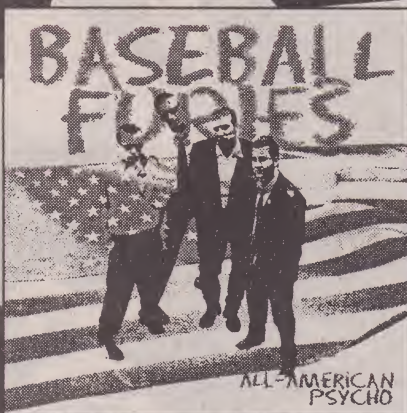
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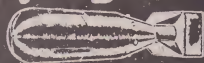
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is tribal and features slide guitar, sax and barely decipherable lyrics. The flip is borrowed from the Upsetters. "Ale Up" is a hopping, basically instro number with even more sax and a series of breaks where the line, "I told you, I'm already drinking" jump starts the rocking rhythm again. Solid retro fun. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station NY, NY 100276)

CIRCUS OF THE SUN

"Beware of Giants" Ⓢ
Remember Living Color? This is what this band sounds like. -Donothedead (<www.circusofthesun.com>)

CITY BLEEDS, THE

Self-titled Ⓢ
Damn, this is my last CD to review and I gotta go out like that. I don't like finishing anything on a bad note, so do I lie? Do I say that this five-song release from a band I've never heard of is the shit? That I'm going to throw out that old Funeral Oration CD to make room for this in my hoopy little disc player? Do I tell all these loyal Flipside readers, buy this CD 'cause it's punker than Wattie's nut sack? Well I can't! But shit, what kind of choice did you give me? I listened with a nonjudgmental ear, like always, and gave you the benefit of any doubt. Maybe it's because you sounded like No Doubt? But with a male singer and don't play ska and use massive reverb to cover your voice, which I wish No Doubt would do, or maybe you are homies with No Doubt? If you are, tell em' it's a FARCE! -Southern Fried Keith (?)

CLONE

"Not Feeling Like Yourself Today?" Ⓢ
SF-based Clone makes excellent use of 7 Year Bitch bassist Elizabeth Davis in this moody synth and bass-driven band. Bits of goth imagery and sly references to Francis Ford Coppola's "Dracula" creep in and out of this trippy debut release. Singer and lyricist Xtra Schneider ties it all together nicely with gritty street scenarios and much like Davis' other band, Clone keeps it real. -Bob Cantu (Evil Eye, PO Box 640264 SF, CA 94164)

COCKFIGHT

Self-titled Ⓢ
Loud LA noise makers Andy and Rebecca 7 play out rarely and record sporadically but when they do, damn, they deliver! In these days of pretty pop it becomes very refreshing to hear some gruff singing and a bit of ear-splitting guitar in the style of The Cows and Jesus Lizard. The rhythm section of Bo Kjaer and Fran Battaglia perfectly compliment Andy's vocals and Rebecca's guitar work on all seven tracks of this EP. -Bob Cantu (Jinx, 113 1/2 N. La Brea Ave. #102, LA, CA 90036)

CONNIE DUNGS, THE

"Songs for Swinging Nice Guys" Ⓢ
I'm a big fan of the curiously overlooked Dungs, a poppunk band with few peers. I've become and unapologetic fan, most decidedly their last two full-length efforts "Driving on Neptune" and a self-titled outing. This CD is both of their previously cassette-only "Nice Guys Finish Last" and "Songs for Swinging Lovers" demos that were available at shows. Raw as hell, not much fidelity, but I find myself liking it more and more on each listen. Brandon Dungs's lyrics aren't as viciously sweet or cyanide lovelorn or funny, and I first I thought it was just kinda lo-fi completeist-only deal, but I've modified that first impression and have to give credit to Mutant Pop for seeing - not a diamond, but something more precious, like a song that'll make you laugh and cry at the same time - in the rough, since some of these songs saw later incarnations: more polished with a bit more zap. I like seeing where the glimmers of their then future brilliant spitballs of albums came from. Again, if you're got a medium production phobia that can't stand a CD that doesn't have to potential to blow out a subwoofer, pass this up, but if you're looking for a band that sounds like cartoons gone horribly right and living in their own universe filled with familiar backdrops, I say the Dungs are the way. Anyone who can sum up the confusion of being a hermaphrodite with "she used to play with her dolls, now she plays with her balls" can't just have only one good idea up the sleeve of their leather jacket. Shit like that takes time and determination. -Todd (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

COUNTRY TEASERS

"Destroy All Human Life" Ⓢ
I guessed this was blues, based on the label. It's pretty sad and mournful but not at all what I was expecting. There are two guitarists who play slide most of the time and a rhythm section backing one or more singers who try to out do each other at sounding off key and/or out of time. This is music for sad drunks as performed by what sound like the same. The two slide guitars insure that there are rare moments when tonal harmony prevails. I can't get a handle on their dirge. -P. Edwin Letcher (Fat Possum, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655)

COWBOY KILLERS

"Thank You, Fuck You And Good Night" Ⓢ
Fast as greased lightning, the Cowboy Killers blast a bad-ass barrage of pure, unadulterated, unsweetened, and unrelenting punk rock rawdiness that glistens and glows like a wad of brew-slicked snot! While this dev-bomber of a disc whirlwinded repeatedly through the inner workings of my souped-up stereo, it rambunctiously relieved my withered, unsavory soul by indulging my wildest most carefree tendencies with a banging barrelfull of belligerence... it's an auditory orgy of volcanically eruptive proportions, a chaotic combination and TNT-blastin' blend of Dicks, Big Boys, Fear, Das Klown, Dead

Kennedys, and the mighty roar of Thor after his sphincters have been pierced with a butt-searing bolt of lightning. The boomin' bass rumbles like the famished hunger pangs explodin' in the endless emptiness of King Kong's stomach... the demolition drums beat smash along like the crashing and crumbling outpour of dirt and debris from an imploded Las Vegas casino... the guitars possess the ferocity of a machine-gun's meltdown after continuous rapidfire repeat in the grueling heat of a fight-to-the-death battle... the gruff growling vocals are comparably combustible to Lee Ving (of Fear) if he gargled with a corrosive concoction of turpentine and battery acid. Hell yes indeed, a deviantly delightful disc full of aggressive aural anarchy from start to finish. Me?! I want more! -Rog (Cowboy Killers, 31 Kensington Pl., Newport, S. Wales, NP9 8PG, UK or Rejected, 9 Woodlands Ave., Dun Laoghaire Co., Dublin, Ireland)

CRACK UP

"Heads Will Roll" Ⓢ
Well, finally, something that is rather on the rockin' side. Sounding a little like Entombed crossed with a greaser punk band. This is a good thing, in a way. Growling vocals, guitars tuned low, but, rather mediocre drums. Ladies barely clothed and race cars in the insert booklet, this means rock, right? Seemingly good, 'til the lyrics are inspected. First song, "Well Come," opening lyrics: "All the faggots know who I am. One thousand women know I'm the man." What the fuck? Ego, ego, ego. For a hessian, this singer has a fairly high opinion of himself, obviously, while at the same time a low opinion of the homosexual community, to be a very, very, P.C. fuckhead, singer-guy reminds me of the people I avoided in high school, i.e., dumb, stoned and dumb. Needless to say, this CD rocks for me no more. Hell, Crack Up are from Germany, maybe something is lost in the translation (but I hardly think so, lyrics as blatant as they are...). Maybe I oughta give them a break. Nah, fuck 'em. Summary: fairly good music, as outlined before, with dumbshit lyrics. Buy this CD for your next Hitler Youth rally. -Snoop Bob (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109-73072, Donzdorf, Germany or PO Box 43618, Philadelphia, PA 19106)

CRAMPS, THE

"Electric Cheese" Ⓢ
For a bootleg, the quality isn't half bad. The recordings were taken from a live set at the Brixton Academy in London in 1990, MTV Europe in 1995, and one dusted off from the attic in Montreal 1984. A good selection is found here, including "What's Inside a Girl," and "Can Your Pussy Do the Dog," along with covers of the legends, such as Roy Acuff and Carl Perkins. The majority of the material is from the Brixton show, and this also has the best sound quality. All in all, this record is worth acquiring, and hell, just more testimony in the legend of one of the all time greats. -M.Avrq (Alien)

CRAZY MARY

"Passion Pit" Ⓢ
One thing about this release is Crazy Mary is far from being crazy in my book. I also doubt you would feel any passion in the pit while listening to these guys. Boring, boring, boring... -Donothedead (PO Box 6462, NY, NY, 10128-0014)

CREMATORY

"Act Seven" Ⓢ
Grow out your hair kids. It's rebellious now to have long hair since the fad is to have it short. No more pop punk, ska, swing or straight edge to show that you are cool. German heavy metal is where it is at. Keyboards with fat, bottom-heavy guitars bombarding your senses is what you need. Guttural vocals expelling vulgar comments of hate and death. Now that is what "alternative" is now. Symphonic, orchestral ambience accenting their interpretation of the British invasion metal sound. The unique part of their music is when they do the choruses they are actually sung. Heavily accented German accents sung in English reminded me of Clannad, Enya, or some '80s metal during those sections of their songs. A change of pace, kind of like new age mixed with black metal. -Donothedead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

CROATIN

"Violent Passion Surrogate" Ⓢ
What is raw production is also raw energy which makes for raw listening. This one is like really chapped lips; hurts like hell but fun to pick at. Girl vocals vs. gritty guitars make this record an uneasy listen, barely tolerable unless you're in one of those hurt small animals moods, in which Croatin make music to commit heinous acts by. 19 tracks in all from this Cincinnati duo. Made my ears bleed in a good sorta way. -Zack Negative (Mans Ruin)

CROCODILE SHOP

"Everything Is Dead and Gone" Ⓢ
Pretty neat, pretty cool. A nice blend of dark industrial angst, and trancey splatterbeats. Reminds me of early Skinny Puppy, and their excellent side project, Doubling Thomas. Nothing groundbreaking here, but nevertheless extremely well executed. -Kirin (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Philadelphia, PA 19105)

CROWN ROYALS, THE

"Funky-Dol" Ⓢ
Instrumental music of the ultra funky, jazzy variety. Syncopated drum beats, schizmy high end guitar chord work, smooth and/or slappy bass lines and heavy duty sax belting that provides the melody. Non-vocal workouts by James Brown come to mind instantly as do the Meters and

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a number of '70s soul groups such as Cold Blood and various other "East Bay Grease" style work horses. Two of the ten tunes, "Ding Dong" and "My Baby Likes to Boogaloo" are covers. The others, with titles like, "Liquid French" and "Rip'n Run," are Crown Royal original forays into the world of honk'n'strut. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

CRUDE B.E./HARSH

Split **CD**
Germany's Crude B.E. whip out six tracks of total blur and hardcore. There's some really rowdy thrash on here. All six tracks completely kick ass. Killer shit. Then Finland's Harsh take over and blast you with five tracks of their brutal fucking thrash. Harsh has always put out great stuff and this is no exception. Straight-up, killer thrash with great lyrics. Fucking raging split. -Thrashhead (Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08, 10 372 Berlin, Germany)

CUSTOM MADE SCARE

"The Greatest Show on Dirt"
Ta hoo. What we got here is good ol' cowboy punk. "What's that?" you ask? You must be a city slicker. Well I'll tell ya. Cowboy punk is punk rock played with some rock-'n'roll, fast and loud, with some country mixed in. Custom Made Scare got cowboy punk down pat. This CD offers 11 songs of good ole country punk. Just check out the title of some these here songs. "White Trash Girl," "Peterbilt," and "Wayside." Get the picture? These boys play a fierce set and this CD is definitely a stand out from what most bands are doing nowadays. You all check this out now, ya here! -Freddie Pilpoff (Side 1 Dummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Ste. 211, Hollywood, CA 90028; <www.side1.com>)

CUTTERS

"Sonic Wave Love"
A groovy metallic-industrial blend which sometimes works, and sometimes bores me to tears. I like them when they're rocking, but when they try to sing ballads, it comes off sounding saccharine. -Kinn (CMC International/BMG)

D-GENERATION

"Through the Darkness"
Well - to start, if there's a bigger fan of this band than me I've yet to meet him. But that doesn't mean I'm going gaga over this. But I believe in these guys - always have - always will. They came from the armpit of East Village clubs to opening for Kiss at the Garden, touring Europe with Green Day, and just last weekend, opening for Offspring at Universal Amphitheater. No corporate concoction here - various members of this band have clocked decades of blood and sweat in seminal punk/rock/hardcore bands like The Blessed, Freaks, Heart Attack, and Murphy's Law before D-Gen. On "Through the Darkness" the band delivers their best sounding record yet - I'm talking production here. With Tony Visconti of T-Rex "Electric Warrior" fame, Bowie, and U2 in charge, how could it possibly sound less than stellar? Jesse Malin's amazing vocal talents are showcased beautifully. He has a much imitated voice among the new crop of rockers - a D-Gen gonna-be in every bum-fuck town. Lots of the lyrics on this record are as heart wrenching as the junkie last year's model on the cover. When Jesse howls in the record's kick-off: "Father collected '50s records, but he was racist, Mama grew with Frank Sinatra, raised to hip-hop kids!" you hear a call to arms like Cheap Trick's "Surrender." D-Gen pack a wallop live right up there with the young, tough, early Cheap Trick, but they're not gonna tell the kids "They're all aw-right!" like Robin Zander did. D-Generation wants the kids to think a little bit first - 'til it hurts. Lots of this record is mid-tempo, punk-influenced rock and roll - most notable are "Helpless" and "Rise and Fall" which are radio-ready, sorta aggro "Jeepster" and "Bang a Gong" T-Rex style rockers for the '90s. The gem of a punk tornado like "Chinatown," which sounds kinda Germ-y and clocks in at just over two minutes, is a direction the band should explore further - bust all the rock stereotypes and get in touch with even more punk weirdness. The 11 and a half minute version of Neil Young's dark classic "Don't Be Denied" that ends the record is compelling, powerful, and desperate. It's ballsy maneuvers like that which baffle me and earn my respect. D-Generation could steal classic War or Beatles riffs in their sleep and make platinum radio-novelly dreck ala' Offspring till the cash cows come home. It's must be tough to pull off being a rock and roll band with a conscience. Can you think of any other good ones that even try? Axl Rose of Guns and Roses wrote shit-for-brains lyrics about being confused by "niggers" and sold millions of records. D-Generation howl thoughtful rockers about racist cops, Iran-Contra, Martin Luther King's dream, neighborhood gentrification, and food stamp casualties and scrap to be a musical footnote. These guys are punk's answer to Rodney Dangerfield and Robert Dinero. No respect but hanging fucking tough. Get off your ass and go see them play, even if they open they open for some bullshit flavor of the year in some arena near you. -Martin McMartin (Sony; <http://dgenerates.com>)

DAHMER/DENAK

Split **CD**
Everybody knows that Dahmer kills. Head-splitting grind that does some serious damage. Three insane blasts of sickness with some equally sick vocals. Denak are just as punishing. Four tracks of extreme killer grind. Heavy, fast, loud with sick vocals. Both sides of this split are fucking ultrabrutal, and have to be heard. Brilliant. -Thrashhead (Spineless, PO Box 524, Station C, Montreal, H2L 4K4, Canada)

DAISIES, THE

"Game Set Match"
With a name like that, wouldn't you think this would be wimpy? Well I was surprised to find out that this crew from Germany played with a pair of big balls between their legs. Many of the songs are melodicore with an edge or East Coast style hardcore. They sing in English and sometimes force the words into the lyrics. That just shows that they are not perfect. That is what punk is all about anyway. The songs are catchy and produced to compete against all the American bands that they are heavily influenced by. Let's just take a step back and see if they will last though. -Donothedead (Wolverine, Benrather Schlossufer 63, 40593 Duesseldorf, Germany)

DAMNATION

"Ghosts of the Twenty-First Century"
Evil-punk music with a drunken, fucked-up Elvis impersonator on vocals. Good guitar parts and a few wah-wah solos are what really kept me listening. With lots of spastic energy (punk as fuck?) and a taste for the slightly evil, Damnation should last well into the next century. Or at least the next few years, depending on whose liver explodes first. -J.Cyco

DAMNATION

"Drunk and Stupid"
After reading about this band a million times in Flipside, West Coast Todd finally throws me a copy of their stuff. For once, the hype is worth believing; this is some fast as hell rowdy punk rawwwkkk loaded with blazing drums, buzzing guitars, and intoxicated screaming. Pretty tight, too; usually I prefer cleaner stuff, but I think this should be left mixed just like it is. 6(66) songs that are over before I can finish picking my left nostril. Rock out, oh drunk and satanic punx. -Carey (RAFR, 11054 Ventura Blvd., Ste. 205, Studio City, CA 91604)

DANNY BLANK AND THE PROJECTIONS

"Are in Denial"
This disc, filled to the gills with terrible punk with a drum machine backbeat, is living proof that the fucking English will listen to anything. It never ceases to amaze me that people are willing to cough up money to fund drive like this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Exile, PO Box 24719, London, SE13 5WS, UK)

DARKBUSTER

"22 Songs That You'll Never Want to Hear Again"
In this day of one sound bands, this CD was refreshing. Darkbuster mixes it up. Pop punk, ska (complete with horns) even oi and hardcore; all were represented on this CD. Most of it was pop, but even though I'm not a huge fan of that genre, this was good. After all, lots of the songs were about beer and that's always a plus. The lyrics (from what I could understand, 'cause none were included) are humorous. There is even a song titled "I Hate The Unseen." Come on guys, The Unseen ain't that bad! All in all, a decent release. Nothing ground breaking, but nowadays what is? -Freddie Pilpoff (Darkbuster, 23 Jacobson St., Norwood, MA 02062; <Darkbust@aol.com>)

DARLINGTON

"Girtroversy"
Good, old-fashioned, three-minute pop-punk tunes, crammed in fast and tight one after another without a moment to catch your breath. A surefire recipe for greatness as far as I'm concerned, and Darlington (formerly known as Mess) delivers in spades. Pure candy-colored pop with a hard, crunchy center. Most humbly recommended for your listening enjoyment. -Martin Banner (Last Beat, 2819 Commerce St., Dallas, TX 75226)

DAVIE ALLAN AND THE ARROWS

"Bykedelics"
This is the latest from the undisputed King of Fuzz Guitar. The title is quite apropos as this is a melding of the driving beat and mind-expanding sounds that have made the Arrows a must for the serious collector of instrumental music. A few tunes are reworked earlier gems but most of the fourteen are hot off the assembly line. Davie's melodies, rich tones, extreme leads and sense of drama are all put to good use, making his kind of music that many others aspire to. Some harmonica, sax, flute, keyboards and vocal augmentation are evident on some of the material, however the guitar, drums and bass core are the big attraction. Thrill to such blistering tracks as, "Dakota," "Fender Bender," "Encounter" and "Another Moped in Schenectady." Look for a superior mix down and mastering of this set, on Total Energy, in a few months. In the meantime, this sounds pretty sweet to me. -P. Edwin Letcher (Gee Dee Luruper Chaussee 125, Gewerbehof, Haus 8a, 22761 Hamburg, Germany)

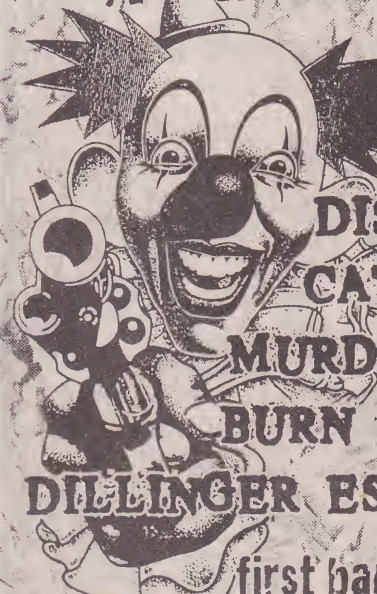
DAYLIGHT LOVERS, THE

"Lyle Sheraton Presents"
These guys used to be the Irritations, or some members were, or something... They sent me a package with an Irritations single I didn't have yet (see the "I" section) and some old flyers of gigs with the likes of the Spaceshits and the Dirlys. Those must have been some great shows. This trio is about as loose, raw and undisciplined as you can get without crossing the line from rock into art. Spaz out to "Casa de Rock and Roll," "Loretta" and "King of Useless Drinking." Treated vocal caterwaul, feedback and loads of guitar mayhem over a somewhat steady back beat. Useless drinking, indeed! -P. Edwin Letcher (Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901)

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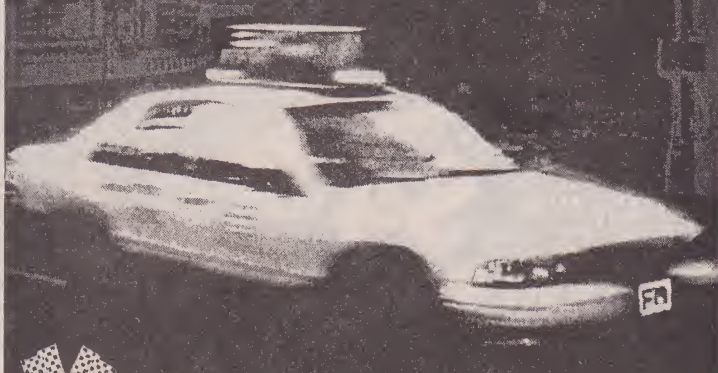
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
DEAD MAN'S CHOIR

"What's Wrong with Me" 
I wasn't that inspired by this release. What I got here was some '77 style punk that leaned towards the rock thing. Not to bash the '77 stuff because I love many of the original bands of that time period. Now that it's been 22 years since the year of 1977, the music has evolved and subdivided into brighter things. I find that it sounds remedial at times and too generic for my current tastes. I would say that many bands that currently play this stuff sound better live than recorded. If I played this for someone blindfolded who was knowledgeable of punk would have an instant reaction to say it sounds '77. But if they had to guess the band, many different names might come up. Through the years I have seen a ton of bands that played '77 style punk, but many do not stick around for the long haul. I guess I shouldn't have been the one to review this. I know the guy from Dead Beat Records loves these guys. It's more in his niche of music he currently likes. -Donothedead (Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)


DEAD LAZLO'S PLACE

"Lonely Streets" 
A metal-edged maniacal moshpit of melodious musical mayhem, a pogofest of pure punk poundings, and an all-around tunefully delightful disc! The machinegun-drilling ditties of Dead Lazlo's Place are faster and more fun than my rapidly palpitating heartbeat after a sweat-drenched episode of animalistic sex with cupid's filthy slut-puppy nympho sister. This searing CD whopped a knuckle-dance on my noggin like a ton of bricks swooshing downward from a 30-story building and plummeting with such fierce force, it implodes upon impact and wreaks all-out apeshit havoc in the earth's inner core. Let me relatedly rephrase that: this packs a one-two Rocky Balboa hammer-fisted power punch, SMASH, repeat, BA-DA-BOOM, repeat, POW... my brain cells are now scattered to the four winds of the world, rattling my thought process beyond any reasonable comprehension, if there is such a thing! And I'll give ya yet more incendiary incentives to purchase this divinely decadent collection of cacophonous cuts: the insightful thought-motivating lyrics, "40 Ounces" and "Punk Rock Slezabag," the demented Dr. Phibes horrors-in-Hell organ on "Funnies," the slithering slide guitar leaping wildly across the frets like a possessed shaman swirling through a Swahili jungle jig of impassioned exorcisms on "Broken Shell," the bodaciously big and bouncy boobies gorgeously gracing the back cover, and intense aural energy as pure and precise as the splendid roar of life itself. Yep, I'm stoked, stammering, and stuttering... this gave my ears an erection of magnificent proportions... content, indeed I am! - Rog (New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, SF, CA 94121 or Dead Lazlo's Place, PO Box 4171, Sunland, CA 91041-4171)


DEAD BOYS

"All This & More" 
People say the Dead Boys were influential. Let's see.
Let: P = influence,
R = number of records made,
B = number of bands who want to sound just like them,
S = total number of records sold,
Y = how old the band is, and
C = number of crappy albums released.
The average record value is something like $V = (RS)/C$ where the number of records made, multiplied by the total number of records sold is divided by the number of crappy albums released. The more good releases the higher the percentage value for v. The more bad releases, the lower the percentage. Influence could be measured by multiplying value V by the number of bands who have sounded or are attempting to sound like them, dividing by the age of the band. Thus, we get the following formula: $P = (RS \cdot B)/(CY)$. The Dead Boys have too many crappy records out and not enough bands who want to sound like them to be considered highly influential. The Stooges, the Velvet Underground, and Beat Happening are just a few examples of bands with a high level of influence. Your value for P may be different from mine seeing that C is a subjective quantity, but be that as it may, I still think this is going to turn more people off from the Dead Boys than turn them on, and the world needs a Dead Boys live double CD like Bill Clinton needs Viagra. Great cover art, but shit, why not release something approximating a studio album. Sorry Greg Shaw. -Keith Fitz (Bomp)

DEADCATS, THE


"Millions of Deadcats" 
OK, I have to admit I was initially amused by their CD title's goofball take on MDC. That's fun. But then I threw it on the seedy player and they instantly irritated me by ripping off a famous surf riff. Then, as the CD played, I gradually grooved back in with their tasty, skillful playing of rockabilly, psychobilly and honky-tonk country. I guess they're OK. They do properly attribute the songs written by others, including the Cramps; and they do a weird goof on the Rolling Stones in "Get Outta My Crease," but they do credit Jagger/Richards properly, good for them. There's even a song that sounds just like Johnny Cash! The DCs rock hard enough, and I'm not sure about their motives - what with touching as many bases as they do - but the bottom line is that this music is great. So there. -ShitEd (Flying Saucer, 306 - 4425 Halifax St., Burnaby, BC Canada V5C 5Z2)

DEADITES


"Better Luck Next Time" 
I have lots to say about this CD, so we'll start at the top so we're all less confused in the end. Superfluous stuff first: 1. Snappy cardstock and ink choices (I'm partial to heavy

black with silver and red), although the inside cover is more attractive than the outside (the cover art - death himself in a life raft at a maritime disaster, pushing people away with the oars - and pirate-lettered banner are foreign to me). 2. In their adolescence, one Supersucker, one Pistol and one Descendant looked like a Deadite. 3. Swaggery, buzzed and sexy Misfits-y, greaser, psychobilly punk. Layered, eerie and up-beat, this album reminds me of the Hellbills, Saddlesores and New Bomb Turks and some old school. 4. Lead vox sound like Barrie Evans, Mike Ness and Axl Rose, in combination with some influences from the previously mentioned bands. 5. Lyrics are creepy mad, bordering on a lifetime stay in the looney bin for the criminally insane, some of them excellent observations and just plain good writing (like "Roadside Assistance" and "Monsters Are Due on Maple St."). Until I read the lyric sheet (yay! entertainment!), I thought the lyrics were only partially silly pseudo-creep death/ monster/ serial killer/ ghoul lyrics, but now that I realize that EVERY song is like that, I start to wonder... all fun and games? Or is it? Either way, melodies and choruses like "They're coming for you Barbara," make me bop-bop-bop along. 5. The Deadites play their hearts out, and this is a screamin' debut (?) album. However, I look forward to subsequent releases, since this one comes out swingin' but doesn't quite know where to land its first punch. Deadites: Gun it! Go full-throttle! Power! Don't be shy! Cover "Sunday Morning Coming Down" or "Alone and Forsaken" instead of "Folsom Prison Blues," and keep me posted. I'll be waiting with kisses. -Jessica (Craptacular, 504 E La Salle St., Colo. Spgs, CO 80907; <craptacular@aol.com>)


DEATH PENALTY

"Conviction" 
Metalcore from a band that was around for a couple of years and broke up in January 1999. For those who like the chunky guitars, pounding low bass, and guttural vocals that need throat lozenges to calm the burn. -Donothedead (Wild Rags)


DEE STROY AND THE D-FEX

"When The D-Fex Come to Town" 
The vocalist of Beantown's fabulously Ramones-y Johnnies steps out with four individually wrapped slice of sonic supercheese. Young, loud, and scientifically snotty, this disc might be over before you've finished reading the thank you list. A perfect party platter to compliment many of the activities illustrated on the King Velvetea sleeve. -Pooch (Lawless, PO Box 689 Hingham, MA 02043-0689)


DEE STROY AND THE D-FEX

"When The D-Fex Come to Town" 
Melodic, infected with good pus, rock'n'roll. Not too blotto, owing most of its existence with an unwavering love for the Ramones and the transference is enjoyable since it comes out like a labor of love and not tracing the exact curves of where the cookie gets cut. Excellent back cover illustrations by King Velvetea go along with the words to "I Like" just like a picture book, only there's sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll (not The Little Engine That Could) with plump and easy-to-follow lines. Enjoyable. -Todd (Lawless, PO Box 689, Hingham, MA 02043-0689)


DEEP PURPLE

"Shades 1968 - 1998"  **Box**
I've always loved these guys, and unapologetically so. Blackmore was the ultimate punk; talented, arrogant, fiery, and able to cross intensity and humor unlike any axslinger since. Like Zeppelin, these ex-session men had enough attitude and chops to dominate both the FM and AM dials, while still retaining heavy credibility. This set starts with their orchestral origins, proceeding through all their various incarnations to the present. Only four tracks represent the newer versions of the band, the rest are the songs and members most people equate with Deep Purple. Unison riffs would pound their way into a solid drum and bass groove, explode into keyboard runs and fretboard finger fury, before returning to finish off the song. No, post Mark 1 era, the lyrics weren't the stuff of high literature, but the hooks and stories within had personality; something sadly lacking in many of the current faceless ensembles parading as rock groups. These guys were, and still are, one of the greatest ever. The stuff of legends, this four CD box set is required listening. Contains 56 page booklet, lots of info action, complete bios, discography, track by track notes, and plenty o' pics. -Pooch (Rhino)


DEMONS

"Electrocute"  **CD**
Three blasts of Stooges/Detroit punk and roll, kinda like the way the New Bomb Turks sound in my head, yet never when I actually play them. It's pretty cool, but I can't quite see myself robbing someone to fund a tip to see them. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ruff Nite, 3249 Rorer St., Philadelphia, PA 19134)

DERKS, THE

"What Do You Think of Me Now?" 
Punk/rock that's interesting at best and redundant at worst. To be honest, I was more interested in the fact that the drummer's wearing a Necros shirt in his picture on the back. I guess that's a good indication of how much I was paying attention. -Jimmy Alvarado (All Girls Dig... Records, PO Box 2315, La Crosse, WI 54602)

DEVIATE

"Darkened World" 
This is a compilation of songs that were previously released in their home country of Belgium on various releases. This 7 songer is a re-release for American consumers to get the chance to experience this ferocious band. This release

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leans (or is) heavily metal. The crew background vocals are there also. For those that are into modern day straight edge will love this. For those who hate metal go to the next review. A high production recording makes for a precise and brutal package of songs. I wish that they would have included more songs though. There are only 27 minutes of music here. Everybody knows that you can have up to 74 minutes of music on a CD. Hope the price of this is low to justify how many songs are on this. -Donofthead (Nevr, 7 West 22nd Street, 4th Floor, NY, NY 10010)

DICKIES, THE

"My Pop the Cop" ☼
I can't believe these guys are still playing great pop punk that many bands can't seem to achieve. The title track was on the latest Fat comp "Fat Music, Vol. III" and was the surprise of the century. I didn't think that Fat would be able to get such a great band. They are just in a different league as much of the bands on the roster. Not that I didn't mind though, rumor says Fat Mike treats his bands better than well. The flipside of this release is another pop gem "Marry Me, Ann." Reminded me of the Partridge Family for some reason for how bubblegum it was. I soiled my pants knowing I owned this. You should shit in your pants too and get a copy before they disappear. -Donofthead (Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119)

DICKIES, THE

"Dogs from the Hare That Bit Us" ☼
If you have read many of my reviews in the past, I love cover songs. Here is a gift from heaven for me to have in my hands. The Dickies who are known in the past to throw in a cover or two through the years on their releases has put out another classic. They cover the likes of The WeirDOS, Uriah Heep, Iron Butterfly, The Beatles, The Human Beings, The Hollies, The Knack and Donovan and make it their own. Putting on the Dickies' touch just makes it more tolerable than the originals. -Donofthead (Triple X, PO Box 862529, LA, CA 90086-2529)

DICKIES, THE

"Dogs from the Hare That Bit Us" ☼
As the title alludes, the Dickies pay homage to a few classics - WeirDOS, Iron Butterfly, Uriah Heep, The Beatles, etc. They cover the songs and put a spin on it only the Dickies are capable of, and essentially make the songs their own. Granted, no one can do "Solitary Confinement" as well as the WeirDOS, but the Dickies do it justice, and hell, this is the only band who can cover the Beatles without embarrassing themselves. No easy feat! Their versions of "Easy Livin'", "Can't Let Go," "There's a Place" and "Epistle to Dippy" are honestly better than the originals. No kidding. It's uncanny how much Leonard sounds like Donovan on "Epistle to Dippy." Great CD. This is still in the stereo long after all the other stuff has been filed away. -M.Avg (Triple X)

DICTATORS, THE

"The Dictators Live: New York New York" ☼
In case you still don't know, the Dictators reinvented the "rock and roll as a lifestyle" concept back in the early '70s and in doing so were underdog forerunners of punk rock. This is a CD reissue of the 1981 ROIR cassette-only release, "Fuck 'Em If They Can't Take a Joke." This time there are three extra tracks of their tongue in cheek parade of everything that's worth singing about - everything rock and roll which, to them, means cars, girls and wrestling. They are, like the wrestlers they admire, confrontational by nature and they mock everyone that crosses their path. What more could you ask for from a bunch of New York Jews singing songs like "Master Race Rock"? I just hope all you youngsters hyped up on the "new" punk don't get put off by their brilliant '50s and '60s styled arranged songs for being "too old sounding" or their occasional Kiss-like guitar harmonies for being "too heavy metal" but instead realize that this is where it's at and what it's all about. Great live sound and performance and essential liner notes by Richard Meltzer and Andy Sherman. Check this out and see if you too are able to claim "I can eat faster and louder." -Squeaky (ROIR, 611 Broadway Suite 411, NY, NY 10012)

DIESELHED

"Elephant Rest Home" ☼
It's tongue in cheek torch and twang. Call it alternative country, americana, no depression, whatever - it ain't Hank Williams Jr. and it ain't very good. Lyrically silly and musically drab, Dieselhed's fourth full length album fails where bands like the Jayhawks and Wilco have succeeded; in the cross collateralization of genres to create something new and unique. -Zack Negative (Bong Load)

DIMITRI GUREVITCH QUINTETTE, THE

Some strange stuff here. How to describe this... Mix ska with some Jewish style music and throw in some circus music and you have this band. I'm not saying they are bad, just very hard to describe. All three songs on this 45 are instrumentals. Complete with horns. Now the art is an interesting story indeed. Smelly Cat Records has five artists listen to the songs and come up with artwork based on the songs. Then the band selects the art they think best represents the songs. Very interesting concept. The jacket for this 7" is full color and looks great. The record is on red vinyl! If you want something different, check this out. -Freddy Flipoff (Illumination, PO Box 700194, San Jose, CA 95170; <Lumin8Recs@aol.com>)

DIRTY DIRT & THE DIRTS

Self-titled ☼ [E]
Much, much better than their demo. These guys play a combination of late '80s hardcore mixed with the current

style of bands that you'd hear on Mountain Records. The music is direct and forceful, pretty much devoid of any tuneful qualities, and the vocals are caustic in nature, like a sand blaster on high. Kind of similar to the singer from Cable. There's also a lot of thought put behind the lyrics, presented on an introspective level. Pretty good debut for this band who made amends after a short break up. If they can keep it together they may be able to accomplish something. -M.Avg (Western Disease, 1744 W. 25th St., LA, CA 90018)

DIRTYS, THE

"Teenage Teenage Problem Child" ☼
Balls out, pedal to the metal manic tuneage to get drunk and mess things up to. When not beating each other up, the band is busy putting out these spasms of musical mayhem. Their raw-throated, thrashed-out assault is applied to four numbers: the title track, "Drivin' Like a Jerk," "Rock & Roll Hum" and "Take it Off." Speed, feedback and various other over indulgences battle for dominance as the Michigan madmen display their prowess at creating rock and roll music that can get just about any crowd off their lazy butts. Good to go. -P.Edwin Letcher (Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr., Clarkston, MI 48346)

DISCOUNT/CIGARETTE MAN

Split ☼
Originally released in 1996 in Japan on Snuffy Smile, re-released. I'm an unabashed fan of Discount; forefronted female vocals with bouncy, hooky pop punk, like a superball filled with fishing lures. Allison's lyrics are borderline schizophrenic, punctuated by "I do, I don't" - and far from being a slag, it provides a nice backdrop against the foil of what most pop punk deals with - love; Alison deals with anti-love, anti-need, in an almost existential way, which is pretty involved, considering the songs are structured in a way that they sound easy to skiffle around and make sandwiches to. Pretty kick ass. Cigarette Man is crisp and tight like a well made bed, not too far from Discount's camp, but for some reason, I don't get aggro over. Too few distinguishing characteristics? Dunno. Still, very far away from bad. -Todd (Suburban Home, 1750 30th St., Boulder, CO 80301)

DISMAT EUPHONY

"All Little Devils" ☼
I'm not sure if the band name is correct since I had to kind of guess and I can't quite read the script. Rock opera metal with dual male/female vocals. The female vocalist has a goth-like Siouxi/ABBA sound to her and the male vocalist had that ominous but not guttural vocals. Kind of like a narrator for a scary movie. The music would be a perfect soundtrack for a horror movie. The virtuoso guitar playing, the organ and piano sounds and the aura-like vocals were soothing. Interesting. -Donofthead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

DISTURBIO MENOR

"Heridas Abiertas" ☼ [E]
Fucking rocking thrash band from Chile. Six raging tracks of power with some good lyrics. One cranking song after another. This will blow you away. -Thrashead (Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

DOC HOPPER

"Zigs, Yaws and Zags" ☼
Fast, melodic punk, very Lookout style: that sped up, updated Ramones plaintiveness filtered through NOFX and Screeching Weaselness, then prettied up a whole lot. Track 5 sounds very similar to The Stand GT. Harmonies, cool melodies. Not bad, very listenable. And just enough of an edge to this band that they do not suck. Disturbing cover illustration, cool! -ShitEd (Go-Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012)

DOC HOPPER

"Zigs, Yaws, and Zags" ☼
Doc Hopper on their umpteenth album continue their Descendents style melodic punk onslaught. Throw in some companions to the Queers as well. It's jumpy, poppy, with kind of a goofy edge. There are some pretty clever lyrics here and there. Pretty decent release from this long-running outfit. -Thrashead (Go Kart)

DOCTOR EXPLOSION

"The Subnormal Revolution" ☼
Remember that back in the '60s a lot of that cool, crazy, rockin' noise that we now refer to as "garage" or "60s punk" was just considered one aspect of top 40. Nowadays top 40 is, for the most part, good awful dreck. I mean sure, back in the day you had your "Lightning Strikes" and "California Dreamin'" but then you could also turn on the radio and hear the snotty and demented likes of groups such as The Seeds, The Count 5 and maybe even The Sonics or The Trashmen. Doctor Explosion are keeping that tradition of primitive r'n'r alive in true psychotic and passionate fashion as they twist the gamut of power pop styles from the '60s on up and thusly live up to their name. From a lil' bit of surf action ("Surf and Shake") to rhythm and beat (their Spanish version of "One Ugly Child" and "Eros Feo Chaval") to a more '70s punk version of '60s garage ("Drag Queen") it is all frantic and catchy at the same time. The gnt is there deep in the grooves and some of the "real rockers," as well as the crew with bowl cuts and Beate boots, will probably both go for this in a big way. But I'm especially reminded that this is streamlined though stripped down and ripped up pop when the last few songs on the disc sound like they would please Elvis Costello fans as well. Another killer release from Get Hip who brought us the incredible Mullens LP, which was one of my favorite releases of last year. I gotta add that judging by

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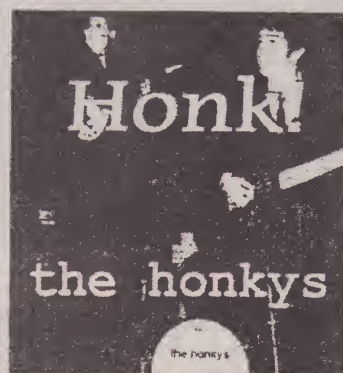
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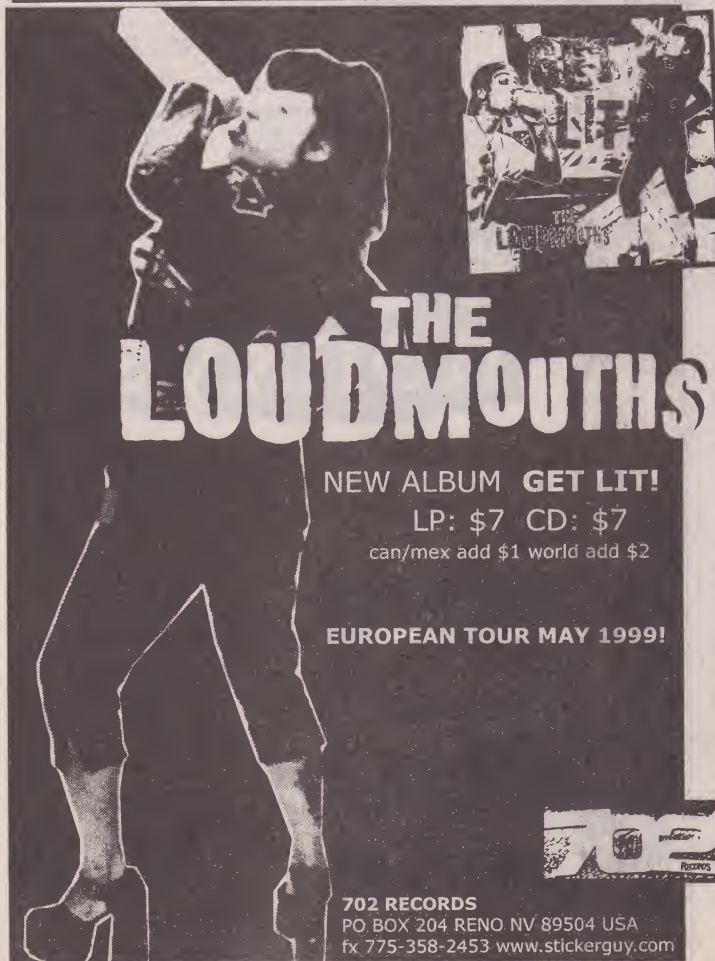
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the excitement that comes out of this disc I could only imagine that Dr. E would be doubly "explosive" live. And my pal Brian Phillips from the King's English who recently opened for them confirmed this saying that they are "...nothing less than madmen... tight and sloppy, if you can dig" and that at the end of the set the guitarist took off his belt and whipped his guitar. he didn't mention though, whether they wore those crazy soldier costumes that they flaunt on the cover of this here disc. Viva la revolution subnormal. -6T's Man Squeaky (Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

DOCTOR EXPLOSION

"The Subnormal Revolution" ⚡

Loud, raw, garage rock masters from Spain. This is the first American release and is taken from three Subterfuge albums, "El Loco Mundo de los Jovenes," "Aquellos Maravillosos 90" and "Lows in the Mid Nineties." Six of the tunes are sung in Spanish including "Eres Feo Chaval" which is a translation of "One Ugly Child." If you are familiar with that '60s punk scorch, you'll want to give this hard-working trio of rabid dogs the once over twice. The other eight tunes are done in English. The band covers four songs including an obscure one by the Music Machine and the Custom V's, "Let's Go in '69." The rest are Dr. Explosion originals that are influenced by the toughest of retro sources as well as all their '60s damaged contemporaries. Recorded at Toe Rag with Thee Headcoats, Holly Golightly and Liam Watson; all adding to the glorious mayhem on various tracks. Cool. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip)

DON CABALLERO

"What Burns Never Returns" ⚡

Fucking fresh - just fucking fresh, Don Caballero play a long rock and roll instrumental excursion, with the drums leading the fray - he (Damon) builds a melody and the two guitars play off each other with a throbbing undercurrent. Each time I listen to this I hear new twists and turns. This is what the Quicksilver Messenger Service would sound like if they could play - fucking great, fucking modern, fucking now - not since Demo Moe etc. etc. Hell yeah! -Stone Cold Steve Austin (Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

DON CABALLERO

"Singles Breaking Up (Vol. 1)" ⚡

This is a collection of early singles and unreleased stuff, compilations etc. It shows how much Don Caballero has grown, matured, and reshaped themselves. While I'm much more partial to their most recent release, this is still good listening and the cover art is stunning. I say hell yeah! -Stone Cold Steve Austin (Touch and Go)

DON'T

"Plastica" ⚡

Here is something you don't see that often, a band from Croatia and singing in English. Late '70s, early '80s style punk rock with female vocals. The songs are more in the rock vein but raw to keep it punk. The vocalist reminded me of one of the vocalists from the band Fuzzbox from the UK. Great cover of Patty Smith's "Rock & Roll Nigger." -Donofthead (Anubis, P.P. 6012, 10090 Zagreb, Croatia)

DOOM KOUNTY ELECTRIC CHAIR

"Homicide? Misery" ⚡

One of my current fave O.C. exports lets loose with a double slab of "sonic whupass." "Misery" (from their CD) runs like a car chase down the 55 freeway. Their version of the 999 classic comes out raw and ragged, with plenty of screams, background madness, and J. Thunder-esque guitar damage. Cool. -Pooch (Persuasion, PO Box 133, Anaheim, CA 92815)

DRIPPING GOSS

"Blue Collar Black Future" ⚡

I'm not sure what the title is all about but I'm not going to look into it. It's hard for me to get interested in a band when it doesn't please my ears. So far as I write this, I'm in to the second song and it just sounded like the first song. I found it to be boring rock. Sad that it is coming from the people who are associated with hosting a lot of great band in the past. -Donofthead (CBGB, 315 Bowery, NY, NY 10003)

DROPKICK MURPHYS

"The Gang's All Here" ⚡

I was apprehensive of this LP, being quite fond of their last vocalist, Mike McColgan, and his ability to hold, twist, and slam down a note like a quick-downed pint, and I wish him the best in whatever he chooses, but I'm happy to report that the DKM cavalry is charging full bore with Al Barr's pipes are directing one of the strongest calls echoing across the graffiti'd walls of '90s American street punk. It's now apparent that the brick and mortar slabbed and set down by Cocksparrer, Sham 69, Cockney Rejects, and Angelic Upstarts - and what too many thought was a dead end alley or a self-contained box to rot - is being scratched, clawed, and bayoneted through by the likes of the Dropkicks, creating the disruptive hole, busting the dam open, flooding it into the late '90s with a fresh powderkeg sense of re-invention and new blood. No small feat. It's done with one tightly laced, steel-toed boot respectfully planted in tradition, the other firmly rooted in the here of America and the now of the late '90s; a wide, comfortable stance, giving them the bulletproof feel that anvils of bad fate and adversity could fall and they'd still stand and rock you through a wall like the blast off an ignited

pipebomb in a eurotrash disco. -Todd (Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026. If you want anything except CDs, contact Dropkick Murphys, PO Box 69-7504, Quincy, MA 02269)

DROPKICK MURPHYS

"The Gang's All Here" ⚡

Once again, the Murphys' driving sound takes us back to the gritty streets and murky, crowded pubs of Boston, spinning tales of thugs, hoodlums, barroom fighters and the plight of the honest working man. The Murphys score one for the working class with energetic, Irish-tinged streetpunk in its liveliest and most wholehearted form that maintains a sense of cultural identity and pride. Former singer Mike McColgan has been replaced by ex-Bruisers frontman Al Barr on this release. Where McColgan's voice as heard on the earlier album, EP, and 7"s was somewhat strained and incoherent, Barr's voice rings through with a gruff clarity and ferocity that only adds to the already excellent sound exhibited by this band. Songs of honor, friendship, loss, and tradition can be found here embodied in such tracks such as "Blood and Whiskey," "Ten Years of Service," "Curse of a Fallen Soul," "Going Strong," "Boston Asphalt," and "The Gang's All Here." Unforgettable melodies and vocals come together to produce what is surely one of the best streetpunk/roll records of the 1990s. The Dropkick Murphys put the competition to shame. A definite must have. -Mike Ramek (Hellcat)

DSFA

D ⚡

Old '80s style HC/trash music like 15 years ago. Harsh, fast and abrasive. Greek chorus responses to the singer's declarations ala NYC hardcore. I've seen them live, and this demo doesn't do them justice. Live, their singer comes across like the bastard lovechild of Jack Grisham (TSOL) sired on Jay Naked of Twister Naked! In other words, lots of twisted personality raging in front of the frantic thrashing. Heather Oblon tells me their initials stand for Doesn't Stand For Anything, ha ha! That totally sets up anyone who makes the mistake of asking what their name stands for. Q: "What does DSFA stand for?" A: "It doesn't stand for anything!" Ha! -ShilEd

DUFF MCKAGEN

"Beautiful Disease" ⚡

Thankfully, Duff's tempered his bitterness with sentimentality, something sorely missing from his first solo effort a few years back. He starts off cursing LA, but after a few songs shows signs of that wide-eyed kid I met years ago playing in a local pop band. During "Then & Now" he states "If you saw me yesterday, you wouldn't recognize my face," and it's true, he's changed a lot. However, that original one, the punk rocker and original Fastbacks member, is starting to come into focus. His ex G'n'R guitar buddies keep the riffs flying, and his bass is as aggressive as ever, but anyone who would rhyme Randy Johnson with Mick Ronson has more going for him than stupid metal tricks. Welcome back, Duff. Missed you. -Pooch (Geffen)

DWARVES, THE

"Free Cocaine" ⚡

"Two little things that drive me insane are teenage women and free cocaine." The Dwarves, man, how can you argue with them? "Dead Brides in White," "I Wanna Kill Your Boyfriend," "Lesbian Nun," and "I'm young, dumb, and misunderstood, but I fuck so good." There's even a clip here where they try to convince a disc jockey to go on tour with them by telling her, "There's room on the stick shift for you, dollface." They're the kings of mean, obnoxious punk rock. If you only know them by their Epitaph album of a couple of years ago, it's time to meet The Dwarves in their early, unpolished days. This is a collection of three previously released seven inches, "Lucifer's Crank," "I Wanna Kill Your Boyfriend," and "That's Rock'n'Roll," a previously released twelve inch, "Toolin' for a Warm Teabag," and a couple of other songs from between 1986 and 1989. All and all, it's thirty-nine songs of punk rock greatness, and unless you already have all of this stuff, this is highly recommended. -Juan Bastos (Recess)

DWARVES, THE

"Lick It (The Psychedelic Years)" ⚡

Back in the '60s, the phenomenon of four guys in the garage banging out a primitive racket of rock'n'roll bliss seemed to really take off. Sometimes, following the psychedelic trend later on in the decade these kids would get really weird, recording wacky sounding songs as if to feign that they were high on drugs when playing. 20 years later it was happening all over again with bands reviving said phenomenon and trends and even covering some of these weird little experiments in pseudo psychedelia. Before the vicious "fuck and run" brand of punk that the Dwarves spewed at us with records like "Tooling for a Warm Tea Bag" and the brilliant "Blood, Guts and Pussy" they were a neo '60s acid punk band. This collection of 34 tunes (well, a couple tracks are just promotional filler) recorded from '83-'86 reminds us that they were just as snotty and sick then as their later incarnations. Taking a nod from those wacky kids of lore as well as pioneers of the post garage sound like The Cramps they attacked with lots of spit, fuzz, distortion and echo (though not much wah wah to speak of). Mean spirited and beautifully twisted throughout, this release is sure to please young punks as well as garage heads alike. The latter will especially enjoy recognizing all the obscure cover songs, if they don't have the original records already. My question is, what trend is Suburban Nightmare/The Dwarves/Blag Dahlia up to now? Don't tell me they're rakin' in lotsa dough from these reissues? -6T's Man Squeaky (Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

DWAYNE BURNSIDE AND THE MISSISSIPPI MAFIA

"Live at the Mint" ☼

Dwayne, lead guitarist and vocalist and Cedric, drummer, are both related to R.L. Burnside and are carrying on the family tradition of electric blues. The Mississippi Mafia also includes the son of Junior Kimbrough (making him Junior Kimbrough Junior) on bass, Eddie Baytos on organ and accordion and rhythm guitarist Joe Hill. The band was captured at LA night club, the Mint and they are shown to be tight, personable and locked in to the blues and the excitement of the moment. Plenty of extended breaks where each member gets to strut his stuff while the others back off a little including a version of "Hoochie Coochie Man" that clocks in at 18:48. R.L. Burnside joined the band after a few numbers and sat in on guitar and vocals for most of the spirited set. Nasty, wailin' guitars all over the place. -P. Edwin Letcher (Lucky 13, 1626 Wilcox #213, Hollywood, CA 90028)

DYSTOPIA

"The Aftermath..." ☼

This release includes tracks off their "Backstabber" EP, and tracks that were on splits with Skaven, Suffering Luna and Wellington. That fine information was left for me on the back of the case. Like I really knew all this wealth of information. I'm a kook who loves the Offspring and Abba. So if you have already purchased the aforementioned releases, move to the next review. This is another really ugly release that has no songs about love or butterflies. In fact, none of the songs depict any hint of happiness. Also, there are no dance beats or rappers on it. What is this world coming to? Well, this is just perfect to end the day after being a pawn of the working force and expected to perform at high level while the ones in charge profit. The song "Socialized Death Sentence" expresses my feelings of my average work day. The tone set by the noise mongers is ugly and the power is achieved through full thrust guitar distortion. Screams expounded from the gut are pushed to the limit to express his need to be angry. I can totally relate and if you think you do too, purchase, give it a spin, and decide for yourself. -Donothedead (Crawspace, PO Box 5283, Buena Park, CA 90622)

EDWARD KA-SPEL

"Down in the City of Heartbreak and Needles Vol. 1" ☼

Legendary Pink Dots mainman Edward Ka-spel is back with another CD. Some of the stuff on here dates back to '84. It's dark electronic keyboard music that, for some reason, reminds me of a more experimental Bowie. The other songs on this disc are from the early '90s. They are more experimental industrial keyboard music, kind of like Coil, but not quite. Ka-spel and Pink Dots fans will enjoy this. -Thrashhead (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

EDWARD KA-SPEL

"Blue Room" ☼

Very dark, ethereal electronic music. The music is very subtle and some tracks have this sort of psychedelic quality to them. He gets somewhat experimental in parts. If you like your stuff dark but mellow, or if you're a Legendary Pink Dots fan, you'll like this. -Thrashhead (Soleilmoon)

ELECTRALUX

"Super Dee-lux" ☼

Garage-rockabilly-trash with a strong nod to The Cramps and their forefathers. Well played and enthusiastic but I can't help but feeling that this is still a pedestrian entry if not a champion attempt. Maybe it's the slightly affected posturing. It is all in good fun and they put on a very happy, spirited and enjoyable live show when I saw them three years ago. -Squeaky (Cacophone, PO Box 6058, Albany, NY 12206)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"I'm Not Your (Nothing)" 3 song ☼☼

Every time I turn around, it seems like there is another Electric Frankenstein release. This time out, these bad boys do the title track, a cover of the Tubes' "I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk," and a live version of "Right on Target." All the stomp and swagger, sore throat holler and attitude you have come to expect is dished up. As always, the E.F. theme lends itself rather nicely to some cool graphic illustration. A short, loud, aggressive blast. -P. Edwin Letcher (Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

ELECTROCUTES

"Steal Yer Lunch Money" ☼

Budget punk rock from Palo Alto. Like the Ramones, and many other instantly recognizable groups, these gals do song after song that sound about the same but throw in enough wrinkles to make each one unique. The vocals are squeaky, constantly cracking and mixed way above the crude but effective drums which are, in turn, somewhat more out front than the guitar/bass low rumble sludge. The lead singer reminds me of the female voice of the 1-4-5's and Karen of Supercharger and, on occasion, the out there warbler of Melt Banana. The songs are rather obtuse with tons of personal references and stream of consciousness babble but the lyrics flow and the vocals establish any melody or quirky elements that punctuate the buzz saw rhythms. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

EMPEROR

"IX Equilibrium" ☼

Black metal purists say Emperor have sold out. It's the same old song and dance, a band makes some money,

gets the chance to make themselves sound like they've always dreamed, and suddenly they're "capitalist pigs". Fuck that. This is a glorious album. Maybe the best Emperor ever. It's more symphonic and opulent even than "Anthems," but it's still unmistakably Emperor. This album eloquently melds traditional ear-splitting black metal with the almost operatic stylings of King Diamond; the vocals and guitars are mind-numbingly clear, and the drumming is just fookin' amazing. If this is the sound of selling out, gimme more! -Karin (Century Media, 1453A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

ENEWETAK

"Onward to Valhalla" ☼

Like a horse running out of control, knowing it is getting ready to be slaughtered or having an epileptic seizure while driving into a wall with your newly purchased car with the accelerator stuck - these were my initial feelings listening to this manic ear slaughter. Pretty this is not - it's pure, ugly thrash, power sludge, weird time signatures and screamed/growled vocals. Here is a sample of their lyrics from the opening track "Casket": "Water drops on skin repeatedly, driving insanity, eventually drilling a hole so deep that flesh is exposed." Now that is a happy picture being drawn for you just on the opening lyrics of the first song. Not for the timid or for those seeking happiness through their music. -Donothedead (Crawspace, PO Box 5283, Buena Park, CA 90622)

ENGINE

Self-titled ☼

Weird, spastic music that I liked immediately. There are only two songs on this and I'm glad because a full length would be indefinitely strained coming from this band. Ear candy for the twisted. -J.Cyco (Damn E.G., PO Box 4283, Louisville, KY 40204)

ENGLISH DOGS

"All the World's a Rage" ☼

The English Dogs have been known to change direction. Sometimes for better and sometimes for worse. I'm personally not too fond of their new direction. If you're into Fat Records slick production, NoFX type sound, you might really like this. I didn't. -Thrashhead (Pavement Music, PO Box 50550, Phoenix, AZ 85076)

EPAJARJESTYS

Self-titled ☼

My friend Imants from Hamilton, Canada asked me to send a copy of the latest Flipside to a guy in Finland. He told me the guy did his own version of a fanzine that was in ranks with Flipside/MRR over there. So I sent this guy a copy and he sent me two copies of his zine and this release of his band. I couldn't read 99% of the zines but I liked looking at the pictures and ads. Kind of like when I get Doll from Japan. Even though I'm Japanese, I haven't been able to read Japanese since I was in my early childhood. Well I got a surprise when I popped this bad baby on. Dual vocal, Discharge style hardcore. Sung in Finnish, English translations are included minus the song sung in Swedish. For those of us who like this style of hardcore, you never seem to get tired of it. Finland continues to have great hardcore bands while in America we seem to move from one genre to another. -Donothedead (Markku Hirvela, Vanhaistentie 4C8, 00420 Helsinki, Finland)

EPER LEY

"Sophomore Slump" ☼

I like this. Picture a harder version of Weezer playing at Luau for Larry Flint on his wedding day. The cocaine and Grand Marnier are flowing and porn starlets are serving you hor'd'erves by the pool. Fuck Larry, when are you inviting me over again damn it? But I digress. Fine guitar work, good vocals, and a sense of humor. I would buy this and that is the highest praise I could give a band. A-plus material. And the CD looks like one of those view master disks that I used to have as a kid. It makes sense that they're on the same label as the Street Walkin' Cheetahs. Send more. -Jason Cole (Triple X, PO Box 862529, LA, CA 90086-2529)

ESTADOS INTERNOS

"Idea" ☼☼

I bet y'all didn't know that Argentinean metal sucked just as bad as its American cousin, did ya? Take Pantera, remove all semblance of rhythm and you're still miles off on how bad this sounds. My sister Sarah said it was so bad that it made her long for a Poison record. I just figure that if you name your release "Idea" you should at least have a few. These guys apparently can't even come up with one. -Jimmy Alvarado (Internos, Av. Rivadavia 5154 (1424) Cap. Fed., Argentina)

EVERSOR

"Breakfast Club" ☼

Post hardcore pop rock with tame lyrics to match the music. Yawn... -M.Avr (Green, via S. Francesco 60, 35100 - Padova, Italy)

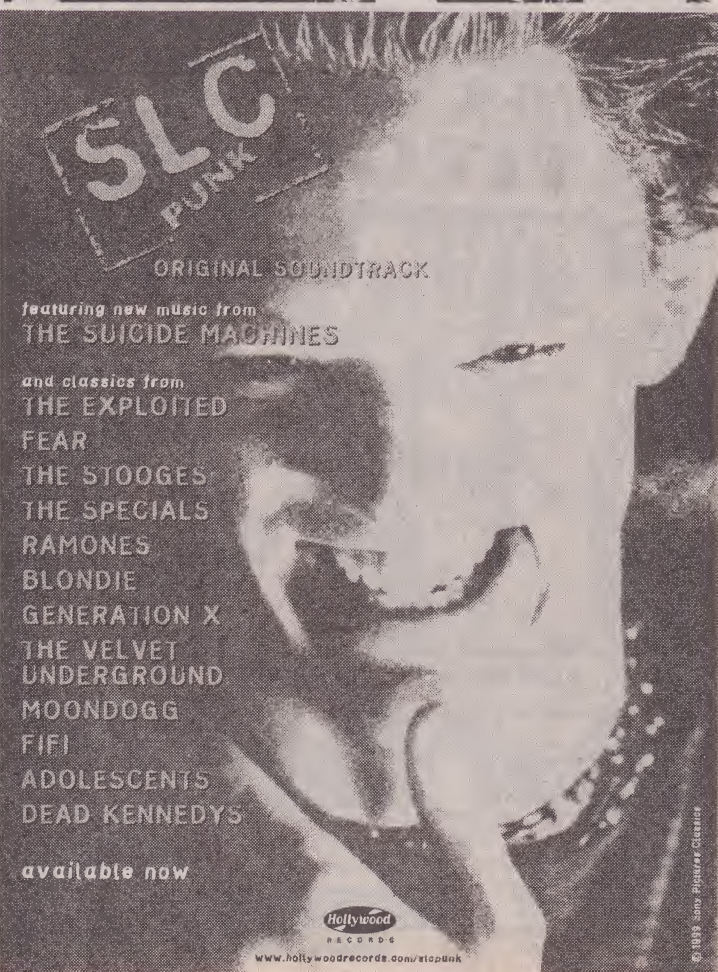
EVERSOR

"September" ☼

Interesting Italian band that sort of incorporates emotional lyrics, melody and power chords to make their point. It's close to what most bands today play in terms of melodic-core but the vocals are much better and heartfelt. Maybe it's the heavy reverb and chorus in the guitars or how the bass is recorded punchy but not distorted or the drums sounding bright and precise. I just can't put my fingers on it and just have to justify this review by saying that it is a great release. Not being able to fully describe it makes me

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listen to it even more just to analyze it more. One thing that I can describe about this release is the packaging. Artsy photos, band photo, lyrics and graphic design are mixed together on chipboard and spiral bound instead of the traditional jewel case. Neat idea that makes it stand out. -Donothedead (Green)

EXIT: 86

Self-titled
Hmmm... I was feeling quite jilted in several ways when I picked this one up... I was looking for someone who would sing only about love, shit-stinkin' naive love as only the inexperienced and the freshly forlorn could imagine it, not love as we embittered veterans know it. When I opened the black and white checkered plastic diner tablecloth jacket and read, "Thanks to all the ex-girlfriends, ex-hopefuls and any prospective girlfriend for inspiration," I just about fell off the floor. Exactly what I was looking for! Sweet, sweet, sweet. Every last of these nine sugar-coated melodies was about a girl. Silly, non-descript lyrics (no self-conscious agony, twisting pain or ill will) salivatingly sung too quickly, back-up choruses that at times drown out the slurred lead vox, happy drums and under/over-mixed bass and guitar make this seem high-pitched and pre-pubescent, like many, many other basement bands. Nothing special, and I didn't feel any better when I was done listening to it. Boys, when you've had your heart broken so badly that you don't think you could ever have it broken again, go and get it broken at least twice more, have a couple cocktails and give me a ring. -Jessica (Exit: 86, 200 Riverbluff Dr., Apt. 309, St. Charles, MO 63301-3586)

FALSE ALARM

"Learning is Impossible" Ⓢ

I had the good fortune of reviewing the demo tape for "Learning is Impossible" back in the Jan/Feb issue of Flipside. I think it's worthwhile to say now, as I turn on the stereo, crank up the volume, slide this spanking new CD into the cartridge, open all the windows and doors, press play and blast it to the world, that False Alarm is back! Like I said before, these guys have been around for years and play some serious old school punk rock. I think it's classic they've added one of their 1983 recordings of "Self Destruction," featuring Fat Mike (NOFX) on bass and vocals, to the all-new seven song release. This whole CD has got that early Black Flag, Circle Jerks retrospective feeling to it that's so fuckin' addicting I haven't taken it out of my stereo all week. False Alarm's "Learning is Impossible" is a fucking prominent release that should be appreciated by punks both young and old, so skitzo-free-n-yeah-ass down to your local punk rock record shop and buy it. -Southern Fried Keith (<ALDOWORLD@aol.com>)

FEEDERZ

"Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss?" Ⓢ

Back when I was a kid, I sent away for a couple of 45s from Placebo Records. One was JFA's "Bialant Localism" EP and the other was "Jesus" by Feederz. Four weeks later, I got a package in the mail, which my dad intercepted and opened. He was pissed. Now, at this point of the tale, I should mention that I come from a pretty strong Mexican Catholic upbringing. "I don't give a shit about this Jodie Foster's Army record," he growled, "but this other shit better be out of the house by tonight or I'm fuckin' up both you and your brother." He handed me the package and stormed out of the room, splitting the door as he left. With shaky hands, I took the records out. On the cover of the Feederz record was a Norman Rockwell-like drawing of a little boy holding up a picture of Jesus by a Christmas tree. Around the drawing, the words "Jesus: I Hate Him and I Want Him Dead" were emblazoned. "Oooh, punk fucking rock," I thought as I put the sacrilegious little piece of wax on the turntable. I was blown away, to say the least. It was hardcore, but not in the "One, two, fuck you RROOOARR" sense, although they could do that, too. It was more cerebral, if you will. I loved the record; but, sadly, soon grew tired of hiding it under t-shirts in my dresser drawer and gave it to my friend Jason Myer, who allegedly got his ass beat by his mom when she found it. Well, to wind up this long trip down memory lane, this is a re-release of an album (their last?) by the same Feederz that caused so much heartache to the parents of many students of Area 7 Alternative Magnet School in Highland Park. My dad's been dead for a little over a year now, but I still get the feeling of tasting forbidden fruit when I put this puppy on and, when "Jesus" comes on (yes, it's included here), I still cringe, waiting to feel his big hand smack the back of my head for listening to it. I suggest that if you have any belief in the power of music to fuck with the way you view things, pick this up. The songs still sound as fresh, cutting edge and just plain strange as they did all those years ago, which alone is quite an achievement. Your parents will love you for it, too. -Jimmy Alvarado (Flaming Banker, no address;)

FIVE DEADLY VENOMS/ LUSTRE KING

Split picture Ⓢ

I cannot lie. I'm keeping this slab solely due to the Derek Hess cover art; double-sided doozy art that's mixture of happy Afrika Corps and a multi-armed Krishna in the desert. On the altar above Lustre King's toilet are these artifacts: One long strand of King Buzzo's wavy black locks (or wild hair up his blessed ass); X-ray of John Brannon's bandsaw whip vocal chords (Laughing Hyenas, Negative Trend); one dismantled musical toy; a bottle of Valium crushed into powder for the hypnotic parts, so you can do lines right off the seat and mellow into the sonic lock and band your head softly. OK, but no fireworks in a cat's ass. Five Deadly Venoms: I thought most venom was

pretty deadly, it's just the dosage and concentration. Put 1,000 lty bity ant bites in a glass of grape juice and I can assure you that you'll choke to death. The vocals remind me of the lead singer of Europe, one of the '80s premier quail poof hair farmers. They play slowfast. Explanation: lots of shit's going down at a high rate of speed - like rain in a thunderstorm, but the pure action - the level of the flood - only seems to creep along. It repeats on about three different levels, making me feel dizzy and confused when I should politely clap when I think the song's done and hope the next band's on soon or why my beer's not doing it's job fast enough. -Todd (Thick, 409 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago, IL 60622)

FOXATIONS, THE

"Teenage Rampage" Ⓢ

A sizzlin' 7-inch with sonic blasts of faster-than-fuck ferocity, combustible chaotic charm, and turbulent tunes which caused my ears to smoke like the smoldering remains of the blitzkrieg-blasted streets of London during World War III! The vocals are high-pitched squeals of hellum-huffin' girlish giddiness... the guitar sporadically spews and spazzes like volcanic eruptions of thunderous sound... the raucously rumbling bass pulverized my skull in a fitful frenzy of all-out, bone-crushing assaults on my auditory senses... the drums destroyed my ability to coherently articulate the frivolity of life, thumpin' the snot outta me and knockin' me flat on my ass! Belligerent, irreverent and salaciously saucy, The Foxations are as fast, furious, and intense as a pack of rabid Tasmanian Devils swirling in a frenzied fistcuff free-for-all with amphetamine-addled Energizer Rabbits spittin' bogies of napalm and coughin' shards of broken glass. Ah, ferociously foxy, indeed! -Rog (Scooch Pooch, 5850 West 3rd St. #209, LA, CA 90036)

FRUIT EATING BEARS

"Gentle Creatures, Despite Their Fierce Appearance" Ⓢ

Very British punk/pop band that made a minor splash in London, circa '77, released a few singles and then called it quits. Before they threw in the towel, however, they recorded an album's worth of tunes, gigged with the likes of the Damned, Slaughter and the Dogs, Squeeze and the Adverts and went on the BBC to hype one of their songs, that their management had entered in a song writing contest, "Door in My Face." Everything is here, including a complete live show. The recording quality is good as are the performances. The band reminds me of a cross between the Vibrators and Wreckless Eric. They do campy, somewhat quirky songs, with thick Cockney accents, about girls and wanking... which is British slang for spooking dein boogie... which is Hungarian slang for... well, you get the picture. -P. Edwin Letcher (Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, England)

FU MANCHU

"Eatin' Dust" Ⓢ

Take Blue Oyster Cult, give them really fuzzy guitars, make them smoke a shittload of pot and press record. Since I no longer partake of the 'hippie love weed,' I couldn't be less impressed. -Jimmy Alvarado (Man's Ruin)

FUCKFACE

Self-titled Ⓢ

Fuck, does this band fail all over the place. Killer old-style thrash that whips you from one wall to the other. They also have some slower grinding parts that are just as intense. This whole record is really intense, and it doesn't let up for one moment. High-powered thrash with some really good lyrics. What more could you ask for? Pick it up. -Thrashhead (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA, 94931)

FULL SPEED AHEAD

"Born and Bred" Ⓢ

Really good, killer, old-style early '80s hardcore here. Nothing fancy, just good, solid punk and hardcore. The lyrics deal with personal issues of communication and social surroundings. Each song totally kicks ass with no let up. One killer hardcore record. -Thrashhead (Teamwork, PO Box 4473, Wayne, NJ 07474)

FULLBLOWN

Self-titled Ⓢ

There is some down and dirty midwestern rock'n'roll on here with definite punk, surf, and other influences here. Nice gritty and surfy guitar sound on this. Some of the stuff kind of reminds me a little bit of Devo. Some of the songs are instrumental but those that are not have a sick lyrical bent that can only come from Omaha, Nebraska, which is where these guys are from. I should know, I used to live there. The main guy behind this has been slugging at it for years. I think he's on to something. By the way, I have. -Thrashhead (Speed Nebraska, PO Box 3103, Omaha, NE, 68103)

FUZZY

"Hurray for Everything" Ⓢ

Here is another band that reminds me of the Go Go's because the singer sounds like Belinda Carlisle. Not a bad release in my mind. Great melodies over a fuzz guitar background. Did anyone get the record by the Graces? This has elements of that record and the Archies or the Hollies. That's all I can think of so I must move on. -Donothedead (Catapult, PO Box 390328, Cambridge, MA 02139)

FUZZY DOODAD

"World Without Dogs" Ⓢ

"You were just perfect, Clyde." Just perfect. That is, beloved local band Bloom's new and debut gallery of

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poems and song is just perfect. (Their new nomenclature is "fuzzy doodah" due to two other bands named Bloom.) Its wounded Christ-like leader, Rich Ferguson, is shown in perfect splendor. All his innards and stigmata are displayed captivantly like the wild indigo indescence of the captured and pinned butterfly on the CD cover. He's a natural-born lady killer in overalls and talismans. His poems are of a peace of a crime well-committed. He's a rancher of barbed-wire gentleness, like a sweet Quaalude and razor suicide. Yep. Wait'll your ears catch the waves of "Abilene Rising" in the distance 'bout the runaway gun crazies. Wait'll your mind gets wrapped around the El Toro lawn tractor "Quiet Ride" where a small town gets a very strange clean-up. Just wait'll your being gets swept away on Rich Ferguson's abject yet dulcet "First Temptation of Moonlight Mary," the tale of a dumpster-diving optimist. And the rest of "fuzzy doodah" done good too. Jeff Soto besots you, then steals you to faraway lonesome plains with his lapsteel and harmonica. Royce Craft, he crafts rattlesnake guitar bites of explosives-shack lullabies. Chris Camacho's wild mustang bass machismo is tethered, then freed just right to give Rich and the band full reign. Billy "Blaze" Price; you don't get to hear him on drums too much, only on tracks 3 & 5, 'cause of all the spoken word, but he's solid, Jack, like a railroad track heart attack. Alright, you can tell I love this band, but I never prayed that it would sound this good; that it would be so easy going down. And that you'd get so many sides of what Rich Ferguson can do. I never heard him do so many characters. I never heard all those sorrowed subtleties in his voice. I'm just glad it's out and people can hear it now. I'll hear him on the eternity jukebox. Always. -Suzy Williams (Sugar Fix, PO Box 4631, LA, CA 90046-0361)

GAMEFACE

"Every Last Time" ☼

Here is another band that I passed on while record shopping and had a preconceived idea of what they sound like. I thought, "Oh, another melodicore band." I guess I have been in a time warp or something. Maybe everybody has matured but me. These guys surprised me by sounding like the early Goo Goo Dolls to me. Melodic college rock with tinges of So Cal punk thrown in. These guys could be the flavor of the month on modern rock radio. The songs are hard edged with great vocal melody. Production quality is high and could be easily be mistaken as a major label release. I don't know if they sounded more punk in the past, but by going on what I hear, they definitely have a talent for song writing. A thought crossed my mind, I guess you have to grow at some point and their music has done the same. -Donothedead (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

GAMMA RAY

"Power Plant" ☼

Oh for fuck's sake. I'm still sick of Whitesnake, Giuffria, (sp?) and all that other lameass middle-aged spandex metal shit, and now these guys decide to play that kind of crap and they don't have to? The one and only redeeming thing on this CD is the cover of the Pet Shop Boys "It's a Sin." If only the music had lived up to the cover art! -Karin (Noise, 12358 Ventura Blvd., #386, Studio City, CA 91604)

GASSERHAUER

"H.D.G./Drunken Skinhead" ☼

A posthumous release by an old Canadian, in particular Montreal, skinhead band from the '80s. The music is slower sing-a-long pub-style oi. "H.D.G." is about how they love the neighborhood and will fight for it, and "Drunken Skinhead" is "Drunken Sailor" with different lyrics. I wasn't that impressed. This is mediocre at best. -Thrashead (Blind Beggar, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957 Eppenbrunn, Germany)

GATHERING, THE

"How to Measure a Planet?" ☼

A nice double CD for the price of one. This is one of those CDs I'll listen to on a lazy Sunday morning - you know, one of those days when you don't feel like getting out of your pajamas and instead you curl up on the couch with coffee and refuse to face the world? This would be my soundtrack. Good yet mellow stuff with just the right mix of instrumentation. The vocalist is easy on the ears, never overbearing, sweet, sad and hopeful all at the same time. This Dutch band has been around for a while and it shows in the professional way they execute their craft. -Blu (Century Media, 1453-A 14th Street #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

GAZA STRIPPERS

"Laced Candy" ☼

Rick Sims is back with a new band and ten more blasts of infectious punk/pop. After ending an awesome run with the Digits, Rick joined forces with the Supersuckers, which didn't quite gel, and then (according to the scant promo materials), tried a glam thing with an "unnameable band." Well, this sounds a lot like the Digits to me. Rick's on the edge of control, high end vocals are as crisp, biting and enervating as ever. The production is tight, the over all energy level is fairly high and the guitars cut through everything in their path. While not as over the top memorable as the Digits at their peak, die hard fans will find plenty to bang their heads to. -P. Edwin Letcher (Man's Ruin, 610 22nd St., #302, SF, CA 94107)

GEARS, THE

"Rockin' at Ground Zero" ☼

Thanks to the Dionysus Empire for reissuing this album and the "Let's Go to the Beach" EP that are just a year short of celebrating their 20th anniversary. Fantastic and inspired Ramones-simple pummeling punk rock and roll, a

style that has been hyper-repopulated in recent years. 3 chords, snotty and arrogant with a nod to Chuck Berry as well as the garage tradition, not a loser moment here. Check out the original "Trudie Trudie" - rock and roll at it's finest: tough, mean and simpleton sexy. They were very similar to, though more competent at that time, than their compatriots The Zeros. Get this and encourage more unleashing of such historical rock and roll greatness. -Squeaky (Bacchus Archives /Dionysus, PO Box 1975 Burbank, CA 91507)

GENE VINCENT AND THE BLUE CAPS

"Blue Gene" ☼

Not the great lost porno sides; this is the melancholy kind of blue that Mr. Be Bop a Lula made an integral part of his repertoire in much the same way that other rockers of his day, Elvis, Buddy, et al., did. These four tracks, "My Love (In Love Again)," "In My Dreams," "The Night is So Lonely" and "Lonesome Boy" are all taken from an album of previously buried material, "The Lost Dallas Sessions, 1957-58." Gene's voice is in fine form, the band is on the money, the production is good and the whole affair smacks of dreamy '50s cool. "Lonesome Boy" has a bit more pep than the rest of the ballads but Gene's croon is just as silky smooth. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station NY, NY 100276)

GERMS, THE

"Germicide: Live at the Whisky 1977" ☼

This punishin' package of primitive sloppycore punk is corrosively crampacked with intoxicated insolence, youthful musical mayhem, and chaotic chords of uncontrolled confusion... angry utterances of apathetic upheaval, near-dharmic noise propulsions of primordial proportions, and temper tantrum-tinged tunes lethargically litter this decadent din of a disc, causing me to drool and throb and spasmodically roll around on the carpet like a lil' pubescent puppy dog discoverin' his own sexuality for the very first time! Yep, this is THE clamorous classic, the riotous re-release of The Germs first ever shambolic set at the Whisky in LA in 77... it's a slamfest slab of musical meat which has statically stood the test-tubes of time and still blasts aching eardrums into the next audiosphere... a sonic swirl of punk'n'roll rowdiness that has wreaked a world of catatonic contentment upon my ears of which I haven't experienced since the last time a bare-buttock nekkid gal expressed her vocal pleasure due to my perverse prowess... wheeeee, sayeth me! I raucously recommend "Germicide" as an insurgent auditory introduction to all things punk, belligerent, and anti-socially unacceptable... buy this, and become a victim of The Germs! -Rog (Bomp!, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

GERMS, THE

"Germicide: Live at the Whisky 1977" ☼

A lot of the kids nowadays have been so brainwashed by the melodicore and polished "punk rock" of the nineties, that upon the first time you play this for "new school" punks, their gag reflexes will kick in. Keep playing it and you will have no friends. This is the rawest of the raw, cro-Magnon punk rock that I rather enjoy and I wouldn't mind hearing studio versions of some of these songs, had they existed. My favorite part of this is when a crowd member heckles Jan Paul Beahm's (Darby Crash) to "Get your teeth fixed!" A classic, so buy it. -Johnny Racecar (Bomp)

GHOUL SQUAD

"The Witch Grows Up" ☼

Uh, no. Sloppy and uninteresting garage-punk kinda stuff. The guy's voice bugs the shit out of me, and 30 seconds into every song, I found myself wanting to hit something because the music was so nauseatingly banal. Yick. -Karin (Ghoul Squad, PO Box 263, Yarmouthport, MA 02675)

GOB/AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED

Split ☼ [B]

Agoraphobic Nosebleed pummel you. Seven songs of their classic grind and thrash. All the songs are completely killer. Another Great bunch of Agoraphobic Nosebleed tracks. Reno's Gob slow things down a bit with their three tracks. They are equally as crushing though. Nice, bombastic tunes with a total discordant edge. Fucking killer split. -Thrashead (Bad Card, c/o Sylvain Vilette, 48 Rue Du Potager, 91270 Vigneux Sur Seine, France)

GOOBER PATROL

"The Unbearable Lightness of Being Drunk" ☼

A few weeks back, I was going through my music collection, came upon Goober Patrol's "Vacation," and thought to myself, damn, I wish these guys would come out with a new album. And, almost like they read my mind, Fat sent this one to my doorstep. Sometimes life is good like that. This album is killer. If you haven't heard Goober Patrol, think of a mix between Snuff and the Swingin' Utters. Solid, melodic punk rock with a good pace to it and intelligent lyrics that don't take themselves too seriously but still make important points. And with every release, Goober Patrol seems to tighten up and get down to straightforward rocking. Even the title is great. It's definitely worth picking up. -Juan Bastos (Fat Wreck Chords)


GORILLA BISCUITS

"Last Show-Live" ☼

Recorded at The Marquee in early '92, this is apparently GB's very last live performance. After many years of being one of NY's more popular straight edge bands they decided to call it quits... I guess. All of this meant a lot more to me when I hadn't heard it. After six years, you would think a band could gain a little headway live. This has to be the worst live recording I have ever set ears upon (except MDC at CBGB's). No guitars, quiet bass, and the singer

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just can't sing damn it! Oh well at least "Start Today" sounds halfway decent. Hey, you, SFT! Where the hell is my t-shirt? Bitches. -J. Cyco (<attitude@epix.net>)

GRAHAM COXON "The Sky Is Too High" ☼

The guitarist for Blur makes his solo debut with this collection of eleven, mostly acoustic, songs. Blur fans looking for that band's produced pop sound are bound to be disappointed by Coxon's stripped down, minimalist approach. Pared to their acoustic essentials, Coxon clearly owes a debt to Pink Floyd founder/acid casualty Syd Barrett. The songs have the same minor key, psychedelic drone and oh-so English lyricism that Barrett employed in his short recording career. Coxon does the feedback/guitar noise bash on a couple of the tracks ("That's All I Wanna Do" and "I Wish") and those are the songs that come closest to approximating the sound of his work with Blur. Of interest to hardcore Blur fans and anyone with a penchant for English folk-psychodelia. -Martin Banner (Caroline, 104 West 29th St., NY, NY 10001)

GRAND MAL "Maledictions" ☼

The music biz seems to be getting more and more cyclic rather than linear. Grand Mal reminds me of a local outfit, Tsar, that is also reinventing the glam age that was once epitomized by such luminaries as Bowie, the Sweet, Mott the Hoople, etc. These four fellows borrow more from T-Rex, at times, than the aforementioned and also integrate newer electro pop, modern rock influences. The production is very big and the songs are intricate affairs with lots of dynamics and guest spots, a powerful female back up singer being the most note worthy. I don't care for this but I could easily see the band hitting it big. -P. Edwin Letcher (Slash/Polygram)

GRIPS, THE "Grapple with the Grips" ☼ ☼

OK, I had a hard time trying to describe this. The sleeve says it's psycho sonic garage punk. I agree somewhat rock'n'roll, but turned up a bit. The Grips are from the UK and this is their first release. It's limited to 500 copies on 7" only, so collectors take note. Solid release. Didn't catch my fancy, but this style of music very rarely does. -Freddy Flipoff (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227-2125)

GRIPS, THE "Grapple with the Grips" ☼ ☼

This has the total mid-'60s garage feel to it. Totally hard, full-on fuzz guitar and bass, tambourine in the background, and a killer primal feel to all three songs. Straight-up garage punk who have learned their '60s lessons real well but still have that modern edge. Killer stuff. -Thrashead (Grips, 8 Wordsworth Ave., Sutton In Ashfield, Nottingham, NG17 2GG, England)

GRONE "Lesser Trials" ☼ ☼

I don't know why I find death metal so hilarious. You know the kind with the gravely screaming vocals about pain and Satan. Ex-heavy metal kids who shaved their heads and now call it hardcore. Anyway, you already know what Grone sound like, you've heard it all before and this 4 song EP won't change your mind - you either love it or hate it (or laugh at it as in my case). On the other hand, Grone's lyrics are a step above the vocal delivery - rather poetic. -Zack Negative (Gomak, PO Box 271, Spotswood, NJ 08884)

GROOVIE GHOU LIES, THE

"Fun in the Dark" ☼
All I hear are three chords and the Ramones. Let me listen again, yup the Ramones. One more listen, the Ramones again. Asked my cat, he said the Queers. -Donofthead (Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

GROOVIE GHOU LIES, THE

"Fun in the Dark" ☼
The Groovie Ghoules have never put out a sucky record. Maybe someday they will just to see what it's like but this sure ain't it. "In the Dark" contains thirteen tracks of wonderfully bouncy cartoon horror. If you've seen or heard the Ghoules a time or two before then titles like "(She's My) Vampire Girl," "Lonely Planet Boy" and "(She's Got a) Brain Scrambling Device" become pretty self-explanatory. If you've never heard 'em before than I'll just say that The Groovie Ghoules are everything a punk rock band is supposed to be: fast, loud and fun. -Bob Cantu (Lookout)

H.C.A./ THE GREEN GOBLYN PROJECT Split ☼

H.C.A. (hard core assholes?) play real fast, raw punk rock, kind of like updated American Buzzcocks. It's definitely cool stuff, but what really surprises me is that they're from Sarasota, FL, which means they must be in at least their seventies. It's like George Carlin said, "I like Florida because everything is in the eighties: the temperatures, the ages, and the IQs." Green Gobylin is less straightforward. The singer has that sad, Cure-like tenor, and though there's no one listed on the record as playing a keyboard, I swear I can hear one. But those aren't the dominant aspects of the song. They click the drumsticks four times fast and get to rocking. This is another little hidden treasure. -Juan Bastos (New Deal, 719 Forrest Ave. #5, Cocoa, FL 32922)

HAUJOBB FEAT with VANESSA BRIGGS

"Less" ☼ ☼
Have you ever had the urge to approach a band and scream, "What the hell did you think you were doing?" That was my response to Haujobb's latest single. Instead of using the harsh electronic sounds and driving beats that made "Consciousness" and "World Window" such amazing songs, Haujobb resorts to played-out trends on "Less." This single features Vanessa Briggs' saccharine-sweet vocals layered over generic, mellow electronica. Haujobb could easily be mistaken for any of the numerous Portishead rip-offs that have reared their uninspired heads in recent years. If you're a Haujobb fan, you're better off waiting for the full-length (and praying that it doesn't sound anything like this). -Liz O. (Metropolis, PO Box 54307 Philadelphia, PA 19105)

HAUJOBB FEAT with VANESSA BRIGGS "Less" ☼ ☼

Part of me is screwing up my face, 'cause this sounds sorta like a techno version of the Cocteau Twins or something, and part of me is thinking, "Hey, this would be cool to paint to." File under "Background Music." -Kinn (Metropolis)

HAYRIDE "Curses" ☼

Frankly, songs titles "Peace Out," "I Dare You to Do Things," and "Let's Hear It for Me" make me picture a squad of strung-out motivational cheerleaders ditzing around and forcing people to smile blandly. Pretty good, although sometimes it sounds really glossy, like Brad or something. Full-bodied and robust, this CD is a swift, squarely placed kick in the jaw. Strong vox, some damn fancy guitar work, well-done tempo changes and smooth transitions, powerhouse rhythm section, nicely placed and complementary back-up vox... sort of 'trippy' in places but kept strong with tight drumming and bass lines and clear, controlled vox. A welcome break from the world of "1, 2, FUCK YOU," but... it's good, but I don't think I like it... too prog rock or something. -Jessica (Ghostmeat, PO Box 54693, Atlanta, GA 30306)

HEAD SET "Brownout" ☼

The brown that comes out of my butt is the only "Brownout" that comes to mind. New wave that sure sounds dated now and probably wouldn't sounded good to me back then. -Donofthead (Centipede, 6245 Santa Monica Blvd., LA, CA 90038)

HELLACOPTERS

"Twist Action in New York City" ☼
So already you're happy with the porno (Tracy Lords in Calvin Kleins?) color cover sleeve. Worth buying for that right there. But on top of that yummy goodness, you get to hear Sweden's answer to Raging Slab or Starz - The Hellcopters doing a live at CBGB's "Twist Action" and the studio "Fake Baby." After hearing the great recordings and arrangements on the "Payin' the Dues" CD, anything else would be a let-down. That record was about the best record of 1997. It was on White Jazz Records out of Stockholm, Sweden. I still have never heard the other CD that's around. -Martin McMartin (Fandango, 1805 T St., NW #A, Wash., DC 20009; <www.fandangorecs.com>)

HELLBENT

"Helium" ☼
Start with electronic noise. Add techno beats. Stir in some NINish vocals. I'm not sure if I should just listen, try to dance, or program my computer with it. A couple songs on this CD were cohesive enough to hold my attention (like "3 Murders, 3 Nights"); but for the most part, I got lost. This combination doesn't work for me - the noise is too distracting from the vocals; or vice versa. It bothered me. -Blu (Re-Constriction, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432)

HILO

"This Is the Destroyer" ☼
Imagine getting on a Greyhound in Seattle, Washington, and the only open seat is next to an old man with only one tooth and it's a front one, and he's eating crackers and the crumbs fly out of his mouth and onto your lap like it's dust being beaten out of an old couch cushion, and you think to yourself, this isn't too bad as long as he doesn't talk. But as soon as the crackers are done, he starts telling you about his pencil sharpener collection. And continues to tell you all the way through Idaho and Wyoming. When you reach Nebraska, and he's stopped in every souvenir stand and picked up a new pencil sharpener: a Model T sharpener, a butter churn sharpener, a sharpener shaped like a bear and you put the pencil in the bear's ass. You get out at a new station and he follows you. You try to sleep but he keeps talking. Talk of his grandkids carries you through the midwest. Eventually you realize that the old man is going all the way to Miami, FL, just like you, on this seventy straight hour dog, and the only way you can ditch him is to kill him, which you're not quite ready to do. That would be pretty fucking tedious, huh. Just like another bunch of whiny bastards who take themselves and their Velvet Underground influence way too seriously. Which is exactly what this album is. -Juan Bastos (Cambodia, 16013 Waterloo Rd. Suite 405, Cleveland, OH 44110)

HISSY FIT

"Uglier Than You" ☼
This album inspires absolute indifference. I bet the members of the band are real nice people and they're trying very hard to play rock and roll, but listening to this album is

about as exciting as clipping your toenails, only you don't leave with that sense of accomplishment. -Juan Bastos (Bridge Bumer, PO Box 3507, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6R 3Y4)

HOLIDAYS/CRULLER Split

I'll be damned if I know which band is which. This is what I do know, though: The bands are supposedly Japanese. There are three songs on here, two with a girl singing and one with a guy singing. It has yellow vinyl with white labels that don't even identify the names of the songs. The cover art looks like it could grace the cover of some NOFX rip off band's record. The music, however, is absolutely brilliant. The sound is pop punk that is closer to a jangly Muffs than that Fat Wreck Chords crap I keep getting force fed every time I turn around. Somebody please send me more info on these bands. I think I'm in love. -Jimmy Alvarado (Nice and Neat, PO Box 14177, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

HOSTILE OMISH

"One Horse Power" Split
Novelty punk rock from Ohio that is rife with inside jokes and political incorrectness from a young male world view. It's hard to tell what is being presented as comedy, what is being presented as social commentary and what, if any, reflects shared band opinions but there are songs about inept police officers ("Keystone Kops"), lesbians ("Vegetarian"), Ethiopians ("Beetle Juice/Ethiopian Feast") and local losers ("Bedford High School Marching Band," "Slacker" and "Epileptic Ice Cream Man") mixed in with the usual assortment of cars, girls, booze and angst numbers. There are various styles and levels of production values but it's all tongue in cheek, light hearted, hard-edged rant. Some reminds me of "I saw your mommy and your mommy's dead" era Suicidals stuff or Vandals humor vignettes. -P. Edwin Letcher (Punge, 6570 Richmond Rd., Oakwood, OH 44146)

HYPOCRISY

"Hypocrisy Destroys Wacken" Split
You bet your sweet bippy Hypocrisy destroyed Wacken! Eleven ball-busting, head-banging ear-bleeding songs, recorded live at the Wacken Open Air Festival, plus four new studio tracks; all of which will leave you begging for more. For black metal, this is very melodic, but don't go thinking that means they're pussies; they've got a bloody hideous apocalypse of sound that's enough to make you mess your knickers. Highly god damn recommended! -Klirin (Nuclear Blast, PO Box 43618, Philadelphia, PA 19106)

IDIOTS, THE JACK SAINTS

"SF17" Sweating Like a Whore in Church" Split
Gooddamn, hardcore is back with a vengeance. All the cool kids are doing it. Some are even trying to sell me on the righteousness of metal, but I already lived through the eighties, so I know better. I know that anyone could play hardcore, just hit bar chords real fast and scream, but very few can do it well. The Idiots do it well. All the energy and excitement get trapped in plastic and break back out through the speakers. They sound like Jim from Taxi got a job singing for DRI. It's sloppy, drunk, and really fucking cool. The Jack Saints aren't quite as straightforward. They lean a bit more towards the Quinzy Punx/Blanks 77 school of rock'n'roll. You can tell they grew up on the Stooges, and it did them some good. I like these split CDs that are really two in one. It makes me feel like I got my money's worth out of a free disc. And by the way, I thought only high school football coaches said, "Sweating like a Whore in Church." What's the follow up going to be called? "Shaking Like a Gerbil in a Key West Pet Shop?" -Juan Bastos (Man's Ruin)

IMMORTAL WINOS OF SOUL

"Live at the Stone House (plus a bonus song, Monday Morning Millionaire)" Split
Good lord, what the hell made a band like this, or their label, think to send this in to Flipside for review? Picture this, a bunch of young-ish guys, playing (mostly, more on this later) older cover songs. Examples: "What'd I Say" (Ray Charles), "Tequila" (Whoever, I have no idea, Pee-Wee Herman, I guess?) and most notably, "Break on Through to the Other Side" (If I have to name this band, you need to get out more often). Plus a few originals, thrown in for posterity's sake, I suppose, all of which sound exactly like the songs these weak ass white boys are covering. Guys? Ever hear of Michael Bolton? Learn from his mistakes, my friends. You know, though, you really should buy this record just to hear the response from the crowd as the singer calls out "Can all these beautiful people here tonight make some noise?" The sound from the crowd confirms that only two of the band's friends were present the night of the big live recording. Proof that nightclub circuit bands should never record their music, unless they are seeking to humiliate themselves. Immortal Winos Of Soul have succeeded in this regard. -Snoop Bob (Static, 17215 Mack Ave., Detroit, MI 48224)

IMPEL/DIVISION OF LAURA LEE

Split
One song each with Impel kicking D.O.L.L.'s ass. Impel is from San Diego and is called a hard core band, I think not. Impel sounds more like later Bad Brains guitars with straight vocals. Division of Laura Lee is a bad foreign band that I despise. Can't win 'em all. -J.Cyco (Impel, PO Box 288, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

IN AETURNUM

"Forever Blasphemy" Split
Fast, hard, and caustic enough to leave your skin peeling. If this doesn't leave the taste of blood and metal in your mouth, you're not listening to it loud enough. Besides just the music, the artwork on this album is fantastic; "Forever Blasphemy" contains everything I love about black metal; the trash, the irreverence, the splendor, and the stench. King Diamond had better be watchin' his back! -Klirin (Necropolis, PO Box 14615, Fremont, CA 94539)

INCREDIBLE KINGS, THE / THE ELEGANTS

Split
Jerry Miller was the guitar player for Moby Grape. Before that though, he was in a couple of ABSOLUTELY RAGING teen combos. The Incredible Kings tear through a methamphetamine-fueled instrumental RnB scorchers. The flip is yet another kick in the pants. Think soul revue overload, and then get mom to buy you a new pair of Keds 'cause yr gonna wear the soles right outta the kicks yr wearing when the needle hits the record. You'll be dancing THAT HARD! No lie fucker, you need this. -Keith Fitz (Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

INCREDIBLE KINGS, THE / THE ELEGANTS

Split
A very cool coupling of two all but forgotten bands from Tacoma, Washington circa '64. Both groups were contemporaries of fellow Pacific Northwesters, the Wallers, Sonics, et al. and had their rockin' rhythm and blues chops well under control. The unifying element is one Jerry Miller (who went on to the big time with Moby Grape) who is the featured axe man on both cuts. "The Limp" is an instrumental workout that Jerry wrote and recorded with the Incredible Kings. His wailing leads are backed by a strong rhythm section as well as a power house sax player and organist who also get their spotlight solos. The other track is a cover of "Ooh Poo Pah Doo" done by the Incredible Kings and the Elegants who teamed up to create this soulful wall of sound version. Comes with informative liner notes and pix. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton)

INFILTRATORS

"Don't Give Me That Old Skool Lip, Just Get Your Metal Out of My Hardcore" Split
I swear, the title of this CD is that long! And I totally agree, fuck, I hate all the metal bands claiming to be hardcore. These guys are as close to oi as hardcore thrash style-wise, but they are brutal, violent and in-your-face all the way through. So call them "hardcore oi." The singer's rough voice sounds vaguely familiar, but I can't place it. All it brings to the surface of my mind is memories of mid-'80s hardcore bands, which is what this band sounds like. None of this is either earthshaking or original, but neither does it suck. Just another brutal band of friendly thugs telling you about everything they hate. -ShitEd (Oink!, PO Box 27813, Wash DC, 20038-7813)

INSPECTOR 7

"Banished to Bogeyland" Split
Ska with "whoosh whoosh" keyboards and one kinda punk song with little kids singing about being drunk. Some good guitar solos with wiggled-out effects a plenty. I wouldn't/didn't buy it. -J.Cyco (www.radicalrecords.com)

IRON MAIDEN

"Killers" Split
Digitally remastered 1981 Maiden album that's harder, thicker, and faster than the first. Before they traded in Paul DiAnno's bluesy, growly vocals for Bruce Dickinson's pompous, overblown schtick. Listening to this, it's not too hard to think that Guttermouth is just Iron Maiden with snottier vocals, humorous songs and little to no solos. These remasters are excellently repackaged with photos and lyrics. Needless to say, I would not want to see Iron Maiden live. I don't think it would be very exciting. -Johnny Racecar (Raw Power)

IRON MAIDEN

"Sit" Split
The first Iron Maiden album from 1980, digitally remastered and enhanced for the computer age. How do I explain this? When I was younger, I didn't really care about music. I could take it or leave it. I did listen to a bit of music when I played Nintendo with my bro and sis. As a result, songs by the Maiden, Smiths, Pink Floyd, and others are embedded in my skull. They are now the vitamins in my punk rock diet. Anyway, this is prime early Maiden, hardass rock and roll metal with songs about the usual like fugitives on the lam and murdering women. Very classy. -Johnny Racecar (Raw Power)

IRRITATIONS, THE

"Schoolyard Justice" Split
The band has "evolved" into the Daylight Lovers but assures me that Sack O' Shit Records still has an ample supply of this four song rock and roll noise fest on hand. The band's three members had a knack for creating an unwholesome melange of pounding, thrashing and screaming that managed to blend '50s rhythms with punk ethos. As well as the featured tune, the bashers do "What's My Name?," "On My Face" and "If You Can't Rock Me." The latter is an ancient Ricky Nelson song, although the lads give it their own amped up, trashy spin. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901)

IRVING KLAWS, THE

"Six Pack of Demos" Split
A double-barreled disc of demonically deviant ditties oozing with distorted dementia and depraved debauchery... psychotic punkabilly sounds that slapped a wiggled-out world of aural abuse across my eardrums like the long, boney fingers of Herman Munster straddling the strings of a stand-up bass. Greasy, sleazy, slimey and grimy, this band of badass boogie-blasters would probably feel right at home sippin' suds in a seedy bar in the infernal environs of Hell while demons drunkenly cavort, spastically poking the beady lil' eyes of evangelists with redhot pitchforks. WoodHoo, The Irving Klawls make me want to party on the patio with a purty lil' pin-up princess while indulging in the euphoria of alcohol-induced splendor and basking in the glowing fuzziness of a pale moon's light... this sizzlin' six pack has twisted my litties, tied my pecker in a knot, and left me wasted, warped, and whupped! -Rog (By the way, 25 pin-up points for ya, if you know who Irving Klaw is!... The Irving Klawls, PO Box 1231, Buffalo, NY 14213)

IVORY CAGE

"Cold Words from Empty Grey" Split
I'm not going to take this opportunity to try to convince you to buy Italian heavy metal. If you want to take that step on your own, that's none of my business, but I'm not going to tell you to do it. -Juan Bastos (Green, via S. Francesco n 60, 35100 Padova, Italy)

JACKIE PAPERS, THE

"Ucklay Coyay" Split
A word of admonishing advice: never, ever judge a CD by its insert, or you just might become ignorantly oblivious to the fury-force firecracker chaotically contained within... case in point: due to the personable posings of this grabby-by-the-balls group, I mistakenly conjectured a compact disc effortlessly flowing with poppy purrings of sound. Well, tobotomize me with a fuckin' chainsaw, because this dastardly deafening dude and twisted trio of ferocious femme fatales unleashed a neurotic napalm-burst of piss-on-your-leg punkiness. Faster than a well-lubed lightning bolt zapping a fly off a bull's butt (the first turbulent tune is all of 37 seconds short) and more blazing than a beardless barbecue in Purgatory, the Jackie Papers relentlessly rock and roar like demented hellions spastically rummaging through the seedy underbelly of life. The masculine maddaddy guitant/vocalist has surely swallowed his share of rusty nails chased with diesel gasoline in his lifetime, whereas the sumptuously sultry bassist/vocalist possesses a seductive sensuality in her Exene Cervenkov-style kitty-cat-gettin'-humped-by-a-lioncub growlings of gorgeousness, it'll leave goosebumps crawling across your flesh like the arousing caress of nocturnal naughtiness. Yep, so gawdamnn good my ears are as pleased as spiked puke-inducing punch, my mind is melted and mesmerized, and I'm imbecilically enshrouded in aural euphoria! A definite cacophonous contender for disc of the decade... -Rog (Stiff Pole, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742 or The Jackie Papers, PO Box 310754, Tampa, FL 33680-0754)

JEAN SEBERG/DAHMER

Split
Jean Seberg are straight-up, ripping-speed thrash. Seven songs that will tear into your cranium. Brilliant lyrics screamed at full intensity. Raging shit. Dahmer slaughters once again with their evil trademark gnndcore. The sound of maniacs on parade. Get this fucking split. -Thrashhead (Murder, 41 LaGrange, 33550 Capian, France)

JIGSAW SEEN

"Celebrity Interview7" "Another Predictable Song" Split
Ah, the price of fame; tackled adroitly by these LA retro mix masters. The A-side starts off sweetly enough, with guitar strum and pizzicato pluck, only to explode ala the Who on the chorus; while the well constructed and interesting flip is thoroughly misnamed. Snazzy Jane Mansfield sleeve and insert, to boot. -Pooch (Vibro-Phonic, 112400 Ventura Blvd. #127, LA, CA 91604)

JIMMY EAT WORLD

Self-titled Split
So anyway, I stop in at Flipside World Headquarters in Pasadena, located in a building twice as big as Larry Flynt's "Hustler" building in Westwood, take the elevator up to the 108th floor and barge into Todd's office. "Scuse me, boss," I whisper in a groveling tone befitting an underling addressing his corporate oppressor, "but can you tell me what the hell this emo shit is that I keep bearing so much about? I've heard the term thrown around since the late '80s, usually to describe the post-hardcore bands on Dischord. I'll be damned if I've ever consciously beard the stuff before, though. What's the deal?" He dusted off his Armani business suit and adjusted his gold-leafed Calvin and Hobbes tie (actually, he was wearing a sweatshirt and looked a lot like my cousin Jeff with a goatee, but hey, artistic license never hurt anyone). A gleam was visible behind the \$900 pair of Ray Bans he was sportin'. "Never heard emo?" he asked in a tone that veered on amusement. "Let me school ya, my little lost child." He handed me this CD. "Listen to this 12 or 13 times a day and you'll truly grasp what emo is all about." With that, he called security (two donut-eatin' motherfuckers who I am more than a little acquainted with), who promptly escorted me out of the city limits. Well, after three weeks and a shitload of coffee, here's my evaluation: Jimmy Eat World sound like a boring, faggy version of Ride, are destined to become some major label's cash cow and will probably be fea-

tured on an upcoming "Melrose Place" soundtrack. 2. Emo is apparently the state of mind the listener achieves after repeatedly listening to this pap. 3. No amount of coffee could have prepared me for this experience. Todd, I promise that I will never, ever hold a splitting-for-distance contest with Yogi in the middle of a Flipside shareholders' meeting again. There, you have it in print now. I know you said I was going to be punished one day for that little stunt, but this is way too severe a form of retribution. -Jimmy "Eat Me" Alvarado (Fueled by Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604)

JOHNNY LEGEND

"Bitchin'" Split
Mr. Legend and friends take songs from obscure B-movies and re-do them. Most of them have a heavy country/hillbilly bent to them, as to be expected from Johnny Legend. '60s enthusiasts and B-movie fans will love this. The camp and the cheese is here, but done really well. Fun stuff. -Thrashhead (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

JOHNNY LEGEND

"Bitchin'" Split
This cattle-drive of a compact disc is cozily cramped with a chuckwagon convoy of full-moon coyote yodels-in-the-desert, cowboy-by-the-campfire ballads and doo-wop ditties that'd cause Elvis the burger King to bow his narcotically numbed noggin in reverent recognition of this larger-than-life Legend. Man oh man, Johnny's voice is as smooth as the silken skin of the bodaciously buxom babes who grandly grace the cover and insert of this rousing release... he sings as if saty sleekly drapes his vocal chords, crooning with the syrupy essence of harmonized perfection. Each and every song soothed the aching vacancy within my sordid soul, causing me to gush pure ecstatic joy galore! Yessiree Billy Bob and hell yeh, Johnny Legend is bitchin' bad to the bone, a gutsy gunsokin' riflemaniac ("Gunsmove"... "The Rifleman"... get it, dammit?) who'll lasso your auditory senses and hogtie 'em good in no time at all! So get along lil' dogies and buy this here disc, or a certain bastardly buckaroo just might open a can of whup ass on ya... -Rawhide Rog (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

JOHN MARS

Self-titled Split
A whole bunch of quick takes by an odd gentleman who sings like the Horshack character from "Welcome Back Cotter" and accompanies himself on piano. Masturbation, death, crazy bitches, black leather and pornography are just a few of the subjects that make up John's world, all of which are presented with a mixture of humor, pathos, unbridled sarcasm and/or glb abandon. His ivory tickling is fine and fans of brutally honest folk punk sprinkled liberally with vulgarity will go for this... if they can get beyond his often jarring nasal whine. -P. Edwin Letcher (Octaphonic, PO Box 3713, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163)

JOHNNY ANGEL/ SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA

Split
Both of these bands hail from the midwest. Johnny Angel are from Missouri and play some forceful punk and hardcore with some emo overtones. Both songs are really killer. Good lyrics as well. Song Of Zarathustra are from Iowa and they play some very discordant punk with some emo influences as well. Both tunes are pretty high energy and all over the place with some good lyrics. Cool split and nice packaging, too. -Thrashhead (319, PO Box 221, Iowa City, IA, 52235, or 4899 N. Heritage #2, Chicago, IL 60640)

JONESES OF HOLLYWOOD

"Anita Fix" Split
Cute title, huh? It's good to hear Jeff and the boys up and running again. Fans of the Kevin K Band may enjoy The Joneses' brand of Thunders-inspired tales of toughness and broken hearts. The piano offers a nice touch of rock'n'roll authenticity ala Mott and The Dolls. Now, if only the lyrics were as sharp as those models on the sleeve... -Pooch (Cabeza De Tornado, 203 and a half Acacia, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

JULIAN BRAINO Y SUS HERMANOS/ ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

Split
Julian Braino plays straight, traditional band music. There's some pretty jumpy stuff on here. Although I don't know much about this type of music, I've always thought this type of music was always pretty cool. Rocket From The Crypt back this up with one of their trademark rock tunes. Pretty cool and diverse split. -Thrashhead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

JUMPIN LAND MINES

"Junkies, Loonies, and Miners" Split
Retro Brit punk. Pretty cool. Nothing spectacular, pretty good mix and a decent band. I apologize to J.L.M. for my reticence, but it's no slag; if you like straight Cockney punk rock, you'll dig this. -Carey (Jumpin Land Mines co. Tim JLM 82 Ashton Rd. (unintelligible print) Nr. Warrington WA# UR, England)

KABALAS

Split
A holiday picture disc of the Kabalas doing two originals of their lounge/polka insanity and two traditional Chanukah songs, which they give the Kabalas twist to. Fun record. -Thrashhead (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

KAMIKAZES

"All-Night Cram Session" **CD**

Great, up-tempo Canadian punk rock ala the Rip Offs/Infections. On red vinyl, to boot. According to a Xeroxed piece of paper included with this, this is the label's first release. If they keep putting records of this caliber out, they'll be raking in the dough in no time. -Jimmy Alvarado (Zaxxon Virile Action, 1956 des Erables, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2K 3V2)

KATATONIA

"Discouraged Ones" **CD**

Himm... not bad, but it didn't knock my socks off either. Katatonia puts out a polished guitar rock sound that makes you go, "Isn't that [enter name of any non-grunge rock band]?" Kinda sounds like SLP, Alice in Chains, Creed, etc. The songs sound the same though - same chord progressions and tempo in each one. It would take several good plays to begin to differentiate between them. I wouldn't change the radio station if this was on, but I wouldn't remember it ten minutes later either. -Blu (Century Media, 1453-A 14th Street #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

KEELHAUL

Self-titled **CD**

This is Keelhaul's first release, and it's ten songs of well-played rock and roll/metal with more emphasis on the metal. Personally, I would have liked to hear more vocals because the screaming guitar licks started to drag on after about the third song. In all, it's a little slow for my taste, but it thumps along kind of like Lennox Lewis's jab did on Evander Holyfield's chin last night. -Southern Fried Keith (Cambodia, 16013 Waterloo Rd. Suite 405, Cleveland, OH 44110)

KID DYNAMITE

Self-titled **CD**

From the start, a sucker punch. Melodic, blazing, furious, takes your fucking breath away punk rock, as it should be. All of this while at the same time maintaining beauty and a sing along quality that no So. Cal. chain wallet band could even get close to. Advisory: While driving, avoid listening to this, as you'll be sticking your head out the window screaming the lyrics at passers by. Music to get arrested by. While I hesitate to do so, a comparison to Lifetime is inevitable, as two members of Kid Dynamite came from the aforementioned gods of melody. While carrying on in the tradition of Lifetime, by no means is this a follow up to "Jersey's Best Dancers," arguably the greatest record of the '90s. Lifetime did to melodic, high speed pop-punk what Kid Dynamite has done to melodic, high speed hardcore, that is, blown the competition out of the fucking water. Quite a bit of the magic going on here - the greatest combination of all the things that make up a great band - history, skill and strong songwriting, all in one explosive little package. God, I could go on for hours about this band.

Let me just say in summary - not a new Lifetime, but a step in a different direction that will knock you around the room and have you come begging back for more, every time. Take a deep breath before listening, relax, then prepare to beat the crap out of your roommate/wall/neighbor. My #1 for 1999. -Snoop Bob (Jade Tree, 2310 Kenwyn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810)

KILL ALLEN WRENCH

"My Bitch is a Junky" **CD**

A weak attempt to fill El Duce's boots by the guy who has been accused by some of offing him. Sadly, El had a way with pornographic metaphors that Mr. Wrench can't even come close to replicating. The potentially awesome back-up band he has amassed should get someone who can write better songs and vulgar lyrics above the level of peepee caca I fucked your daughter in the butt, etc. I laughed out loud, though, when I saw that he thanked Courtney Love for all the financial help. Maybe he does have a good joke or two up his sleeve after all. -Jimmy Alvarado (No address, but I bet you can find an ad somewhere in here)

KILL HOLIDAY

"Somewhere Between the Wrong Is the Right" **CD**

I don't know if I got this CD because I recently said that Revelation has standards or not... these aren't the standards I was thinking of when I said that... sort of threw me for a loop. Maybe this is some sort of market diversity strategy or something. Very college-radio friendly. This is a nice CD to fall asleep or read to... very little mental interference (although that's not my normal preference). It's mellow, but not comatose. Very much a bit of later Smoking Popes and the Smiths, mixed with similar stuff that falls between those periods. Stone Roses... OMD... etc. Very clean. Not quite my cup of tea, but I think I'll hang on to it for those times when I need nothing in my brain but pretty noise and sweetheart lyrics. Just one question: why do all the songs have to be about love (in its many forms)? It sort of makes me feel like I'm in public and there's a lovey-dovey couple next to me at the crosswalk or in the next booth and they're making out. ICKY. -Jessica (Revelation)

KILL ALLEN WRENCH

"My Bitch is a Junky" **CD**

If you've basked in the joys of alcoholism, drugs, sex with the endorphin-a-plenty posers or even El Duce's music, then K.A.W. shouldn't be too far off for you. The lyrical message is very much toned down when compared to the despicable visions of El Duce, who gets mentioned often in both the liner notes and in the song "El Duce Will Kick Your Ass." But really what it all boils down to is that this band (like El Duce) is pointless shock rock and would (unlike the Boogeyman) go away as soon as you ignored it. -J.Cyco (<www.killallenwrench.com>)

KILL ALLEN WRENCH

"My Bitch is a Junky" **CD**

While he's never sent me any nude pictures of himself, I like this CD a lot. As a matter of fact, I fucked to it last week after a 40 of Colt 45 and a bunch of overpriced weed. That's what it takes to dig Allen Wrench. The music is cut throat and heavy, bottom end stuff with humorous lyrics and an air of amusement. A smiling decadence, a happy face ride down the road of wretched excess - but oh Mr. Wrench, how long can you travel this highway before running out of ideas? In five years you'll say: "this first album is good." And it is. -Stone Cold Steve Austin (<www.devilvision.com>)

KILLSADE

"#2 EP" **CD**

Even though the vinyl says 45 RPM on both sides, real clear, I don't believe it. But this brings up an interesting quandary: go with the instructions or go with gut feeling? As the bumper sticker says, "Question Authority," so here's a two-lined review: Going with instructions: Chipmunks meet Danzig. Hopped up guitar, bass, drum interlock that fucking rocks due to its dizzying complexity whilst chopping some serious song forest to the fucking ground, lighting it all on fire, and dancing on the burning animals that come fleeing out. Thumbs up, sans the vocals, which get kind of annoying. Going with gut: Intentionally convoluted and oblique lyrics laced into intentionally convoluted and oblique instruments in the hardcore context; off time breaks and... pauses, repeats, and... swirls, which makes rocking out kind of frustrating, but the instruments, if isolated, sound like they're involved in heavy construction. Thank all that is good and holy, no metal riff-a-rama, but on the whole, it doesn't get me excited. Due to the obliqueness, it's hard to get involved and pumped up about it. Abrasive wheels running over something again and again. Conclusion: band play at 45, singer at 33 1/3, but keeping a faster pace, I grin and give thumbs up. As it stands, no big whoop. -Todd (THD, PO Box 18661, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

KIM FOWLEY

"Under Ground Animal" **CD**

Kim put out some classic gonzo albums of his own but is best known as the guy who invented the Runaways. This collection highlights some of the fruits of his early talent scouting and producing labors. He had a knack for finding the unusual and coaxing the best out of them. A wide range of styles are represented here and whether it's novelty (or straight forward) rhythm and blues, crazed instrumental fury, psychedelic double speak or music so individual it defies categorization, it is all done in a unique spirit of fun. There are 21 tunes done by 18 entities with varying degrees of involvement from Kim. The variety is astounding because he worked

without cultural or geographical biases, during a very innovative era, and had a truly open mind. Some of the material can be found on a variety of compilations of the obscure but there are only a handful of these gems that I've heard before. One tune, "The Office Girl," by the Hounds is worth the price of admission. But then, the same could be said of "Vaquero Beat" by the Vaqueros, "The Yo, Yo, Song" by Mo and Jo, "Charge" by the Renegades, etc. Fans of offbeat retro rock can't go wrong with this eclectic smorgasbord. Right on! -P.Edwin Letcher (Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

KIM LENZ AND HER JAGUARS

Self-titled **CD**

Well, I've been taking swing dance lessons recently. I know, I'm totally on the late freight, but I'm tired o' been one those saps who can't dance 'cept fer in the pit. Screw that! I wanna dance with girls, not bare chested meat-heads. Anyway, I picked this up 'cause it wuz on vinyl and I've been curious about the "Wallyphonic High Fidelity" fer a while now. Plus the gal on the cover wuz pretty easy on the eye. I sure am glad I did! I may not know a hell of a lot about rockabilly but I know what I like. The music reminded me of Bill Haley and his Comets. Nice rick-a-tak-a-rick-a-tak drumming and a stand-up bass player who has enough confidence to refrain from showing off. The lead guitarist is similarly tasteful. Traditional licks and no wanking guitar hero bullshit. There's a reason the musicians aren't flashy. They've got class, pal. They've also got a great vocalist in Kim Lenz. She made me think of Tammy Wynette kickin' her boyfriend out and then stealing his best friend. No wimpy stand-by-your-man sentiments here. And best of all, you can dance to it! -Keith Fitz (Hightone Music Group, 220 4th St. #101, Oakland, CA 94607)

KNIT SEPARATES

CD

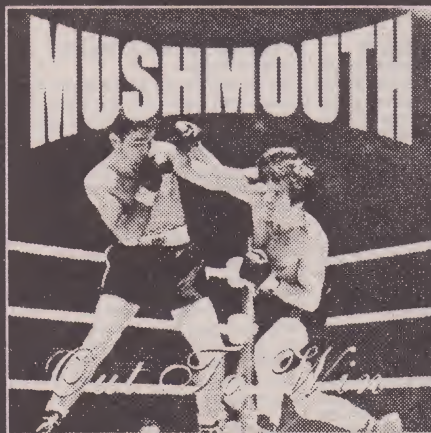
Great packaging and a really cool, thick booklet. Too bad the music doesn't live up to the packaging. Really bad, bland, arty pop dreck that goes absolutely nowhere, except the 10 cent bin at some cheese record store. -Thrashead (3 Acre Floor, 1233 Arguello #7, SF, CA 94122)

KODIAK

Self-titled **CD**

More college radio, middle of the road, alternative rock. Their promo sheet says "somewhere between Fugazi and R.E.M., near the turn off to Sonic Youth." I don't hear it. -Donothedead (One Louder, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE 99 1NW, UK)

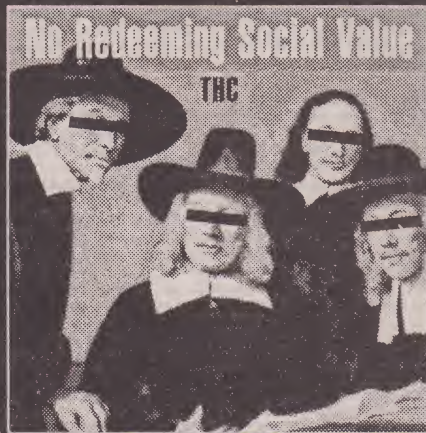
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KONTATTO

"Estremo" Ⓢ

Now this is some funky shit, brother. Part oi, part metal, part rockabilly, part something totally bizarre, fantastic, and original. These guys fookin' rock! -Kinn (Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, Belgium; <www.unitedskins.com/pureimpact>)

KRINKLES, THE

"Revenge of..." Ⓢ

The last time I heard the Krinkles (on their "Three Ringos" CD) they were sort of a fun-lovin' pop-punk band that seemed to enjoy having such a good time you couldn't help but like them. If the jokes sometimes seemed to come at the expense of their own music, well, hell that's kind of endearing and foolishly brave in these days of corporate rock/punk. So, here's their second CD and, gloriosky, there's been progress. The band has metamorphosed into righteous power pop dudes and delivered a record that succeeds on every conceivable level. The Krinkles have retained their wacky sense of humor, which comes through on nearly every song, but it has been matched with terrific hooks and even more terrific vocals and harmonies. Best bets for guilty pleasure lists: "Summertime," "She Likes Me," "Working Girl" and especially the super-fine "Stupid Love Song" which should become an anthem to disaffected romantic dudes everywhere. This one gets an A+ - Martin Banner (Mordoriorf, 1924 W. Belle Plaine #2, Chicago, IL 60613)

LA MOTTA

Demo Ⓢ

Roll-along tunes that keep you hooked, make-me-shiver lyrics like, "This is a burning in my veins that I'm scratching," and "I wanna sverve through in a Mustang just like you" make me scream for more, more, more! Damned EPs... always a tease. After much careful deliberation, the EP (early demo stuff, just a prelude to what they are now) sounds like punk Jesus and Mary Chain and the Jayhawks - strange but cool, if you ask me (melodic rock'n'roll, baby). I don't think you'll be able to find anything by these guys, so check 'em out live, 'cause they almost kicked my sweet lil' rock'n'roll ass... especially their cover of "Help Me Rhonda." Jessica (What? No contact info? For shame!)

LEFT IN RUINS

"Fertilizing the Soil" Ⓢ

After that split LP in Six Weeks left me in the dust I had to check out their 7'er. This rager has 11 tracks of thrash and blur. Like the split LP, this will completely kick your fucking head in. Each track is like a facepalm with a sand blaster. Totally fucking brutal. Great lyrics, to boot. Raging to the finish, I'd love to hear what these guys do next. Of course they are from Sweden, no surprise there. Awesome record. -Thrashhead (Putrid Filth Conspiracy, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodra Parkg. 35a, 214 22 Malmo, Sweden)

LEFTOVERS

"Better Living Without Sarcasm" Ⓢ

Boring college rock/punk that probably couldn't even get Tom Arnold agro. -Jimmy Alvarado (Doghouse PO Box 8946 Toledo OH 43623)

LET'S GO'S, THE

"Green Grass of Rock'n'Roll" Ⓢ

This is something new. Side A sounds like the Chickasaw Mudpuppies found amphetamines and liked them. Side B sounds like the oldies station tattooed their Beach Blanket Bingo soundtrack. It's dopey enough for me to like it. -Juan Bastos (Grinda, Inc., PO Box 507, Southeastern, PA 19399)

LIBERTINE

"Rise Above" Ⓢ

Basic, mid-tempo punk'n'roll type stuff. Throw a slight metallic punk tinge in there, too. Kind of in the vein Electric Frankenstein, and like Electric Frankenstein they have an old hardcore veteran in the band. The vocalist Bely K. used to be in this killer mid '80s thrash band the Catacombs. These guys would go well playing at Bar Deluxe or being on one of Martin McMartin's comps. Total bar punk. -Thrashhead (Kado, 14000 Military Tr., Suite 208A, Delray Beach, FL 33484)

LIFES HALT

"We Sold Our Souls for Hardcore" Ⓢ

Well it's finally out! After a good demo, Lifes Halt follow up with a killer vinyl debut. They're tighter, more energetic, and just all around better. They definitely capture the live spirit of their shows within the grooves of this platter. After the sample from "They Live," they tear into these nine songs, one after the other, with the pace at an uneasy race to the finish. Each song compliments the other, taking the power from the previous tune, building on it, and passing it on to the next song. Some of the songs from the demo are reworked and brought up to par with the current material, such as "In My Face," "Ten Thousand Strong," and "Monster Joe." Choice cuts from me are "Headline" and "Make It Right." There's a limited edition cover of 100 that spoof the Black Sabbath "We Sold Our Souls for Rock'n'Roll" greatest hits package. Comes on orange juice colored vinyl. -M.Avg (Young Blood, 217 W. Main St., Ephrata, PA 17522)

LIGHTS OF EUPHORIA

"Voices" Ⓢ

All thirteen tracks kept me fidgeting in my seat doing that chair-dancing thing and wishing my living room were bigger so I could break out and do good old spooky goth dancing. There are no big surprises here music-wise; this

is straight out goth/industrial music but it's familiar and good in that way. Tempos vary between the faster "Subjection 2000 (Don't Forget)," the slower but very danceable "Sunday Drive," and "Overflow" with its military march and deep masculine voices, reminiscent of Sisters of Mercy. The lyrics are good too: "I see the shadows/dancing on the graves...don't be afraid/of what you'll find/just open your eyes and/never walk like the blind..." This is definitely a keeper and should see lots of rotation in the goth clubs. -Blu (Metropolis, PO Box 5437, Philadelphia, PA 19105)

LILLINGTONS, THE

"Death by Television" Ⓢ

Fuck your mom running and slap her giggling cheeks upon entry, this is some grade A, alien-tripped, sonic fireballs of wrists of blur and fire punk rock. Think Bowie getting humped by the Descendents in a human-sized cheese grater, Bowie's flesh ripped down to the one rocking bone in his body, the concentrated virus of the Ramones injected in the marrow, left without underwear, soaked in gasoline with a suit made solely of matches ready to be struck, confused, on the near-frozen plains of Wyoming, then having this monstrosity starting a band with two guys trapped working in factories or knocking cows out at slaughterhouses with sledges. Wyoming, that's where these three national treasures are from; I know more bands from Croatia and Bangladesh than Wyoming - I can't think of one and I've been thinking for three weeks; Wyoming, where to do something, most folks give up and go to Colorado. Where, recently, so many of these so-called "emo" bands have you looking at the hole patterns in your shoes as they bliss out to the aura equivalent to a hand job. The Lillingtons rake your ears over needles filled with good, paranoid cheer, musical tabasco, and punch after punch after punch, and I can't get enough of it. I only wish they'd included a lyrics sheet. Check this snippet from "Don't Trust Humanoids" - "I'm going to throw you in the road and run you over with my van," then something about chopping you up and putting you in a sack. Much better than how your love's been tweaked, boo-hoo song. Rock and so much unexpected joy, I'm currently deciding what the pee stain in my pants looks like, a phantom maggot, a robot, a black hole...? -Todd (Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

LIMP

"Guiltarded" Ⓢ

For those of you saying to yourselves, "This has to be another Fat band," you are correct! Well partially correct since this is on Honest Don's. High quality, well produced, highly infectious, happy melodicore. You can't help yourself listening to these guys and not crack a grin. The music absolutely squashes any anger that I might have pent up. Not the lyrics reflect the same but just the beat. The song "Passed Out" was a ska-influenced pop masterpiece which I thought was the highlight of the CD. A piece about (I'm assuming) a friend who can't handle the weight of the world and abuses his/her vices to escape. I guess it is a song of pity of another individual. If you want fast, don't go here. The songs are in a mid tempo beat pattern but in lacking of speed, songmanship prevails. Now pen this down for your shopping list for popcorn or melodicore. Thank you for reading. -Donothedead (Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027)

LINK 80/ PUNISHMENT PARK

"Nothing Lasts Forever" Split Ⓢ

Interesting release out of Norway with a blurry xerox cover of Hitler being the groom to Saddam Hussein's bride. Link 80 reminds me of Operation Ivy. Nothing more, a little less; sultry, pouncy ska breaks speed shifting without a clutch into blurcore. In case you didn't know, the lead singer took his own life - considering the title, it's a little creepy - and was the son of Danielle Steele. The first couple Punishment Park songs remind me of the Sugarcubes - I picture a small woman with a big voice, singing about starfishes while there's a car crash of sound framing her vocals; a steering wheel coming out of her throat. A pretty good overlap of new wave's synthesizer whack and pop with dirt and sizzle guitar work keeping the wuss factor low. OK but not spectacular. -Todd (Punishment Park, Brothaugen 34, 5200 OS, Bergen, Norway; Asian Man, PO Box 35585 Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

LINK PROTRUDI AND THE JAYMEN

"Hit and Run" Ⓢ

This is a reissue of the out of print first two albums by this Link Wray type guitar intro rock and roll homage outfit headed by The Fuzztones' Rudy Protrudi. I never bothered to pick up anything by them in the first place anyway 'cause frankly I figured, I'll just stick to the source. Upon listening to this collection though, I am impressed by the playing, the custom made originals as well as choice of covers (among all the Wray tunes they also do one of my personal favorite early instrum-mentals "No Stopping") and most of all the fact that they managed to keep some dirt on the tracks here. That is to say, there is actually some integrity and inspired dedication and love for this kinda sound apparent on this here disc of wild and savage instru pounders as opposed to it being all cleaned up and slick sounding. Recommended, mostly to the instru fiends, though I still prefer the originals of course. It should go without saying that this is a lot better than a lot of the dreck that's been coming off the surf/instru assembly line lately. I just wonder if they will cash in on the craze or be overlooked a second time. -Squeaky (Get Hip, Columbus and Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

LINK PROTRUDI AND THE JAYMEN

"Hit and Run" Ⓢ

This band has been around for years paying homage to the power of the Link Wray instrumental. This particular set is taken from their first two LPs, "Drive It Home" and "Missing Links." There are faithful recreations of Link tunes such as "Comanche," "Rumble" and "Rawhide," covers of a few Dave Clark Five and Raiders intros, a non-vocal rendition of "Hanky Panky," a Diamonds tune, "The Stroll," a live version of "Batman" (complete with a humorous Batman and Robin skit) and six originals that mine the same rich vein. My favorite tracks are the ones with guest sax. I've not seen them yet, but I understand the Jaymen usually include a stripper or two as part of their act and have worked with the likes of Kitten Natividad and Tempest Storm. While not as satisfying as the '50s originals, this CD does offer variety and is better than some of the over-produced side trips Wray, himself, has made along the way. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip)

LIVINGSTONS, THE

Demo Ⓢ

Punk rock'n'roll, blended in places with the flavors of country and bluegrass. This has a very strong late '70s approach, understandable seeing as one member is from the old Mau-Maus and another is the ex-drummer of the U.S. Bombs. An ex-Dickies bassist completes the trio on this demo cassette. If you're looking for hardcore punk or modern melodicore, don't look here! This is a punk rock and roll outfit, and they rock hard without getting harsh or strident or violent. Six originals written by Mike, plus a cover of "Cock in My Pocket." -ShitEd (Livingstons, 866 1/4 East Kensington, LA, CA 90026)

LOLI AND THE CHONES

"Total Fucking Genocide" Ⓢ

If you happen to own a copy of their first LP, throw it out the window. This blows it off the fucking map. This one is fueled with even more venom and contempt for the human race than the last offering, and the songs are lean, mean and stripped to the bare essentials. This is a band so punk rock that my copy of this, given to me by the bass player, was recorded over the "Married to the Mob" soundtrack, which still had the original song titles printed on it. Lolli and the Chones are, quite possibly, the greatest band the United States has ever produced. -Jimmy Alvarado (Repeat Recs. Obviously, my copy doesn't have the address)

LONGFELLOW

"And So On..." Ⓢ

Melodiously mind-soothing pop punk with energetic emo evocations... smooth-as-whispered-seduction songs that flamboyantly flow like the freeform fluidity of ecstatic thrill-a-minute lopsy-turvy rollercoaster chaos... Longfellow seem spastically passionate about restructuring Green Day's pop purity and reconstructing the Bad Religion/NOFX axis into and mesmerizing blend of auditory euphoria and invigorating enthusiasm. The vigorously youthful honey-soaked vocals possess the savory sweetness of sugar-coated swirls of delight, seemingly unscathed by the overt obligatory abuse of alcohol, cancer sticks, and screams of bulldog rage which permeate the asinine airwaves of this predictable day and age... the rat-a-tat-tat drumbeats pack a wham-bang wallop of baseball bats cracking skulls wide open with violent mayhem glue... the guitar grazings are agonizingly akin to the assaultive roar of the inner whirl of a tornado (frenetically out-of-control and destroying everything in its path... melted the damn metal mechanisms of my stereo with its blazing assault of energy)... the thunderous sonic bomb bass rumbles like the Richter Scale-altering fat attacks I often expel after an indigestion-inspired afternoon of beer and burritos (mmmm, just call me Markie McBelch... Mr. Pepto Dismal Invariably loves me... my stomach fervently hates me... Dungworker Todd says "Shut da fuck up, and return to the review, Mr. Manure-Mind!" And so I shall, dammit!). Yep, I'm grinnin' goofily 'cause Longfellow have forced my ears to jump for joy like rabid bunny rabbits fuckin' themselves silly... -Rog (Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740 or Longfellow, PO Box 68035-617, Anaheim, CA 92817-0835)

LOOSE ENDS

"Number One with a Bullet" Ⓢ

I used to work in a bar with a guy named Jim, who was stuck in late seventies, early eighties New York punk. When he and I would open and close the bar, which was pretty much every morning and night, he'd play his New York Dolls, Stooges, and especially the Heartbreakers. Johnny Thunders was his god. I'd try to get him into newer stuff, and he'd keep an open mind, but with everyone trying to be the Ramones, he couldn't understand why no one cared about the bands the Ramones tried to be. Here, at the end of the decade, I think I've finally found an album released in the nineties for Jim and anyone like him. With song titles like "Fifth and Misery," "Chinese Bitch," and "Switchblade Lobotomy," it's easy to see where the Loose Ends are coming from, and the most important thing is that they get there. This kicks any reissued "Raw Power" ass. It makes me want to be back in Atlanta, with the bar closed, the money from the register locked in the liquor closet, pouring myself another draft because I'd rather sit alone in a dark and empty club than turn this album off halfway through. And that's about the best compliment I could pay this album. -Juan Bastos (Skanking Skull, 40101 Sheridan Glenn, Lady Lake, FL 32159)

LOS INFERNOS

"The Outlaw" Ⓢ

Countin' punk rock that moves a body in much the same fashion as the Reverend Horton Heat's barn burners do. The A-side is a non-stop rant about some tough hombre in a truck that moseys around and terrorizes, sung with appropriate gruff bellow and the occasional excited, high pitched, out of control chatter. The real nugget, as far as I'm concerned, is the instrumental on the back side that mixes a solid beat with a tonic heavy chord progression and some tasty guitar melody lines that approach the majestic feel of Dave Allan's low end rumble. -P.Edwin Letcher (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092)

LOS CINCO

"Circa 1995" Ⓢ

A few years back, it sure looked like this band was poised to take over LA, and, I suppose, for a while they did. I saw them several times and each show was a unique event. The band was different, innovative and possessed of a strong sense of the rock and roll dynamic and their own mutual strengths. They could jam endlessly. This set is a collection of left overs but is as good as anything I've heard of theirs. There are only six songs but two are roughly eight minutes each and one runs over twenty-one. My favorite section is a short, atmospheric instrumental, "The Phantom Attack," that segues into "Marching with Mr. Mustard," but there is enough variety on this disc that most rock fans will find ample stirring moments. -P.Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathymusic.com>)

LOVE NUT

"Baltimore" Ⓢ

After going the '60s pop route with a catchy cover of The Lemon Pipers' "Green Tambourine" on their last record, Love Nut have moved forward into the '70s and embraced all things Cheap Trick. Big chords, three-minute songs built on insanely catchy riffs and soaring, harmony-fueled power pop that delivers with a vengeance that's breathtaking. To say that I loved this record would be an understatement of epic proportions. This is one of the best albums of the year as far as I am concerned. These guys blow the crap out of 99% of everything on the current pop scene, mostly because they understand that pop doesn't have to be synonymous with wimpiness. For Love Nut, the emphasis is strictly on the "power"; there's muscle to their melody. A dynamite record that blows me away everytime I hear it. -Martin Banner (Big Deal, PO Box #2072, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009-9998)

LUCKY SHOES

Self-titled Ⓢ

The brand new, never-been-laced, black and white Gripfast wing tips gracing the cover of this CD cannot possibly be as lucky as the album makes them out to be - at least not among us fade-to-black 'billy' connoisseurs. With the boogie trumpet (and sundry swing/billy hybrid staples), this Maryland quartet sounds like the house band at a freshly squeezed "hipster" party - which is probably the only place that these shoes get lucky. Tedious and played loosely to the bigband/billy letter, this personally unstamped "sound of now" is what keeps those pesky trendsters flocking toward the Cherry Poopin' Doodies (no swing band, no typo) bins at the local shop and mercifully away from the real jems. Wash the Dippity-Do out of those pseudo-pomps and deliver me some 'billy' that doesn't include the tepid words "lady luck," "Cadillac," "real gone," and "dice," in the lyrics, and this lil' kitten will crawl in your lap, purr, and lavish you with red-lipstick kisses - all over. And don't think for an instant that I won't notice your shoes. -Jessica (The Lucky Shoes, 108 Franklin Ave., Berlin, MD 21811; <lucky13@intercom.net>)

LYCIA

"Estrella" Ⓢ

I've really gotten into the last couple of releases by this band. They have this dark and ethereal feel to them; a lot like early Cocteau Twins, which I'm a total sucker for. This new CD is no different. Very dark and subtle, very ethereal, and kind of spacey sounding. Great stuff for letting your mind wander. -Thrashhead (Projekt, Box 166155, Chicago, IL 60616)

M.O.T.A.

"Eternal Standby" Ⓢ

Six songs of mid '70s style punk rock. I like this. Mix some influences by The Ramones and Husker Du and out comes M.O.T.A. There were no lyrics or band info included so I don't know what the songs were about. Now, the recording sounded muffled and the sleeve was a xerox job so this was done most likely on a tight budget. That's OK, this is punk rock! I recommend this 7". -Freddy Filopoff (M.O.C., 4932 Linscott, Downers Grove, IL 60515)

M-16

Self-titled Ⓢ

Vaguely reminds me of older Prong and newer Sepultura. Contradiction, you say? Double negative, maybe? Whatever. This shit is pretty good. Lyrics en Espanol, to boot. Heavy, slower (but not too slow) metal. Starting to seriously float my boat. Good music to smoke weed and think about killing your boss to. Call it an "Angry Stoned." Worth a shot, if you like well played, non-Korn influenced newer metal and hardcore. -Snoop Bob (Motherwest, 132 W 26th St., NYC 10001)

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?

"Eeviac: Operational Index and Reference Guide, Including Other Modern Computational Devices" ☼
I have heard various rumors, some to the effect that the band has broken up, others intimating that they are going strong and have a number of releases on the front burner. Thankfully, the latter appears the most likely. The two new members, Blazar the Probe Handler and Trace Reading, seem to have the same vision. This set opens with a sampled bit in which some British scientist from a '50s sci-fi movie (that's where my imagination took me) says, "It's the same series of signals, over and over again." To the casual listener, "Eeviac" probably does sound about the same as all the other M.O.A.M.? releases. All the guitar excitement, synthetic outer space mumbo jumbo and crazed, insiro rhythm magic is evident and it sounds god head cool. To the devotee, there are plenty of new wrinkles; there is one song that utilizes the sound of a CD going haywire, a track used in lieu of liner notes, one in which you'll swear there is a dust bunny on the laser point, some with robotic vocal work, an atmospheric, Pink Floydian, almost orchestral piece and much more. With one foot in the past and one in the future, it's a good thing these guys have balls enough to rock in the here and now. Yahoo! -P.Edwin Letcher (Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?

"Eeviac: Operational Index and Reference Guide, Including Other Modern Computational Devices" ☼
Is that my head splitting open again? At first it was just a little bulb, a node, months later followed by a little dish, a chip at its base, a lone green wire dangling right above my hairline. I unscrewed all 300 feet of tin foil after sneaking through my roommate's sliding glass door and got on the roof. Jumper cables, motorcycle battery, the tin foil wrapped around my neck like I was a dog with a head-scratching disease, a wooden spoon clamped in my jaws so I wouldn't swallow my tongue, and then I flipped the juice. At first, I felt like the Spiderman Underoos-wearing idiot my neighbors make me out to be by catching nothing but static. I readjusted the alligator clamps to different ribs, stared to the darkest stretch of sky, moose slippers providing needed traction and silent encouragement. Then the bliss came. It's as if the Silver Surfer cloned himself into a battalion and all they do is ride around doing flips in synch to this galactic space music, like mercury-shifting notes on sheet music. Where Dick Dale, bless his reformed pedophilia heart, stood with reverberant knob twisted to his knees, riding the lip of the surf wave, Man or Astro-Man not only toes the speed line of a collapsing tube, but gets undertowed, craniums tossed like split raw eggs in a bowl, mouths full of here and spitting out circuitry, making instrumentals of stratospher-

ic, spacey rock (in the seldom-seen flock migrating within Hawkwind's fold) and cross-wired, hyperpolinated artificial intelligence propaganda that shifts gears between barrels of backed-up carburetor garage rock, Esquivel, and HAL ("Space Odyssey" - ever notice HAL was IBM, just one letter preceding in the alphabet?), and even though going through all the trouble of getting the newest MOAM? feed direct right into my brain like an electronic tattoo (as per their instructions, not some crude MP3 ancient tech), and the bruises are deepening on my ribs like I'd run into Grimace and his ink was left after his hug, when I snuck into the little, bright ball room at McDonald's, all you gotta do is buy the shiny puck. I love it when bands that've been around for awhile but strap on another boot you gotta cough out because they've kicked your ass so hard you're choke on the laces. Idiot version: Experimental space rock that doesn't fail, gets fast at times, and is always tricky or hypnotizing. -Todd (Touch and Go)

MANGE

"Disillusioned" ☼

Mange churn out superior grind metal. I'd put them in the same league as Excruciating Terror. But Mange are slightly different in sound. Instead of going for full-blown speed assaults, these guys shift into low, combining an even mix of thrash, heaviness, and plodding to mid tempos. In turn, this gives their music a dark, visceral tone. The kind of stuff you listen to in the dark. The dual vocals work well, scraping along one another over the din of the guitar and bass. The drums punch through with a deliberateness, creating a sense of space and time. Overall, an excellent release complimented by great artwork as well. -M.Avg (Half-Life, PO Box 5160, Hacienda Hts., CA 91745 - 0160)

MANIACS

"So Far, So Long" ☼

The Maniacs were one of those bands out of the kazillion who came out during Britain's punk explosion of '77, played a bunch of gigs, put out one 7", broke up by '78, and are now regulated to the record collector status. This CD has that 7" with some other songs recorded at the same time, and two live songs from the "Live at the Vortex" comp LP, and two different demos, one studio and one live, all recorded in '77. It's good, standard British punk from that year. Part Pistols, part pub rock, with the rock-'n-roll trappings of '70s punk. There's some nice raw material on this CD. If you're late '70s fan, check this out, you'll dig it. Cool reissue. -Thrasher (Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, England)

MANSFIELDS, THE

"Sappy Songs for Summer Nights" ☼

This band comes from Colorado and loves The Ramones. They sound very much (almost exactly like them) and even

look a little like them too. Now it's one thing to be inspired by a band, but The Mansfields, I'm sorry to say, are a Ramones clone. It sounds way too much like The Ramones. I'm not saying the songs are bad. They are not. They also are good musicians, but I swear this is the Ramones. There isn't any originality here at all. If you like this type of thing this cassette is for you. Otherwise just go out and get the Ramones records (if you already don't have them). It's bands like this that should just play out and not put out any releases. Can you say "tribute band"? -Freddy Filippoff (Blast Off! The Mansfields, PO Box 10464, Colorado Springs, CO 80932-1464)

MANUAL SCAN

"All Night Stand" ☼

Subtitled "the best of Manual Scan 1980-1992," this is the bulk of recorded material from a San Diego based mod band that combined power pop, '60s craft and influences from the retro scene of their day. The covers include fairly slick and melodic versions of "I Can Only Give You Everything," "Shape of Things" and the Kinks' "All Night Stand." Most of the tunes, however, are harmony-rich originals that remind me of the more pleasant, jingle jangle takes on Pebbles albums. Comes with notes about the evolution of the group, info on each of the 25 tracks and some rare insights into the LA/SD rivalry that was part of a scene that I was only vaguely aware of at the time. As I recall, the anachronistic fashion and music trends seemed much sillier than they do now. Go figure. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip Columbus and Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

MAQUILADORA

"The Lost Works of Eunice Phelps" ☼

Ever wonder what that hippie '70s band Amencia would've sounded like if they were inspired by Leonard Cohen, Chris Isaak and some lousy country singer? Here you go. I'm going to have no problems sleepin tonight after listening to this shit. -Jimmy Alvarado (Tectonic, 3639 Midway Dr. #271, San Diego, CA 92110)

MARGOT DAY

"Sacred" ☼

I got this right before I went to Convergence in New Orleans. I had listened to it once and was surprised that I recognized a song off it one night at a club there. The first few tracks of this CD - "Cyber Dreams," "Neptune" and "Wicked & Wize" are indeed quite danceable in a techno/goth kind of way. The crowd seemed to like it. Margot's voice is clear and commanding and the mixing is good. It's full of surprisingly odd but fun "sounds" throughout. The latter half of the CD gets more atmospheric and drops the club beat altogether. A few songs annoyed me a bit with their repetitive nature, but the inclusion of the flute was an intriguing twist. All in all,

this is a gutsy album by an artist who's only begun to tap her musical potential. -Blu (Future, Box 47, NE Kingdom, Craftsbury, VT 05826)

MARTIAN BIGBLOCK

Self-titled ☼

Martian Bigblock definitely have Man or Astroman? aspirations, but they lack Man or Astroman's? ability to flat out fucking rock. They're nowhere near as talented as MOAM?, and should probably add another guitarist (the first one does fine, but you can't expect me to sit here and listen to one guy play guitar when the rest of the band isn't doing anything else). But they do managed to nail down the same major flaw as Man or Astroman? in that they shouldn't sing. Not at all. Just as I was starting to get into this, some geek started singing some crazy shit about axons growing up to be dendrites and now I'm fighting mad. But it's not all bad. -Juan Bastos (Oil Capitol, PO Box 2167, Tulsa, OK 74101)

MCRACKINS, THE

"We Like to Make Records" ☼

Two eggs, one chicken, minus one dog - it's the 1999 McRackins. Which came first, Chixdiggit or... sorry, I'm just feeling fowl. An exceptional clucking regroup outing after Bill did some single yokeing it up. The music's as light as a highly whipped omelette, and I'm thinking, them being chickens and eggs, why no anti-Colonel Sanders litany or a call for people to stop eating egge salad sandwiches? No new ground scratched, but I don't see anyone asking the Pope what new religion he's following this week; competent and poppy, a little deranged, and like the Queens, migrating to more Beach Boy Brian Wilson mammal-mad-ingdond than previous Ramonesy fume-huffing excursions, as evidenced by the '93 version of "Slap the Monkey." I like. They're funny and scary (like Brian Wilson, one fucked up dude). -Todd (Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

MCRACKINS

"We Like to Make Records" ☼

Funny record cover of the McRackins using Poison Idea's "Record Collectors are Pretentious Assholes" cover and just putting the band name and title over the original. That's an easy way of doing things unless they didn't get permission and things could get ugly down the line. This release comes on white vinyl and boy do I like vinyl. The title song is a happy ditty about the happiness of making records, as if you couldn't tell. Also included are the songs "Lobotomy" and a demo version of "Slap the Monkey." If you haven't seen these funny clowns (they wear make-up on stage) before or heard them, this is a good way to check them out. Melodicore from Canada. -Donofthead (Cheetah's)

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MCRAKINS, THE

"Comic Books & Bubblegum" ●

Slick power pop/punk from two guys who make themselves up like giant eggs and another fellow who wears a chicken mask. The songs tend to be relationship related affairs rather than the novelty stuff you might expect from their fowl attire. Melodic, happy/sad, danceable tunes with tight harmonies and an even mix of grinding rhythm guitar and lilting leads. The only cover is the Knack nugget, "Good Girls Don't," which has the same basic feel as the rest of these up tempo, altemo, college boppers. -P. Edwin Letcher (Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14 50939 Köln, Germany)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES

"Are a Drag?" ●●

I got tears in my eyes when I got my package from Fat as I always do. What could it be? Who's new release could it be? It was on pins and needles as I tore through the envelope. It's a new release from Me First & the Gimme Gimmes! FUCK YEAH! On top of all this, it's a covers release of show tunes! Right from the opening track, "Somewhere over the Rainbow," I was hooked. For those of you who don't know, MF&GGs are Mike (NoFX), Joey and Dave (Lagwagon), Chris (No Use for a Name) and Spike (Swingin' Utters) on vocal duties. I first heard of them on the radio on a trip to SF and I was immediately hooked. They hit a lot of the big Broadway musicals with "Evita," "My Favorite Things" (the intro is the same as Bad Religion's "Generator"), "Tomorrow" from Annie and the last track "Cabaret." I was glad that the last album was not a one time shot. I peed in my pants without any control while listening to this release. I haven't had a good laugh in a long time. Only these guys have enough of a sense of humor to pull off something like this. What could be next? Cover songs of TV theme songs or commercials? I can't wait! Good covers are hard to come by and their releases are good from start to finish. From a cover of a junkie, I present thee a choice release for recommendation. -Donoththead (Fat Wreck Chords)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMMIE GIMMIES

"Garf" ●

To the two geeks who think I spelled the title wrong, it's a misprint that's on the sleeve, one that the head scooters at Lookout are paying for right now in the form of a full re-print. What's spinning on the turntable right now was supposed to be destroyed. FYI, it's Me First and the Gimme Gimmes, no second "I." What this means for me is that I hope there's some nutjob out there with too much time on their hands and cash in their pockets. This rotatin' disk is yours for \$100. Mint condition. Played three times. \$50 for me. \$50 for the Lookout spy who kicked down. Their generosity must be repaid. The music's so good and influential, that you haven't even begun to start slaggin' all the bands and audiences that are going to ape and go apeshit over it. It's beautiful in its simplicity, deadly in execution: punk rock motherfuckers raping Simon and Garfunkel's "The Boxer" and "I Am a Rock," popping their ass cherries with such sweet pain and reaping the benefits of three generations worth of love. Sonic, easy-to-listen-to pop gems amped up and revved for simultaneously the now and almost-dead generations. If my thumbs are to go up any further, I'd need Arsenio Hall finger extensions. -Todd (Lookout spelling masters and proofers extraordinaire, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

ME FIRST

"Supertouchyfeely" ●●

The lead singer will probably be pissed because the band reminded me a lot like the early Go Go's and she sounded a lot like Belinda Carlisle. Not that it is a bad thing because I am a big Go Go's fan. Melodic, raw rock with a punk edge to it. I just can't get over the fact that they remind me of the Go Go's. -Donoththead (Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, SF, CA 94146-0402)

MEDIA BLITZ

"U Want It, U Got It" ●●

This band has been knocking around the local LA scene for a few years, playing clubs and opening for trendier bands who aren't anywhere near as good - or punk - as Media Blitz. Their sound is about halfway between '77 and '81, with a brittle-voiced female singer. The result sounds about halfway between Tongue and UXA. Most of their stuff is slightly fast punk tempo with an occasional full blown thrash tune to clear everyone's sinuses. They've got a strong sense of humor in these songs, and a wack sense of distorted insanity which fits right in with the fact that they are named after a Germs song. Good band. 8 songs on this homemade cassette. -ShitEd (323-726-2433)

MEGA STINK MEN

"Ska Thrasher" ●

As the title implies, this is ska with a good helping as fast pop punk. This is very slick and very poppy. I can see the pop punk and ska kids totally getting into this Japanese outfit. The lyrics are pretty smart as well. If you're a ska/punk head, you'll like this. -Thrashhead (Too Hep, PO Box 331, Fairfax Station, VA 22039)

MEGAEANTS, THE

"Self Titled" ●●

Catchy, fast-paced pop punk from what appear to be Columbia, South Carolina teens. Songs about identity, and truth, observation and isolation; lyrically, the Megaeants offer promising insight and maturity. Otherwise it's your standard new school punk rock fare that reminds me a whole lot of ALL /

Descendents. The Megaeants are definitely worth watching, especially if their music can grow to equal their words. -Zack Negative (Thick & Thin, PO Box 2165, Columbia, SC 29171)

MELT BANANA/KILL OUT TRASH

Split ●●●

Melt Banana belt out their classic thrash mixed with experimental noise things. Let me tell you, the track kicks some major heads in. Extreme and brutal, it will twist your mind up. Kill Out Trash plays some noisy, distorted, industrial punk that hurts. They do a funny cover of Minor Threat's "Straight Edge." Cool split. -Thrashhead (Rodel, Keule Stelmickier, Allmendeweg 89, 13589 Berlin, Germany)

MENACE

"Society Still Insane" ●4 song ●●

This is pure '77 British punk right down to the fact that Menace wrote two of the four songs on this EP in 1977, and the year punk broke, they broke with it. "GLC" is a song about twenty year-old local London politics that are all over my head, but the basic sentiment of the working class being fucked still comes through and makes sense to me. "Insane Society" was their other big hit back then, but if I hadn't read the liner notes and since I hadn't heard of this band at all until a couple of months ago (cut me some slack here. I had only recently learned the alphabet song in '77), I would've thought this was all new. "Society Still Insane" is a song about an old punk rocker who strayed, but is "lacing up my boots again." This is one of the most powerful records I've heard in a while. If it's just old punkers cashing in, they're cashing in with some fucking A great music. -Juan Bastos (Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd., London NW1 9EA, England)

MENSEN

"Hey You" ●●●

Good luck finding this one, suckers! From Oslo Norway, the land where the kids keep warm by torching stove churches and shiv each other when there ain't nothin' on the tube, comes Mensen. Their sound is a great blending of the Runaways, slower Vice Squad and maybe a dash of L7's cooler stuff. For some reason, I also keep thinking of Suzi Quatro's old band, the one that did "What a Way to Die." Whatever. This set of records is fabulous, though: six songs with LOUD guitars and not a bad one in the bunch (although "Cruiser" is almost a little too close in sound to "Sonic Reducer" for comfort). Besides, any band with a guitarist named after one of my favorite Kiss songs is cool in my book. Hey Mandol! Give me a call and I'll tape it for you. You're gonna shit when you hear it, homey. -Jimmy Alvarado (Bang! Apdo 147, Santurtzi 48980, Basque Country)

MIKE NESS

"Four Songs from Cheating at Solitaire" ●●●

Mr. Social Distortion himself gets to make that country record he's always wanted to make. Seems weird that sobriety brings the honky tonk out of him. It only seemed like yesterday that he was a punk rock junkie screwing people over to get his next score. Now here he is taking the punk out of cowpunk. This is a promo for his upcoming full length of country songs in the Johnny Cash vein with slide guitar and all. Being a fan of SD, I do find that the songs on this release are very similar in style with the current songs of the band. He had been progressing in that direction with the band for sometime now. This is a definite "I need to let this grow on me" kind of release. I just need to get used to it since the voice seems to be out of text with the music. -Donoththead (Time Bomb; <www.timebombrecordings.com>)

MINDSET

"A Bullet for Cinderella" ●●

Had I never heard Too, Prong, or the Stone Temple Pilots, I'd think these guys were the shit. Unfortunately, for all of their obvious musical prowess, Mindset don't break any new ground or even upturn any old ground. If these guys can just find their very own niche, they'll be killer. "8 Beers and a Book on Zen" is one of the best song titles I've heard in a long time! -Kirin (Noise, 12358 Ventura Blvd., Ste. 386, Studio City, CA 91604)

MOCK ORANGE

"Nines & Sixes" ●●

Emo emissions as intricate and abstruse as life itself... happy-go-lucky harmonies that mesmerize my mind and dazzle me with delight. This holds all of the invigorating magnificence of awakening from fitful sleep on a soothingly warm sunny morn and beginning anew... a fresh start with innocence firmly intact... wide-eyed, youthful, and carefree... ah, soulfully delicious! It makes me achingly yearn for the virginal blush of spring, and winter has yet to rear its roar of frostbitten madness. Damn, Mock Orange have caressed my ears with the tingling sensation of an auditory smile... thanks, fellas (gush, gush, gush)! -Rog (Lobster, PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102)

MONO MEN

Untitled ●

I'd heard that the Mono Men broke up over a year ago, and like the bastions of fat, midwestern housewives who get pissed off at themselves for wearing rollers in their hair when they run into Elvis at the 7-11, I wanted to believe that which I know not to be true. I wanted to believe that this was four new songs from the Dave Cridler and his cronies. But it's not. It's four songs from "Have a Nice Day, Motherfucker," which is a great album and I highly recommend it. In fact, I recommend any and all Mono Men. Their music is everything garage

rock should be. Even their all instrumental album kicks unrivaled ass. But this is nothing new. I guess a collectors edition. On orange vinyl. -Juan Bastos (Gerhard Fluch, Sandgasse 8b, A-4020 Linz, Austria)

MOTORHEAD

"Everything Louder Than Everyone Else" ●●●

Lemmy and crew perform live in Hamburg. If you need any more explanation of who Motorhead are or whether this is good, you're either deaf or too stupid to live. This is a band so dirty, so sweaty, so "street" that even their manager Todd Singerman can hold his own in a beer bonging match with the best drunk pizza cooks in town. Matteo's RIP. -Jimmy Alvarado (CMC International, available in your local mall.)

MOTRUVAGENSERVICE

"Du HaBi Gottes Sagen" 3" ●●●

This is a little 3" CD full of power. A total, all-out grindcore assault. Fast and faster speeds with a lot of changes and heavier than hell. There's no let up. This CD will grind you into the dirt. Raging! -Thrashhead (S.O.A., c/o Paolo Petralia, Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67169, 00146 Rome, Italy)

MOURN

"Psicodisarmone in re - Arrangeata Da..." ●

Italian band that reminded me of a mixture of U2 and Pearl Jam with songs that were too long for me. -Donoththead (Green, Via S. Francesco, 60-351000 Padova, Italy)

MOVER

"The Only One" ●●

I need to start smoking pot again or at least when I listen to this. Hippie rock that sounds like the Rolling Stones when they wrote decent songs or like Credence Clearwater Revival. I need to go out and grow out my hair, wear a big mustache, buy some redneck-looking bell bottom jeans, and dream about driving down the highway in a big rig talking to strangers on the CB radio. -Donoththead (Mod Lang, PO Box 10111, Berkeley, CA 94709-0111)

MRTVA BUDOUNOST/LEFT IN RUINS

Split ●

The Czech Republic screamers Mrtva Budounost rip and thrash their way through 12 tracks of some pummeling thrash and blurcore. Every song is a complete rager. Some great lyrics within the killer tunes as well. Sweden's Left In Ruins also bash out 14 complete killers. Nice and noisy thrash is the order here. Each track is thrashatonic in the great Swedish tradition. Both completely rock the house. A great sampling of two of Europe's killer new thrash bands. Get this. -Thrashhead (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA, 94931)

MUSCLE BITCHES

"Hellephant" ●●

"Here we come, to rock the land with leather G-string mini guitar in our hand" is the war cry, which opens this most original, most prodigious, freak show of a CD. "Hellephant" is a bizarre compilation of punk rock, hair metal, glam, and gloom rock with a Queen meets Judas Priest thing going on. All this while being played in the fashion of the "Rocky Horror Picture Show." The music is like a wondrous acid trip being invaded by Freddy Kruger, so prepare yourself to be taken on a terrifying, yet splendid journey lead by Dr. Naughty Pants and his demonic saxophone. Together, you will board your flaming elephant and fly far off to the palace of The Reverend Kitten Flesh, where you'll watch him induce Lil' Miss Mellow to scream over his fiery guitar licks, and bathe with Gunther and Menudo Dirkschneider in boiling pools of elephant dung. Upon waking in the morning, you are delighted to find the ivory tusk protruding from your ass and realize, it's true, you've been fucked by the Muscle Bitches but can't wait to do it all again! This is a great CD, buy it. -Southern Fried Keith (The Muscle Bitches, #210-119 W. Pender St., Vancouver, BC V6B 1S2)

MUSTARD PLUG

"Pray for Mojo" ●●

The whole ska/punk trend seems to be just about over now, and I can't say that that makes me sad. I like ska. Horns are a good thing. There's nothing wrong with songs that bounce. Now and then. In moderation. But for a while there, everything got so saturated by happy ska songs that I wanted to start mowing down all the new bands with a horn section, a silly cartoon, and the word "ska" not so cleverly hidden in their name. But as the trend dwindled, the strong have seemed to survive. AAA's last album is one of my all time favorites, and though this Mustard Plug album isn't up in the ranks of "All Fall Down," it's pretty strong. Don't ask me what separates it from all the impostors because I can't tell you. Mustard Plug just does something right that a lot of bands do wrong. And now that it doesn't make me trendy to say I like it, I'll say it. I like it. -Juan Skastos (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

NAILED DOWN

"Honour and Glory" 8" Flexi ●●

The fucking crazy Aussies are back with another crushing release. Like their 3" CD, this is total, all-out thrash. 10 tracks of fast and noisy mayhem. Some great lyrics as well. You've got studio and live stuff here - both are absolutely killer. If you liked their other stuff or just dig brutal thrash, pick this up! -Thrashhead (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA, 94931)

NATION OF FEAR

"Everything Beautiful Rusts" ●●

Groovy-gothic tunes, (industrial-goth) that would have been booted from the old Scream club. The high point of this CD came when I heard a song that reminded me of the Sisters of Mercy, but then it didn't. -Southern Fried Keith (BMI)

NEATBEATS, THE

"Far and Near" ●

Hailing from Osaka, Japan The Neatbeats ape The Kaisers reincarnation of a Silver Beatles type Mersey-beat band. And in the near inimitable Japanese fashion of emulation these young Dapper Dans have got the style pegged to a vintage "T" - the clothes, instruments, hair, sound, everything except the accents. I can almost picture these Nippon-jins playing five sets a night at The Star Club. Or perhaps at an Osakan recreation thereof. They be a shakin' with cymbals crashing and gettars a twangin'. Fab opener "Spillit Girl" sets the tone and they keep it suave and rocking all the way through highlighted with a groovy intro "Neatbeat Walk" and appropriate covers such as "She Said Yeah," "High Heel Sneakers" and "Zip a Dee Do Dah" - the latter all "beat"-up. Another cool rocker that defies both geographical and chronological restraints. -6Ts M Squeaky (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

NEATBEATS, THE

"Far and Near" ●

A Japanese four piece that is obsessed with the Mersey sound (and fashion) of the early '60s that included the embryonic Beatles as well as the Beat 3, Gerry and the Pacemakers and a wealth of other dimmer stars. If you are a fan of the Kaisers and Milkshakes, you will like these blokes from across the other pond (as it were). They have a much stronger grasp on the English language than many of their rockin' countrymen but there is enough accent to add tons of charm to the snappy, beat-happy, harmonic, pop love spasms. There are a few well know show stoppers like "Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah," "Hi Heel Sneakers" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Cry" but lots of the retro fun is new to me, including an intro, "Neatbeat Walk." Comes with all kinds of info you need like the fact that Takashi is over 6' tall, Kazuya has beautiful black eyes, Shinya likes fried rice and Dai dislikes "the wife who is angry." Recommended to self-respecting Freddie and the Dreamers fans. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip)

NEBULA

"Sun Creature" ●●

The text on this CD describes this music as "Three tracks of total groove oriented rawk," and that pretty much sums it up quite well. Nebula is comprised of two members of Fu Manchu as if you're a fan of theirs you might want to check this out. While this is very good for what it is, I myself would rather listen to an old Hendrix or Zeppelin record if I felt like getting my groove rack orientation goin' on. That aside, I do like this record, once again, for what it is. A couple guys playing hippie shit with a bite to it. Hell, they even have a Santana live at Woodstock type drum solo in one of the songs. It might even be a Santana song for all I know. If that sounds like your bowl of herb then, by all means, the next hit is yours. But me, I'll pass. -Jason Cole (Man's Ruin)

NEBULA

"Let It Burn" ●●

Late '60s/early '70s influenced, guitar god music. A whole lot of bands from that era come to mind as the drummer and bassist groove together like a well oiled machine behind the never-ending histrionics of vocalist/vaxer man, Eddie Glass. Some of the more noteworthy would include Robin Trower, Blue Cheer, Jimi Hendrix, Black Sabbath and Mahogany Rush. The vocals are on the high-pitched end of the spectrum but not as stratospherically castrati as your average heavy metal diva's. The rhythms are straight ahead with occasional tightly synchronized syncopated accents. Eddie is deft with the wah wah, phase shifter and any number of other effects and pedals. The trio takes a break midway to perform a Beatlesque, Indian-flavored instrumental, "Raga in the Bloodshot Pyramid," and then jump right back into the power trio solos from Hell mode. -P. Edwin Letcher (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17511)

NECESSARY EVILS, THE

"The Sicko Inside Me" ●

A friend of mine once saw the Necessary Evils in a shitty little bar in Pomona. A half hour into their set I noticed she was shaking. I tried to ask her why, but the sheer volume of the band made conversation impossible. Afterwards she told me listening to the Necessary Evils was like being gang raped. I've never been raped so I had to take her word on that, but I can tell you this record has all the subtlety of one drunken redneck who beat me unconscious with a two-by-four outside a 7-11 in Chino several years ago. More than just powerful, the Evils have a real spooky side to 'em. They remind me a bit of the Purple Things if anybody remembers them, or the soundtrack to "Forbidden Planet." Sick, freaky shit, the Necessary Evils play a brand of crucified Martian blues that nobody else has the guts to even think about playing. If you've got a sicko inside you, this album might be just the thing to push you over the edge. Time to sharpen up the axe Eugene! -Keith Fitz (In The Red, 2627 E. Strong Pl., Anaheim, CA 92806)

NECESSARY EVILS, THE

"The Sick Inside Me" ☼

The even louder and more chaotic and psychotropic follow up to their debut full length blast, "Spider Fingers." There is a '60s bent evident in their choice of covers, "Love Handles" by Black Rose, "The Gypsy Plays His Drum" by the Seeds and "Girl" by the Keggs and in some of the bands own caveman-simple tunes but much of the noise damage is more a reflection of modern feedback happy nihilism. On many tracks, the sonic sludge is a constant rather than an occasional lead fill blast. As well as coaxing all the noxious fuzz wash as possible from a couple guitars, a bass and a drum kit, the band makes use of an old fashioned synthesizer for some intergalactic mind warp. Steve Pallow's vocals are pro wrestler buff and usually right on the verge of blunt force trauma. Crazy, in your face rock and roll. Good stuff. -P. Edwin Letcher (In The Red)

NECROPHAGIA

"Holocausto de la Muerte" ☼

I'm sorry, but if a label doesn't care enough about its releases to at least send a track listing, I don't care enough about it to review it. I mean, Jesus, this was sent taped to a piece of fucking cardboard! Where's the belief in your product? Where's the dedication to your bands? Lazy, cheap fucks. -Jimmy Alvarado (Red Stream, not even a fucking address was included!)

NEGATIVE REACTION

"The Orbit EP" ☼

This sounds like the guys from Flipper got together with the singer from Die Kreuzen and decided to cover Sabbath. Cool, but I still prefer Eye Hate God to this. -Jimmy "Satan" Alvarado (Game Two, 2980 Hooker St., Denver, CO 80211)

NEUROSIS

"Times of Grace" ☼

The latest chapter seems more subdued than the previous installments. Opting for more drawn out numbers, maybe cathartic, the immediacy seems to be lacking. Neurosis certainly aren't the same band anymore, haven't been for years, and I'm not gonna slight 'em for it. I actually like the darkness and experimental edge of this band - it keeps things interesting. If they were to keep putting out "Pain of Mind" over and over I would have lost interest ages ago. Instead, they've branched out into some form of music undefinable. The music on this disc seems more to be soundscapes than anything else. Cold, dark, and defining in space, the sounds float and rise through the air with perfect timing, sometimes scraping the surface. "Belief" is a great song with varying tempo changes, playing on space and time with a foreboding tone. "Exist" is an instrumental number similar to the material on Vangelis' "Albedo 0.39"

album. The title track has the most force on here. Very direct and driving, the drums cut a path through the dense jungle of noise created by the vocals and instrumentation - reminiscent of prior releases. Neurosis are one of the most amazing bands live, and it should be interesting to see how this new material sounds in such a setting. Great disc. -M.Awg (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

NEVERMORE

"Dreaming Neon Black" ☼

Warrel Dane has moved from Sanctuary's "Into the Mirror Black," to the Poe-etic incarnation of Nevermore's "Dreaming Neon Black." His lyrics on this album are more tender, complex, disturbing, and, oddly enough, more transcendent than on any previous Nevermore album. The music, probably because of the presence of Neil Kernon, (who produced Judas Priest,) has moments of sounding very much like Priest, but also blends in an eerie, gothic sort of feeling much akin to early Pink Floyd recordings. Who needs acid when you've got Nevermore? Just turn on the blacklight, turn up the music, and abandon all hope! -Kirin (Century Media, 1453A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

NEW EDEN

"Obscure Master Plan" ☼

Remember Hiras? -Donofthedeat (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

NEW MORTY SHOW

"Mortified" ☼

Some pretty jumping lounge. This is more on the swing tip. I like this CD a lot. The energy level is pretty high. This had my feet tapping uncontrollably - it just rocks. There's a couple slower, grooving numbers that will also make you move. Great covers of Billy Idol's "White Wedding" and Metallica's "Enter Sandman." Both vocalists, male and female, have awesome voices that carry through very well. Very impressive band, bet you they kick live. -Thrashead (Slimstyle, 3400 E. Speedway, Suite 118-272, Tucson, AZ 85716)

NEW AMERICAN SHAME

"Self-titled" ☼

This band sounds just like AC/DC and Aerosmith combined. Very convenient how the band's name seriously describes what the band is and is contributing to US music everywhere. -J.Cyco (ADA/Willi: no addresses)

NEW ROB ROBBIES

"Pure Whore" ☼

As usual, the studio who recorded this got an incredibly strong recording out of the band. I'm beginning to wonder if this isn't the best studio, period. In any case, this band ROCKS! Strong, standout songs that come across with a

pure clarity (as opposed to that dense, multiconfused crap major labels release in the "alternative" arena) and a simple sounding separation of instruments and vocals. The Rob Robbies are a power pop band by the way, but punks, don't let that stop you from grabbing this. It is well done and done well, because in addition to being pretty it has huge BALLS. About the only song I object to is that one silly ditty about the cockroaches. "Scoop Related" is hilarious. Recorded, produced, mastered, blah, blah, all that stuff by the amazing Blasting Room crew: Livermore, Carducci, and the boys from ALL. -ShitEd (O & O, PO Box 36, Fort Collins, CO 80522)

NO INNOCENT VICTIM

"T.B.A." ☼

Mosh metal for people who think Strife or Earth Crisis are too "punk". -J.Cyco (<www.victoryrecords.com>)

NO MOTIV

"And the Sadness Prevails" ☼

What I can recall about this band is that they are a current day Nardcore (Oxnard scene for those not around in the '80s) band, this is their second full length and possibly recorded this at my cousin-in-laws studio DDG Recordings. I could be wrong with the latter since I didn't get any packaging with this release and it's an advanced copy. I guessed the studio because a lot of Vagrant Records projects have been recorded there. I know there was a lot of hype going around during their first release. Me being me, I am getting to hear them for the first time at this moment. Being around and seeing most or all of the original Nardcore bands, I did not expect this. I heard that they were young but the music is really mature. I expected a fast punk record but what I got was more of an early Fugazi meets Good Riddance sounding release with mid tempo songs. A couple of fast paced songs were thrown in to keep the monotony factor down. The more listens I give this, the more I appreciate it. The production quality is great with the bass guitar sounding clear and even keeled with the guitar. -Donofthedeat (Vagrant, 2118 Wilshire Blvd. #361, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

NO ONE'S VICTIM

"...on a Thin Line" ☼

Fuck I hate this kind of music. I couldn't even make myself listen to the whole CD. If you're into garage punk or what-ever-the-hell you call this stuff, then you'll love this CD. It sounds to me like maybe what the Clash or Rancid might have sounded like the first time they got together. -Kinn (Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

NOBODYS

"Generation XXX" ☼

Twenty-five more minute-and-a-half songs about sex, boobs, blow jobs, crazy girls, stupid guys, and beer. They

even gave me a pen with this. The kind of pen that has a picture of a woman on it, and when you turn it upside down, her dress falls down and she's naked. The Nobodys rule. I don't know what I like better about them, their single-minded determination to live their life according to what the voices in their dick's head tells them, or the legions of easily offended automatons who hear a song like "Just Another Cunt" and go ballistic. Some highlights of this album are "Ain't Too Cool," a response to John Cougar Concentration Camp's "Monster," "The Jerk" (even if it does steal the opening riff from Screaming Weasel's "Hey Suburbia"), and the crazy shit tacked on at the end of the album. The whole album is great. -Juan Bastos (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

NON-AGGRESSION PACT

"Broadcast-Quality Belligerence" ☼

Hip hop/dance music industrial techno with guys that have a computer to manipulate the music and throw noise together. -Donofthedeat (Re-Constriction/Cargo Music, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432)

NOTHING INSIDE

"Host" ☼

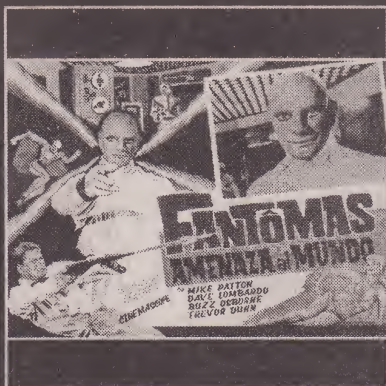
Originally intended to be a four-song EP recognizing the life achievements and death of William S. Burroughs, this project evolved into a full-fledged CD that came to include many side-projects of the individual band members. Primarily categorized as "electronic music," this trio of keyboard/synth. players explore their genre of music beyond normal conventions. The gritty, gothic, angst-filled sound that was prevalent on the first two CDs is still here, as well as a few refreshing surprises as each member adds their own unique sound to "hosted" songs at the end. Rome Clegg's lyrics are a silver lining in-between an almost assaulting array of beautiful music - sometimes sad, sometimes bitter, but always dark. Songs like "Shatter" and "Strangeconomy" are masterfully mixed and digitally mutated with samples; the hopeless sentiments in "What Happens Now" leave you crying, and the almost rockabilly sound of Chris Camillo's "Little Miss Sunshine" has your feet dancing. All in all, this is a great CD with enough variation to keep you looking forward to whatever is around the bend. "CONSUME THOROUGHLY BURN INTO MEMORY DISCONNECT" -Blu (Nothing Inside, PO Box 8521, Atlanta, GA 31106, <www.nothinginside.com>)

NOVAS, THE

"The Crusher" ☼

Yes!, this is the band that had the idea of immortalizing wrestling showman, Reggie "The Crusher" Lisowski, and then ran with it. The song has served as an anthem to many cave dwelling rock slob, in the interim, but this original, marginal hit version is just as crude and downright cool as any I've heard. Before the local teen beat phenoms

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from Minnesota ('64 and '65) bit the dust, they released a couple singles and laid down a few tracks that have languished until now. Aside from the killer title tune, the brat pack is presented doing a cool intro, "Take 7" and slip shod but inspired covers of Dylan's "On the Road Again" and the Astronauts' "My Sin is My Pride." Another great, obscure glimpse at an exciting era. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station NY, NY 100276)

OBNOXIOUS RACE

One great Canadian hardcore band. Total killer early '80s hardcore with great lyrics. Great female/male trade-off vocals, sung in both French and English. The track "Taking Our Lives" is an absolute classic. This is a rocking EP, I'm definitely anxious to hear more. -Thrashead (Tobacco Shit, c/o Simon Pare, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park, Quebec, J4V 3H4, Canada)

ONE HIT WONDER

"Who The Hell is One Hit Wonder?" Fast-paced fun-in-the-sun beachblanket punk that burned holes in my eardrums like intense ultraviolet rays on a sizzlin' summer day! Youthful frolicking festivity that could melt the coldest of hearts like an unrelenting lava flow turning frigid ice into boiling mush in the arctic zone. Gravel-in-the-gut vocals with wiggled-out Wizo-styled stammerings... Ramones chainsaw guitar riffs auspiciously adorned with Fat Wrecking leading flashes from the fire-fingertips of the anthemic axe-slinger... bass bombings that rattle windows within a 40-mile radius... drums as booming as the voice of God on a particularly bad day... barbaric Beach Boyish backing vocals which titillated, tantalized, and tanned my ears a sunny golden brown. Yep, one listen to this, and you will wonder what the hell hit you! -Rog (Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave., Suite F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647 or OHW, PO Box 3688, Long Beach, CA 90803)

ONE DIMENSIONAL MAN/KALI YUGA

What the hell is going on here? Two Italian farmer/punk bands, no scratch that, there isn't anything punk sounding about these bands... O.D.M. is more structured than Kali Yuga, but that's not saying much. Forget about it, this sucks. -J. Cyco (<rumblefishap@yahoo.com>, <gambinos@jmalox.com>)

OPHELIA'S SWEET DEMISE

"Dark Serenade" Why do goth bands all think they have to sound like this? Same old lame-assed male vocals, sounding like a cow on heroin and in heat. Again, the vocals totally fuck up the music, which is the shimmering, opulent sound that makes me love goth in the first place. If the lead singers would stop trying to sound like something out of an Anne Rice novel, the music would be unforgettable. Rozz could pull it off, David E. Williams can pull it off, Peter Murphy can pull it off, but most goth guys just sound like little boys trying to do haunted house imitations. Just sing in your regular voice, dammit, you're fucking it up for the rest of the band. -Kiri (Ophelia's Sweet Demise: <akat@csd.uwm.edu>)

OVERFLOW

"Protected by the Badge" Wowee! A Croatian punk record here on my turntable in my lush mansion in So Cal. Having the punk cult that Flipside gives you, amazing releases come before you. Envious? Probably not. Well, these guys could easily be confused as an American band. They sing in English and there are only traces of an accent. The music reminded me of early Poison Idea and Shattered Faith and the vocalist sounded like Campino from Die Toten Hosen if he yelled more and without all the vocal effects he usually uses in the studio. The melodies are dead on and sound of a band that has been around for a while. In fact, they first started out in 1990 and have put out releases throughout Europe. I can't figure out why this is the first time I have heard of these guys. I guess I have to be a bigger pretentious record collector asshole and use my riches to get more of their discography. -Donoththead (Broccoli, Postfach 1612, 72606 Nürtingen, Germany)

OVERKILL

"Necrosine" Does anyone remember seeing Overkill screeching and butt-rocking on MTV in the mid-'80s? Well, I do and it sucked. So what more could I expect when listening to this album, well YOU can expect new Judas Priest with Korn-like riffs and pinched-neck, screechy vocals that, simply put, retard the mix. Fuck this, it's still buttrock! -J. Cyco; (<www.mcminternational.com>)

OXYMORON

"The Pack is Back" Fuck I hate this kind of music. I couldn't even make myself listen to the whole CD. If you're into garage punk or what-ever-the-hell you call this stuff, then you'll love this CD. It sounds to me like maybe what the Clash or Rancid might have sounded like the first time they got together. And yeah, this really is the same fucking review I wrote for both Oxymoron CDs, and the No One's Victim CD, because they all sound the same to me. -Kiri (Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

OXYMORON

"The Fittest Will Survive... In Westworld" Fuck, I hate this kind of music. I couldn't even make myself listen to the whole CD. If you're into garage punk or what-ever-the-hell you call this stuff, then you'll love this

CD. It sounds to me like maybe what the Clash or Rancid might have sounded like the first time they got together. And yeah, this really is the same fucking review I wrote for both Oxymoron CDs, and the No One's Victim CD, because they all sound the same to me. -Kiri (Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

PANTHRO U.K. UNITED 13

"Sound of a Gun" There's something wrong in Florida. Besides the abundance of "weird beards," that is. Bands doing the unexpected and pulling it off is what I'm talking about. Look at Less Than Jake - most people who hate ska love L.T.J. Hot Water Music? Unshaven cretins that are, arguably not out of some of the tightest, most complex hardcore around. Is Florida some strange breeding ground for bands that break the mold? Well, Panthro is no exception. Times ten. Any quality you can name about a punk/hardcore band that you love can be found in Panthro. Again, times ten. Shit - here's my best way to describe Panthro - I'm shifting my pants, crying uncontrollably in joy, jumping up and down on my bed, looking for something to throw at someone while listening to "Jackson," a song about a dog, or a cat, or some fucking thing. There! Did that sum it up? Great. -Snoop Bob (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

PHIL AND THE FRANTICS

Self-titled A cool '60s band from Arizona that mixed a solid Pacific Northwest vibe with various popular influences such as Dylan, the Zombies, the Dave Clark Five, etc. and their own moody, minor-keyed pop groove. This collection presents pretty much all the recorded works, including mono and stereo versions of the more well known numbers. The band was made up of a guitarist, bassist, drummer, keyboard player and sax blower (Phil, who sang lead and, I would imagine, played the harmonica) and were as representative of their beat era as any other '66 group. One of the tunes, "I Must Run," was included in the second volume of the original Pebbles series. Another, "Pain," was covered by the Lyres on their "Happy Now..." album. Most of the tunes are originals but the covers are indicative of the general direction and include the Stones' "The Last Time" and "Act Naturally," a tune I can't help but associate with Ringo. A great listen which comes with the band's history and plenty of photos. -P. Edwin Letcher (Bacchus/Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

PIGSTICKER

"Fuck a Pig" I'll get right to the point here. This is knuckle-headed "I'm tougher than you" jock shit that is headed straight for my trash can. This is like an even worse version of Ice-T's Body Count with none of the charm. Lots of talk about the neighborhood, kicking your ass, and how you can't do anything about it. The music sounds like the Mentors' first band practice. And they claim Seattle a lot. I think some Shoreline Crips should go up there and shut their pease asses up. Fuck you and your "I'll 187 a cop" bullshit. The cops are perpetually supported and funded because of weak minded individuals such as this. I can't tell you how much your moronic gang mentality makes me sick. Do you really need two pictures of someone holding a gun and a knife in each hand on your record or are you so fucking insecure about your masculinity that you have to make sure no one misses the point? Feel like big men now that you've put out a record to show to your homeboys that talks about shit that you've never done? Trash a bank if you've got real balls. And that skull and bandana logo was done by Suicidal a long time ago. As a side note, I do like your beautiful girl bassist. So there, Pigsticker. I had something good to say about your band. You can put away your Rambo knife and sawed off now. But even she can't stop this from being some sorry ass shit! But I bet there's a bunch of idiots out there that would like this. You know, the ones that ruin all the shows. -Jason Cole (Nuthouse, 1122 E. Pike #627, Seattle, WA 98105)

PIGSTICKER

"Fuck a Pig" Ever wondered if El Duce and Co. really influenced anyone out there? Well here you go! A little less violent but the hate/controversy is there. Too bad the songs don't match the potential this cheese band has. Yeah Seattle! Hey you, bass chick, send it down my way. -J. Cyco (Nuthouse)

PIGSTICKER

"Fuck a Pig" Nothing irritates me more than a bad mix sometimes. The bass was recorded real loud and muddy and the guitar is super thin. The drums are remedial and the overall music imitates the Mentors if they were a young high school punk band. I'm assuming that this is their first release and would have been better suited over a couple of 7"s. Oh, they hate cops too. -Donoththead (Nuthouse)

PINEHURST KIDS

"Minnesota Hotel" Northwest reject indie-rock. Kinda reminds me of Fugazi and most of Cargo's records. Sloppy dipshit music for those who've been rejected by other Oasis fans. -J. Cyco (Four Alarm, 660 West Lake St. Suite #3R-R, Chicago, IL 60661)

PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN

"Pissed Playground" In the mid '80s, out of the ashes of Pillsbury Hardcore came Pissed Happy Children. They had a killer quirky and brutal thrash attack that set them apart from all other

bands. This CD contains their "Pissed Playground" LP, the "Graveltruck"/"Vigilante" 7", some comp tracks, and their side of the PHC/Infest split flexi. Great, bombastic thrash from a band whose rhythm section would later be the core for the brutal Man Is The Bastard. Need I say more? -Thrashead (Crowd Control Activities, 821 White Elm Dr., Loveland, CO 80538)

PISSING RAZORS

"Cast Down the Plague" I didn't like the last Pissing Razors outing because they sounded too fake and contrived to me. Sadly, I don't like this one either. Pissing Razors are clearly very capable and talented musicians, but c'mon guys, can you say "Ministry"? How 'bout, "Biohazard"? Pissing Razors sound more like a cover band to me, only they're playing their own songs. Their music is just too derivative for me to be able to get excited about it. -Kiri (Noise, 12358 Ventura Blvd., Ste. 386, Studio City, CA 91604)

PLUNGERS, THE

"Come On Let's Go" b/w "Cool Diner" Sloppy, loud, barking, animalistic, and raw energy sexy. The funny thing is that the napalm of a cleared village of sound comes primarily out of two small, nice Japanese girls. Hey, I'm not making a judgement call in the slightest, but it's just like if you were going to see some Ugandan log thumpers and they started turned out to be Circle One; it'd fuse your eyeballs to the back of your skull and take you back a step. Speaking of napalm, they sound like the Happy Days diner getting strafed - rock'n'roll Fonzie's burning, charring, and screaming in what I'll interpret as delighted pain. Excellent and about two minutes long. Total. One's a Richie Valens cover. -Todd (Solamente, 124 St. Marks Pl. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11217-2015)

POLECAT

"40hz" The first time I heard this, I thought, "Good God... what is this?" My notes read (yes, I take notes sometimes), "Too much emotion that says nothing, too much brain-twisting, gut-wrenching emotion - just a bunch of screaming/coming to terms with someone who doesn't seem to give a fuck anymore." On subsequent inspections, this album is good enough to be put alongside of some of those who they thank in the liner notes: Seaweed, C-average, etc. Heavy on the emo/noise heavy rhythm guitar, driving vocals lip, Polecat tosses and turns and the resulting constant lurching activity keeps my tummy all knotted up. Sort of Melvins meet Klifikat Ikatowi or Pinhead Gunpowder. Well rehearsed and well done, this album just doesn't send me the way I like to be sent. And I have to turn it off right now, because it's starting to sound like Tool. Fuck this. I am, however, very pleased that Polecat thanked Girl Trouble, which is a fine fucking band. -Jessica (Finepoint, PO Box 28373, Columbus, OH 43228; <finepointrec@hotmail.com>)

PORN FLAKES

"The Number of the Beef" Metal parody, punk, rap and hardcore; the slightly metallic hardcore of the sort I first began hearing in the second half of the '80s. There's some rap vocals in here on the first track combined with HC. I guess that's one way to achieve s/b-y status: combine street rap stupidity with hardcore boneheadedness! Actually that track worked real well. The next one goes for silly cowpunk inbreeding. It's funny and works, too. Hmm, this CD could suck hard if it wasn't done well, but these guys do their mix and matching with style, humor and gusto. They seem to enjoy making fun of pretentious bullshit music ("Rockin' for You"), which is alright by me. They sure do a great parody of the classic rock anthem in that song. Just as long as they don't do it straight up! This is one hell of an intelligent and sophisticated CD, and consequently it's hard for me to tell when they're pulling my leg sometimes. Oh sure, it's obvious in "Acting Like Black Sabbath" (Day Glow Abortions), but what do I do with "MFP"? In any case, smart, funny lyrics and wack music with a lot of send-ups. I mostly like, except for too much HC rap, which began imitating me toward the end of the CD, but that's my personal preferences. Nothing wrong with their skill and inventiveness. Sign 'em to Epitaph to replace RKL's niche. -ShitEd (Grappler Unlimited, Porn Flakes, PO Box 2507, Toledo, OH 43606)

POSERS

"Kill the Ravers" Straight punk rock, old style. There's some fast early '80s sounding stuff, then there's your mid tempo '77 type stuff. All of it is done pretty well. There's catchy stuff here. The lyrics are mainly about shit that irritates the band. There's also a Lager Lads cover. Some rocking streetpunk here. -Thrashead (Blind Beggar, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957 Eppenbrunn, Germany)

PRICKS, THE

"Destroy High Society" Oh my God, this is what I've been waiting for. Ultra fast punk with screamed vocals that don't sound like every other Joe in the game. Sometimes I can't even tell if it's a man or woman that I'm listening to. Non stop, pounding hardcore with more hooks than the Lake Powell bait shop. Has that metaphor been used yet? Anyway, take the Stupids and Die Kreuzen and multiply by three. This equals the Pricks. There ya' go. From start to finish these guys never let up. Don't pay any attention to the lame cover art. It doesn't get much better than this. -Jason Cole (Hard On, Klockarbacken 10, 692 38 Kumia, Sweden)

PRIMATE 5

"The Smash Hits of O" These roter fiends are a bit tighter, but are on a similar wavelength as the dearly departed Mummies. They are inspired by the same cheesy '60s excitement, wear outlandish matching costumes and rely rather heavily on the classic sounds of an old Farfisa (or a reasonable facsimile). I quite enjoy this single and will keep an eye peeled for more of their recorded mayhem. Side one opens with "Ape Ape Ape," which is a basic tribal chant interspersed with Sonics style tempo shifts. Next up is a spirited intro raver called "Theme from Central Control." Side two opens with one of the more covered gems from the Pebbles' era, "Make You Mine" which is followed by another vocally challenged romp, "Show Stopper." I'll bet those monkey masks reek after a half hour set. -P. Edwin Letcher (Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

PRO-PAIN

"Act of God" 1987 - The Crumbsuckers. Though I'm embarrassed to admit it, I was completely, 100% in love with this band. Hell, anything that was on Combat at the time, I loved without a qualm. Pro-Pain, though, are a different story. Their 1st record, I hated with a passion. This record... Well... I really can't decide if I should cast it off as a bad nightmare from the past, or revel in the glories of my youth. Metal-punk mayhem. Perfect for spinning your cat around the room in a trashbag, then watching the dizzy little bastard stumble around, all the while cranking metal at its (some-what) best. A little of the "new school hardcore" (which really is only reshaped '80s speed metal) thrown in for good measure. A good record? I honestly can't decide. Recommended, only if you loved the whole crossover thing in the mid '80s. -Snoop Bob (Nuclear Blast, PO Box 43618, Philadelphia, PA 19106)

PROJECT PITCHFORK

"EON:EON" Can you say Sisters Of Mercy? How about Front 242, Nitzer Ebb, anything WaxTrax from the later '80s. If you still don't get it, consider that three of the four members' main instruments are "keyboards, sampling, programming, editing" and they're from Germany (or maybe Denmark). Early industrial, pre-electronica, and that shit was good back when - too bad it's 10 years too late. I have a feeling these guys are pretty popular back home though. Goth kids should love this. Goth kids are morons. -Zack Negative (Metropolis)

PROPAGANDHI

"Where Quality Is Job #1" For those Propagandhi junkies out there, here is your latest wet dream. In one package alone you get old, out of print, unreleased, live and demos from your favorite bastions of punk rock. Not only do you get 28 songs of their madness, you get a picture of one of the members showing off their package in red, white and blue speeds for all the world to see. Who put this out? "Where can I get it," you say? I say look at the address at the end of the review. Rush out to your local record store (FUCK THE BIG CHAINS) and demand that they carry this release and that you are a pretentious music collector in need of finalizing your Propagandhi collection. -Donoththead (G-7 Welcoming Committee, Box 3-905 Corydon, Winnipeg MB, R3M 3S3 Canada)

PSEUDONYM

"Pig Tail World" An inventive composition of eighties new wave, pop rock, top forty - Yo La Tango meets the Beach Boys kind of conglomeration. Pig Tail World is a solo project written, produced, and preformed by Paul Desjarlais, to whom some of you old school Bostonians might remember from a band The Uncalled Four, that played around town with the likes of The Freeze and Gang Green. This is Desjarlais' second solo release and the thing just screams talent (well, maybe in this case, whispers would be a better word). There is an array of sounds, including some pots, pans, and an old typewriter that blend well into the slow, melodious rhythms and is topped off with exceptional vocals. If you've been finding your XTC, Squeeze, or Pixies albums being worn thin on your record player, you might want to check out Pseudonym. -Southern Fried Keith (Grasshopper, Inc.)

PSYCHIC TV

"The Origin of the Species, Volume Two: Perfecting the Infinite Beat" There he sits, like Duchamp, the Big Man looking back over his career that spans decades while constantly pointing forth the present time. As usual, what Mr. P-Orridge was up to ten years ago is more interesting than the current crop of haircut bands and pretenders - they're fucking charlatans and like Duchamp's valise project, Mr. P-Orridge is reshaping, re-cutting and re-collecting his career. This is a compilation of the "infinite beat" PTV period: the "Towards the Infinite Beat" and "Beyond the Infinite Beat" CDs plus some excellent DAT mixes from gigs in '89 and '92, not to mention the beautiful 30 page booklet with a long essay by Mr. P-Orridge explaining the motivations and the history behind his musical decisions. Fucking awesome. Now let me find that tab of acid so I can leave another drunken message on his answering machine. -Stone Cold Steve Austin (<www.invisiblerecords.com>)

PSYCHOTIC AZTECS

"Santa Sangre" This disc perfectly illustrates two points I've been trying to make for years: 1-Now that Danny Elfman has broken up Oingo Boingo, his former bandmates are going to be

grasping at any and all straws they can get their hands on. 2-Ever since the Plugz called it quits, Tito Larriva has failed miserably at writing even one decent song. Even a remake of "El Hombre Secreto" couldn't save this from being used for skeet shooting practice. More to the point, this CD is a pile of shit. -Jimmy Alvarado (Gntal, PO Box 1216, NY, NY 10156)

PULLEY

Former Scared Straight and Ten Foot Pole singer Scott Radinsky's third output of Pulley. You would think that he would be too involved living up to his St. Louis Cardinals 2.1 million dollar contract as a relief pitcher. But no, he keeps pumping out new material. The last release, "60 Cycle Hum" was a breakthrough record for them. I thought it was the best material he had put out to date. The first record of Pulley was not that memorable. At least when I took a listen at a used record store some time back. The title is supposed to be "Fuck" but you know the big chain stores would have a problem stocking it. This release is their most mature and consistent. The songs are more experimental in that they are trying things that aren't the norm in the melodiccore vein. A classic example is the song "Nothing to Learn" which has a current day Bad Religion sound mixed with the Police. Some of the other songs on this release has that Bad Religion feel to it too. They have been leaning in that direction since Scott sang for Ten Foot Pole. Scott's singing has improved greatly and he seems to have improved his range. I know many of you are tired of the Epitaph machine. But I think this has to be the best release that Epitaph has put out in awhile. -Donofthead (Epitaph [or should I say Interscope?], 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90025)

PULLEY

Their third release takes off like the first drop of a roller coaster ride, twisting and turning through tempos without losing intensity. The guitars sound amazing, and the whole band plays as a crisp and tight unit. There's a similarity to Bad Religion in some of the numbers, but I could think of worse influences. I wonder, now that lead vocalist Scott's playing for St. Louis, if he can coax McGwire into singing back up on Pulley's next album? Could be a hit! But seriously, this is a really solid effort, which shouldn't be ignored. -Pooch (Epitaph)

PUNCH BOX

Whoa! This stinks. Out of the four songs on this one I could only listen to one the whole way through. And I tried three nights in a row! Hey, I'm a fair reviewer but I can't help it if you and your band send something this fake and transparent in to Flipside. Stop fooling yourselves and do

something you're good at, cuz you ain't gonna fool anyone else. P.S. Love to the wife and kids. -Jason Cole (PO Box 291956, LA, CA 90029)

PURR MACHINE

"Ging Ging" ♪ Following numerous tracks on well-received compilations, Purrr Machine's debut full-length has finally arrived. Featuring former members of Caterwaul, Kommunity FK, and Pink Noise Test, the disc is sure to draw comparisons with a number of female-fronted industrial acts. However, this band is by no means a cheap Die Form imitation. Nor do they jump on Delirium's bandwagon. Throughout the course of "Ging Ging," Betsy Martin's vocals range from a seductive whisper to a crazed wail without ever losing the sinister, nasal twang that distinguishes her from the herd of dancefloor-friendly industrial divas. Musically, "Ging Ging" is a mixture of hyper-danceable tracks ("The Moon and My Head Are Full") and slower, dreamier pieces ("Perspicuous Minds"). While this album isn't groundbreaking, it does show a nice balance between different sounds and is a genuinely good release. -Liz O. (Re-Construction, 4901-906 Morena Blvd. San Diego, CA 92117-3432)

PUSSYCATS

"Playin' Dirty" ♪ This tantrum-tossin' trio of ferocious females has chaotically created a face-bashing brand of punk pummellings I'll tacitly term "bitchcore" due to its amped overload of infuriated energy, furious bile-fueled ferocity, and all-out ear-mangling sonic assaults... an inspired audial insurrection of thirteen delightfully decadent ditties full of uplifting musical upheaval with an ear-attacking abundance of irreverent instrumentation and voraciously vagabond vocalizations. Indeed, "Playin' Dirty" is downright gritty and frightfully filthy, causing my heart to throb like the youthful ache of first love's gooney-eyed splendor, my ears to ooze slick slobber of the orgasmic variety, and my manhood to bulge like a cramped 18-wheeler full of nitrate barreling through the gates of Hell! Shit-stompin' stand-outs include "End of the Century," "No TV/Knock Out," "Fuckin' Bitch," "Nasty," "Mongoloid" (a shambolic shoe-in for my palpatin' personal fave song of the year '98!), "No Summer" (a tumultuous tune of topsy-turvy proportions... more intoxicatin' and inebriating than brewed beverages of the malted barley variety!), "Lazy," "Crime," and a spindled and rousingly raucous rendition of "Helium Bar" (a rowdy rant of the Weiridos from way back when!)... and, hey, here's an aloof irony for you conspiracy goons out there: I noticed some of the song titles shamelessly mimic a mayhem motif of the episodal titles of the classic British comedy series "The Young Ones"... whether coincidental or purposeful, it caused a cheeky lil' smile to streak across my clean-shaven scowlin' face. Anyway, these PussyCATS purr like hellcats on the prowl for human flesh... possessing

bigger balls than a brontosaurus, roaring more mightily than a foaming-at-the-mouth lion in a sex-crazed stupor of animalistic heat, and retaining more bite than the vice-grip crush of an angered crocodile's jaws. Buyer beware: this is musical genocide that should effectively annihilate the slump-shouldered slacker crowd, vaporizing their hapless hippy forms into a dustcloud of crushed bones and simmering remains. Vipeeeee... gotta love it! -Rog (Hell Yeah, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

QUEEN BEE

"Fine" b/w "Smitten" ♪ I wish, wish, wished about three years ago that bands would stop sounding like Alice In Chains. Looks like some more kneeling time for me. Please, please, please. No, no, no. Grunge burned into a crispy critter for a good reason. No need to pick through the ashes; it ain't a phoenix, it's like sifting through your grandmother's urn for a ring that just ain't there. -Todd (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-0992)

QUIXOTE

"A Force" / "No Bark" ♪ Not bad. Midwestern college rock that has guts and edge. An interesting combination of tones. This has the ability to be driving, yet remains bubbling under a calm air, almost quiet. But not in a plinky way. Somewhat akin to what was going on in DC earlier this decade, and perhaps better. -M. Avrg (\$3 to Makoto, PO Box 50403, Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

RABBLEROUERS

"The Way the Street Ought to Sound" ♪ CD All four tracks on this are all faster early '80s English oi style stuff. The songs are about cops, the working class, and fighting. Decent streetpunk/oi record. -Thrashead (Blind Beggar, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957 Eppenbrunn, Germany)

RAISED FIST

"Fuel" ♪ Gotta love those Swedes! I love Swedish straight edge more than most bands from the US. The metal is less prominent but the punk edge definitely powers through. The vocals on this release are somewhat pulled back on the mix behind the raw punch of the bass and the power chords of the guitar. The music draws you in first and finishes with the lyrics. I'm having a hard time writing this review while listening to this manic ear pummeling. My eyes can't seem to keep focused on the computer screen from the violent head movements that the music is putting me through. I'm getting exhausted and feel like I have ran 10 miles after listening to this. I hope these guys aren't into the militant thug mentality that has become the eyesore of the American straight edge

scene. What a great surprise, Millencolin they are not! -Donofthead (Burning Heart, Box 441, 701 48 Orebro, Sweden)

RAMONES

"I Don't Care About History" ♪ 21 songs from the very last European tour that the Ramones did with main man Dee Dee Ramone in 1989 (gawd, has it been 10 years already?). Besides the standards that the "brudders" crank out, "Weasel Face" and "Garden of Serenity" are also here, too, as well as the '78 fucking classic, "She's the One." If you happen to be the rabid fanluc as I am when it comes to the Ramones, then wipe the foam off yer mouth and go chase this LP down. It's a bootleg, of course, complete with cover photos taken from the Ramones book "Ramones: An American Band" and this particular copy came pressed on powder blue marble vinyl. Happy hunting. -Designated Dale (Alien, no address)

RAYDIOS, THE

"Original Demo Recordings" ♪ I'm not sure if this is the new band or just a side project but the Raydios is made up of Fink and Sammy of Japan's veteran rockers, Teengenerate, and a new face, Yoda, on drums. Like the aforementioned, there is a strong Ramones influence. I also hear a lot of poppy, early punk ala the Vibrators, the Undertones and Sham 69: choppy guitar work with occasional bursts of short leads and infectious, danceable rock rhythms. Despite the title, this sounds about as clean as recording gets without veering into the despicable world of the commercially viable. Their English is pretty good but is still obviously the band's second language; what in the world are "Fartful Eyes," anyway? -P. Edwin Letcher (Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14 50939 Koin, Germany)

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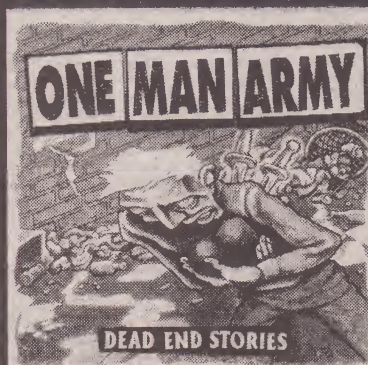
"In the Bottle" ♪ It's red-blooded, hard-rocking, Humpers-style rock and roll. And there's nothing wrong with that. -Juan Bastos (My Fat Ass, PO Box 45133, Seattle, WA 98145)

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

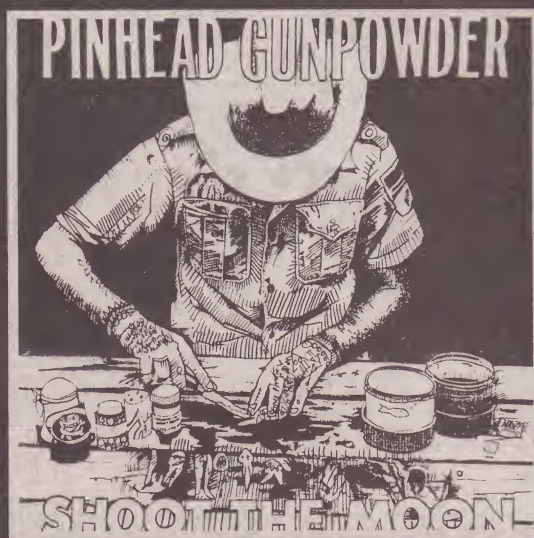
"Patriotic Glory" ♪ (For those who cannot tolerate the whiteboy equivalent of gangsta rap and "Viva La Raza," kindly skip this review.) Red, White and Blue play straight-ahead boot-boy oi; drum and bass driven, and clean, barking vocals. This album is so well produced, and the vocals are so crisp, that you can actually understand what the bloke is saying, which in my opinion is a rare and much-appreciated commodity in the world of oi. I've never understood why poor production is supposed to mean "hardcore," but when a band sounds great, they're considered sell-

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outs. If Red, White & Blue's precision sound means they're sellouts, so be it; this album kicks. -Kinn (Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, Belgium; <www.unitedskins.com/pureimpact>)

REDEMPTION 87

"All Guns Poolsider" ☼

I guess this is the posthumous release for this band, seeing as a member now resides in the Nerve Agents. Like their name hints at, the music is heavily influenced by mid '80s hardcore, mainly what was going on with bands like Youth Of Today, Side By Side, and the like. Chunky rhythms, mid-tempo execution, me-you-and how we relate to one another lyrics, and an underlying positive attitude. Imagine if Youth Of Today were actually worthy of their hype, as Redemption 87 are hands down far superior to what they're influenced by. While this is pretty good, there's an edge that's missing to send this over the top. The songs come on strong, yet at times lose steam mid way through. The first three songs, along with the covers, and the demo tracks are the strongest of the bunch. Don't get me wrong, this is pretty good, and better than most of what's out there at the moment. -M.Avg (Blackout!, PO Box 1575, NY, NY 10009)

REID PALEY

"Lucky's Tune" ☼

This is a singer with a guitar. He sings in a guttural growl that suggests hard drinking and cigarettes. The lyrics are pretty strong, personal stuff about his renewal in Brooklyn. I like the songs but it would do more for me if there were a band behind it. Produced by Frank Black. -Stone Cold Steve Austin (The Monkey's Paw, PO Box 544, Cooper Station, NYC 10276; <www.godnoise.com>)

RESIST AND EXIST

"Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win"

Orange County's Resist And Exist are back with their second record of in-your-face political punk. The music is total English-inspired hardcore. The lyrics - some are very intelligent and thought out political lyrics. This new record rocks just as hard as their old one did. Get this. -Thrashhead (Spiral, 1916 Pike Place #12, Seattle, WA 98101)

REVILLOS, THE

"Totally Alive in London" ☼

If this doormat of a dormant disc was a meal, it'd be a soggy week-old TV dinner... if it was fecal matter (which it assuredly is!), it'd be feld, disease-infested diarrhea... if it was a once-shining glimmer of hope, it's now a maggot-infested decaying dungheap of dead rot. Sounds like Meat Loaf on the rag, constipated, bloated, obese, and overblown with theatrical campiness... smells like teen shit of the Sha Na Na spirit, or, at the very least, sound-

track rejects from "Grease." Fuckin' hell, I can't stomach this ear enema anymore than I could a cockroach casserole, so I placed this shiny shimmering disc into my pop-up toaster like an Eggo waffle... and after an all-too-brief pause, its melted remains were expediently ejected, flopping wildly into the gaping breaches of a waiting garbage bag where it damn well belongs... -Rog (a first-time fuck-up brought to you by the fine folks at Sympathy For The Record Industry)

RHUN

"Subunder" ☼

Oh joy, even more bad metal from Argentina. They actually sounded OK until they allowed the singer to open his mouth. Argentina apparently is striving desperately to produce the worst metal in existence. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rhun Casilla 5, Sucursal 12 CP (1412) Buenos Aires, Argentina)

ROAD RAGE

"Nothin' to Declare" ☼

Their sound is very akin to the first couple of Rancid albums which were a clone of a certain type of British punk (accelerated streetpunk), except THIS band IS British and have a damned good night to sound like this! Road rage is fast, furious and balls-out good. Their lyrics aren't politically correct, which immediately gets them a big thumbs-up from me. Good energy, good attitude and I don't hear any pretension. Lots of cheekiness here instead, loud, vulgar and obnoxious, just the way I like it! I like this band. Buy this. -ShitEd (Radical, 77 Bleecker St., NY, NY 10012)

ROBOT

"Palm Trees" ☼

I'm not sure why the label sent this to my attention, when it's about as far from the garage crap I rave about as music can get, but here goes. The band is a male four piece who play atmospheric, sensitive singer/song writer music, with heavily treated guitar sounds that reminds me a whole lot of U2. Most of the tunes feature anguished, impassioned laments and extended moody middle sections but the over all groove is usually danceable. The production values are high. -P. Edwin Letcher (T.O.N., 6777 Hollywood Bl., 3rd Floor, Hollywood, CA 90028)

ROCK, ROT, AND RULE

☼

That's not the name of a band, but the name of the CD. It's a recording of a spoof recorded live on the air, November 19, 1997 on WFMU, East Orange, NJ. Here's the set up. A guy, Ronald Thomas Clontie is on the air to promote his book, "Rock, Rot, and Rule," "the ultimate argument settler" promoted by Penguin, that lists a consensus vote of as many bands that he could think of with the simple premise - do they rock, rot (suck), or rule (there's a fourth category that is "none of the above," of which Elvis

Costello's in.) As a joke, it plays like "Spinal Tap" or "War of the Worlds" in that it never lets on at its ultimate target - you the listener - at least not blatantly, and its fruits are the juicy, whetted responses from the callers that are rabid for rectification, musical purity, and classification redemption. I understand that the following rhetorical breakdown of the CD is anything but funny, but the CD itself had me chuckling all the way through with its ingenuity and slyness. What the joke underscores, ultimately, is no less than putting the entire industry of entertainment criticism into question, and it's much too involved for me to skim over, so if you don't like long reviews, skip this.

#1) It puts authority itself into question. As the bumper sticker says, "Question Authority," but beyond the obvious authority figures - cops, judges, government, teachers - people get wigged that this book is coming out with what they see as huge flaws. They wouldn't care if it was some dished punk xeroxing a zine and handing it out at shows, but to be backed by a respected publisher (an authority), it quickly becomes an argument of "You're telling me to do this," and "You're manipulating me," and "You're showing this down my throat," as if by the very nature of something being mass produced, say over 30,000 times, that it becomes a valid form of authority that you, a consumer, have to obey. (Yet there's only one Declaration of Independence and I don't see the editor of Rolling Stone holding a gun to any heads.) People get wigged out on things like "truth" and "fact" when it comes to the amoeba fart that's popular culture, but when's the last time you read a record review following the scientific method?

#2) When all else fails, go to science, even for popular culture. Callers get bent when Thomas said their favorite bands rotted and stiff finger to the throat him about his methodology, which is described as follows: while working at Java the Hut in Lawrence Kansas and on vacation in Gainesville Florida, he imbued in researching as many people as he could, tallied their votes, and forged ahead, objectively, often times not agreeing with the results but publishing them as they stood. People calling in saw this "inherently flawed" because the "right" pool of people - people like themselves - people of knowhow in urban areas, weren't included in the tally action.

#3) Attack the critic if you think you're right. Question their credibility, not their findings - do they only listen to CDs? How many Neil Young albums do they own? Do they know who Ira Robbins of Trouser Press is? How old are they? Are they in a band? And the list extends beyond the length of Santa's bad boy and girl list. It underscores that fact that no matter how well formed, how well researched, how well founded or written, criticism, especially of cultural artifact, is an opinion.

#4) More people look at how many stars there are than read actual reviews. Classification is a fetish/crutch for most people. They need to know where something fits: above or below, godhead or trash. Placements and hierar-

chies are key. This CD trumps it up, frustrating any simple, easy-to-follow delineations in a world where Puff Daddy rules, Zappa rots ("because humor has no place in music"), Nirvana merely rocks, and Madness invented ska, "just ask Gwen Stefani."

#5) Ratings systems are a means and an ends to themselves. The further on in the CD, the esoteric nature of ratings get flushed out and flushed down. Bands that don't have guitars can never rule. The Beatles merely rock because "they put out a lot of bad songs," Madonna rules "because people seem to love her"... it's all arbitrary, but consumers are always sketchy when it's not forced into an understandable, controlled matrix.

#6) Most people are snobs. Coming from a small town and moving to LA, I'm acute to this. Anybody not from LA or NY, and it's almost you're a retard, almost like there's no air beyond the county lines. Due to the fact that Thomas was calling from Kansas, most of the callers treated his ideas on music, at best, suspect, and most often, laughable. One person was nice. If you're in the mood for a good laugh and a heavy thought about rock criticism, this is the ticket. -Todd (StereoLaffs, PO Box 1530, Woodbridge, NY 07095; <stereolaffs@mindspring.com>)

ROKY ERICKSON

"Demon Angel: A Day and Night with Roky Erickson" ☼

This CD contains live performances recorded on Halloween night, 1984 in an underground creek in Austin, Texas by Roky Erickson who fronted the psychedelic band, the 13th Floor Elevators, in 1966. Interesting note on the CD sleeve: the band dissolved when Roky was committed to Rusk State Mental Institution for three years to avoid criminal charges for marijuana possession. I tell you what - I think I would have taken the marijuana possession charge any day, who's smart idea was that? Three years in a mental institute "forever changed him." No kidding. The tracks sound painfully the same - Roky wailing over acoustic guitar strumming, rambling on about doctors and therapists, sometimes accompanied by Mike Alvarez on electric guitar. I have a feeling they tried to make this as "cool" as possible - with the setting and songs like "Night of the Vampire" but in the end, it sounds like those guys I see on the street playing the blues for whatever change tourists are willing to drop into their buckets. A harsh life doesn't necessarily make good music. -Biu (Amsterdamned, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086-2558)

ROKY ERICKSON

"Demon Angel: A Day and Night with Roky Erickson" ☼

I'd really love to see the movie that this CD is the soundtrack to. Roky's life and music continue to both disturb and inspire me. Listening to this disc puts me in mind of some of the recordings Charlie Manson has made since his re-entry into the Hallways of the Always. Both Charlie and Roky have a terrifyingly raw honesty and innocence to

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ON
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their voices, their lyrics, and their music. I highly recommend this disc, and I found a pretty cool website about Roky, his life, and where to buy more of his music and poetry. It's located at:
http://www.hyperweb.com/roky/roky.html
-Kirin (Amsterdam)

ROTTING CHRIST

"Sleep of the Angels" ☼
Resplendent, hideous, gothic black metal, the oldstyle way. Bathory, Venom, and Celtic Frost should be proud to have spawned such unholy musical children. This one is definitely a keeper; perfect for long nights of drinking absinthe and reading Rimbaud. Now if only I could get a poster of the cover art! -Kirin (Century Media, 1453A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

ROUNDHOUSE

"Lashing Out" ☼ 32
Muscle-bound, latent homosexual hardcore crap that would fit well on Victory, the Mystic Records of the '90s. -Jimmy Alvarado (Free Spirit, PO Box 1252, Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159)

RUNAROUND, THE

"The Plague of..." ☼ 32
This was everything I was hoping it would be. Kick ass punk rock, pure and simple. No bar bullshit, no pop, just pure unadulterated punk rock. Quick paced, abrasive guitars, snotty vocals - the works. They have the energy, immediacy, rawness, and all the other key ingredients to make this work. Pretty good. All four songs keep the power constantly in the red, and the dual vocals work well. "Feeling Sorry" is the standout. This is limited to 500 so act fast. -M.Avg (No Budget, 105 Idol Dr., High Point, NC 27262)

RUPTURE

"Freudstein's House" ☼ 32
Australia's sick madmen are back to eat you alive one more time. This is all more of their mid tempo punk stuff they've been doing as of late, if your looking for thrash, forget it. Listen to their old stuff. I actually like their punk stuff, it's just as intense as their thrash stuff. It sounds like some of the harder bands that were cranking out punk around '79-'80. The lyrics are sick, twisted, and gross, just as we would expect from Rupture. They also cover the "Romper Stomper" theme song, and also do a killer cover of Mentally Ill's "Tumor Boy," originally from the "Gacy's Place" 7" from '79. These guys know their punk. More classic insanity from Rupture. Pick it up. -Thrashhead (R.S.R., c/o Sandro Gessner, StraÙe Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpolnitz, Germany)

RX BANDITS

"Halfway Between Here and There" ☼
They have horns and the singer throws in a bunch of "pick it up's" just like Op Ivy used to do, but it's not ska so much as goofy shit with horns. There's no continuity to the songs. They're erratic and spastic. The singer is the guitar player, but he doesn't really do both at the same time, and I'm starting to get annoyed now. -Juan Bastos (Drive-Thru, PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413)

SACRAMENTUM

"Thy Black Destiny" ☼
Produced by Kind Diamond's Andy LaRocque, Sacramentum have created a spectacularly dark and furious wall of sound. If you're looking for something harder than Merciful Fate, but not quite as brutal as Graveland, Sacramentum is your band. Cooler than shit artwork, too! -Kirin (Century Media, 1453A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

SATORI

"A Tribute to Bauhaus" ☼
An interesting tribute to Bauhaus songs done industrial/techno. I don't own any Bauhaus records but a bunch of my friends did in high school. Aartvark/Morticia should have gotten this because they are really into the Bauhaus. I do enjoy it though, it is soothing in a sense that it's mostly instrumental and I can let it play while I do other things around the house. -Donothedead (Creativevan Disc, 3619 Motor Ave., Ste. 280, LA, CA 90034)

SCORNEO

Self-titled ☼
To Kerry of Sin Fronteras Records and Scorneo, you addressed this for my brother Katz but he burned out doing reviews so I get his mail. If you hate my review, I would suggest Thrashhead for your next release. No hard feeling otherwise. Off to my review. Blazing, raw hardcore thrash that reminded me of the mid '80s Finnish stuff. Buzzsaw guitars over pounding drums that sound like they will fall apart at any second. Vocals are screamed and strained to the point of bleeding. Reminded me of what my (and my brother Katz) band Hated Principles has been doing lately. Full throttle, full of anger is what is being released here. Not for the timid. -Donothedead (Scorneo, PO Box 8172, Minneapolis, MN 55408-0172)

SCREECHING WEASEL

Self-titled ☼
This is a re-release of their first album, before "BoogadaBoogadaBoogada" and "My Brain Hurts," before Panic and Vapid, before they were on Lookout and Ben wrote for MRR. In the extensive liner notes, Ben Weasel explains that he only allowed this to be re-released to make the money instead of the bootleggers. Well, I had

this bootleg for years (but don't anymore). It was called "Punk Rock Superheroes," and it sounded like someone had taped it off a record, then listened to the cassette for a couple of years, left it out in the sun a half dozen times, then recorded it onto a compact disc just before it was time to throw it away. So the songs were all right when you could hear them, but it was just too frustrating to listen to the same warps every time. And I'm a guy who likes shitty recordings most of the time. So I'm glad to have this. It's interesting to hear them before they became the punk legends that they are now, when they were kids and fans of bands that were less cool than the Ramones. The Adrenaline OD influence is huge. They blaze through half the songs as fast and goofy as they can play. "Murder in the Brady House" is the first real sign of what they were going to become. "Jockpunk" is a bit of a nod to the less serious side of the Dead Kennedys, and a lot of it sounds like "BoogadaBoogadaBoogada," but then they sing about cooking gerbils in the microwave and I'm convinced they were closest Dead Milkmen fans, too. Ben is pretty hard on himself and this album in the liner notes, and that makes me almost want to stick up for this. It's not great. All of their albums after this one were better, and you can't even compare it to "Television City Dream," but there's a real charm to it. It reminds me of a few of the good times and songs of the mid-to-late eighties, and there weren't many of these. And the worst Screeching Weasel is better than the best of any band trying to be them. -Juan Bastos (V.M.L., PO Box 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131-0183 - licensed through Liberation)

SCREWS, THE

Self-titled ☼
Project bands are usually dicey propositions. Throw a bunch of musicians together and you often get disappointing results. I think as a general rule, super groups... just aren't. The Screws however, are the exception that proves the rule. Take Johnny Hash and turn them into a churning, chaotic rhythm section. Mellow with the soulful vocals of Chalk Collins (who I swear could throw a LUMP OF SHIT against a wall and make it sound good) and then spice it up with the Tern Wahl's slide guitar and a set of pipes that can shatter glass. The Screws sound like a junkyard knife fight brought to a slow boil under the cruel, desperate heat of dire poverty. "Collector Scum" ought to be required listening for every bastard who's ever flipped through a price guide instead of actually LISTENING to the records they buy! I mean, that's the bottom line isn't it? How the record sounds?! Songs like "You're Just a Bum" and "Kill Someone You Hate" sound exactly like the venomous anthems you might imagine they would, and they rest of this platter just don't let up. So be a winner for a change and buy this record now! The record collectors don't know, but the little girls understand. -Keith Fitz (In The Red, 2627 E. Strong Pl., Anaheim, CA 92806)

SCULPTURE

Self-titled ☼
"Bang your head, metal health will drive you mad." Recognize the lyrics? This is what I first thought when I heard this band. -Donothedead (Nuclear Blast, Hauptstrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

SECOND CLASS

"Songs of the Streets" ☼
Take the U.S. Bombs then put Tim from Rancid in front and have them play the Buzzcocks while drunk. I don't get the title, sounds kinda poseurish to me, I'm suspicious. -J.Cyco (Accident Prone, 306 NW El Norte Pkwy. #305, Escondido, CA 92026)

SECRET STARS, THE

"RPMs" b/w "The Congress" ☼
"RPMs," in comparison makes 10,000 Maniacs, sound like speedmetal. Even eunuchs have more balls and motherfucking Pooh on a constipated day could whoop all their asses. This is Hallmark Card rock and resisting temptation to snap the vinyl, I flip it. "The Congress" - a girl's singing in slow creepy, wispy vocals, washed over static tuning, drone, and mellowed fuzz that's melancholic and edgy enough to not snap it in half, makes me think of the intersection between Sonic Youth and Cowboy Junkies and for the four of you out there that that sounds good, seek it. I got it for the Vespa diagram on the cover. -Todd (The Secret Stars, PO Box 921, Allston, MA 02134)

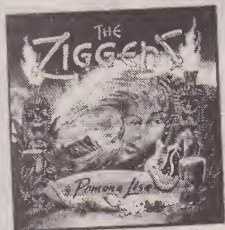
SECTION 5

"They Think It's All Over... Is It Fuck?" ☼
(For those who cannot tolerate the whiteboy equivalent of gangsta rap and "Viva La Raza," kindly skip this review.) Hell yeah! The guitars on this album sound like AC/DC, or like Skrewdriver covering AC/DC. I guess since I love Skrewdriver's sound so much, I'm always a sucker for a band that sounds a little like them. The similarities stop at the guitars though, because Section 5 are pure oil, and well, no one can sing quite like Ian Stuart did. Don't take me wrong, Section 5 are definitely rockin' dudes, and for all their bootboy attitude, they're still cool enough to let themselves be downright goofy sometimes, (like the "chipmunk" version of their cover of "The Kids Are Alright"). I especially liked the songs "Good Time Girls," "Leave Us Alone," and both covers of "The Kids Are Alright." Recommended! -Kirin (Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, Belgium; <www.unitedskins.com/pureimpact>)

SELF MADE MONSTERS

"Love at First Gag" ☼ 32
Snotty, goofy punk rock that makes up for a decided lack of musical talent with songs like "Burn Your Bra," "I wanna Run Over You," "Too Dumb to Die," et al. Not

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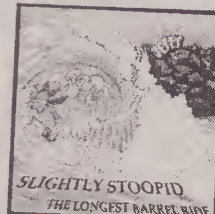
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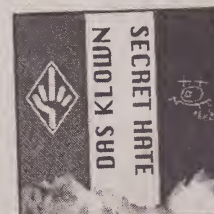
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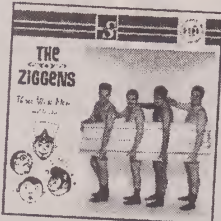
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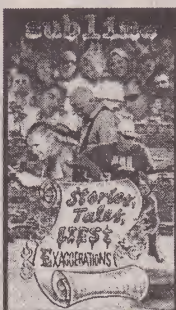
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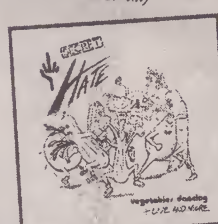
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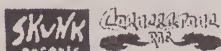
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bad, not particularly good, but worth a laugh nonetheless. -Jimmy Alvarado (Self Made Monsters, PO Box 1122, Chingagrove, NC 28023)

SELF MADE MONSTERS

"Love at First Gag" **O** **12**

All eight short songs on this EP are all straight ahead punk rock. This kind of sounds like something that could have come out in the '80s. All the lyrics are pretty goofy. This is nothing to hang your hat on, but it's still a pretty fun record that's worth checking out. -Thrashead (Self Made Monsters)

SELL OUTS, THE

"Hey Molo" 7" and "Swinging Bombs" **O**

Hard, loud and fast rock and roll based punk music from Brazil. The band is a guitar/bass/drum trio and sing in English that is hard to understand more because of the speed and caustic edge than the accent. Showing good taste, the group manages to say what they have to say without stretching any tune over two minutes and five seconds. On one slab, "Hey Molo" and "I Wanna Puke Like Milton" clock in at 1:32 and 1:34 respectively. The other single contains three tracks, "Swinging Bombs," "Go Away" and "Na Na Na." There is something about the band's beer and tennis shoes, life on the skids aura that reminds me of late '70s British punk third stringers. -P. Edwin Letcher (Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Millford, CT 06460)

SENSELESS APOCALYPSE/HARSH

Split **O** **12**

Senseless Apocalypse cram 17 tracks of crazy noisecore down your fucking throat at mach speed. 17 songs on one side of a record - fuckingouch! - the complete and utter insanity Senseless Apocalypse is known and loved for. Finland's Harsh rip out six fucking intense tracks of killer thrash. They've been ripping out stuff for awhile, and this stuff is totally on par with their other raging stuff. Brutal split. -Thrashead (Mink, 1759 Shimoimaki, Monioka, Higashiura-cho, Chita-gun, Aichi, 470 2101, Japan)

SEWERGROOVES, THE

"Three Time Losers" **O**

A hard rockin' power trio from Sweden, the Sewergrooves sing in English and go for a very large, arena-filling sound. This eight song CD is taken from a number of singles that originally came out on Low Impact Records except for one tune, "Sonic Love," which is presented here for the first time. The vocals are gruff and sometimes electronically enhanced and are mixed right out in front of the somewhat ballier than Thin Lizzy assault. Lots of bombast, attitude and heavy-handed lead action. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

SHAKE APPEAL

"Mean Machine" **O**

Hopped up, adrenalized rock and roll from Denmark by way of a fairly new label out of England. Very primal, raw and attitude-rich spurts of guitar-based drive. One look at some of the song titles is enough to pigeon hole these party dogs. "Mean Machine," "Cruisin' for a Piece of Ass," "Don't Like You," "Beers the Way Out" and "Babe on the Phone" are just as drunk high school dude friendly as you'd expect. Tortured throat rattle, sparse but effective drumming and a non stop wash of guitar and bass power rhythm. Not too far removed from the likes of the Dirty's. -P. Edwin Letcher (Saddle Tramp, PO Box 5412, Nottingham, NG1 6HT U.K.)

SHIFTER

"Love Songs for the Revolution" **O** **12**

Downcast lyrics set to upbeat happy-go-lucky "punk." I wonder, where's the fire? Where's the guts? Where's the anger and rage? Where's the attitude? -M. Avrg (The Handmade Records Collective c/ T. Benzell, Ringstr. 29, 55776 Frauenberg)

SHINER-8

"She Won't Be Home Tonight" **O**

Pearl Jam riffs only slightly changed with Brad (the band) -like vocals. I'm sorry it had to come to such violence, but this band fucking reeks of stupidity. I can't find one track on here that doesn't sound just like a fucking Pearl Jam song all the way through. Oh! Wait! Look at how unfair the situation on the cover of the disc is! A fat, bald man vaccuming! With an industrial vacuum! Hell no! That's woman's work... -J. Cyco (BPP, PO Box 54, Wilmington, MA 01887)

SHIVER

"The Time Is Now" **O**

Whiny emo-vocals with neo-lush production. Neo-lush meaning instead of little cymbals that go "plish," Shiner's go "tonk." I find it baffling that these songs got stuck in my head at the same time as The Primitive's. All of the songs (except the first) sound the same and the band's live shot is upside down. Great job guys! -J. Cyco (SWH, 8055 Broadlawn Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15237)

SHORT HATE TEMPER/SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AKA THE QUAKERS

Split **O** **12**

One killer fucking split from two extreme, brutal Texas thrash bands. Short Hate Temper lash out three songs of total fucking insanity, completely on par with their other brutal releases. Society Of Friends Aka The Quakers unleash five exploding songs of their own. I saw these guys recently and the first thing I thought was "What if Black Flag played all-out thrash? This is probably what it

would sound like." I still stick to that. Society Of Friends has to be heard to be believed. Incredible live band as well. Get this fucking record. -Thrashead (625, PO Box 423413, SF, CA 94142, or Open Wound, 10367 SW 4th St., Miami, FL 33174)

SHUTTLECOCK

"Report" **O**

It's heartbreaking that such a pretty piece of clear blue plastic should be etched with such horribly dull college rock. What a damn shame. -Jimmy Alvarado (Atomic Action, no address)

SICK OF IT ALL

"Call to Arms" **O**

When I think hardcore, I think Youth Of Today, Agnostic Front, Gorilla Biscuits and, of course, Sick Of It All. I've followed all of these bands as long as they've existed and the most exciting has always been SOIA. Back in the late '80s, this band was (and still is) the heaviest thing going. Many have passed them off as sell-outs or even rap-metal. I really don't think Fat Mike would sign either to his label. Hey, maybe they'll call their next album "Survivors." -J. Cyco (Fat Wreck Chords)

SICK OF IT ALL

"Call to Arms" **O**

I can't believe this band expects me to just sit here while they scream at me like I caused all the world's problems with my rules and my accusations. Man, I don't have any rules. I'm not accusing anyone of anything. Who appointed me the moral judge? Shit, I have no morals. Actually, this is a really good album, but I always wonder why hardcore bands are always yelling at some vague "you" for all the shit "you" does, when everyone knows that no one who listens to the album is the one needing yelling at. And "they." Who the fuck are "they." I wish a band like Sick Of It All, with their huge following, songs with nothing to set them apart from every other Agnostic Front descendent other than lyrics, and thousands of angry kids screaming their words, would be more direct in saying what they mean. Other than that, this is exactly what you'd expect. A solid album from a good band. -Juan Bastos (Fat Wreck Chords)

SICK OF IT ALL

"Call to Arms" **O**

Now here is a band that does not qualify as a band that sounds generic to its label. Fat Mike breaks the mold again and signs these major label throwaways. The majors won't ever realize that the boys have a consistent fan base which took 13 years to grow. Since punk is out of fashion, we get the benefit of SOIA getting the Fat production. This is SOIA's fifth album and the first for me to own. I had a preconceived idea that these guys sounded like

Biohazard all these years. Boy was my idea bubble burst when I took a listen to this. Straight up, middle finger in the air, kicked to the curb New York hardcore. No denying that many years and growing up amongst a great scene that spawned many a great band they are as good as they are. It's interesting that they are incorporating some street punk elements into their madness. The guitar work is not confined to the typical punk riffing and other styles are brought in to keep things interesting. For a guy that doesn't go out and buy every release by every band that is popular at the moment, I sure have missed out. I'm trusting my instincts in saying that this is probably their best release since this is their most current and they have matured through the years. I'm sold and you will probably be too. -Donofthead (Fat Wreck Chords)

SILO THE HUSKIE

"Fight" **O**

Having a voice that sounds EXACTLY like Neil Young's is a sure-as-shit guarantee that you get into your pick of indie and all-rock bands. Where you go from there is the big question. For Silo The Huskie's frontman Brian Barlup and his bandmates, the answer is definitely straight up. The band's sound, not surprisingly, fits squarely into that indie heartland sound (part Neil, part Replacements) that spawned the Goo Goo Dolls and that whole Uncle Tupelo/Son Volt/Wilco menage-a-three thing. Luckily for Silo The Huskie, Barlup doesn't just have "that" voice. The group writes some exceedingly damn fine tunes as well. "Town and Country" and "Overneath the Underpass" are angry and pissed off howlers. Balance that with the sad and pissed off "While You Were Out," and you've got the makings for a great record. -Martin Banner (Half Life, 1619 King Ave., Columbus, OH 43212)

SIMPLY KUNG FU

"Hoo Flung Dul" **O**

This fuckin' sounds like what would happen if Barney and friends hooked up with Hello Kitty to start a punk band playing only Teletubbies covers. Thirteen songs of non-threatening pop garbage with the vocals recorded so fucking high that it's a wonder you can hear the instruments being molested at all. -Southern Fried Keith (Rump Roast, PO Box 3863, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

SIREN, THE

"It Ain't Happening Anymore" **O**

Tough and faithful '60s garage rock with female vocals on one track and male vocals on the other. The quartet hails from England but borrows rather heavily from the sounds of not-nosed American punks circa 1966. Fuzz guitar and big beat abound on the title track. Dom's repetitious and hypnotic defiance anthem and "Feel No Pain," in which she reverts to harmonica and screaming while AyJay takes over the vocal chores. Hind sight is

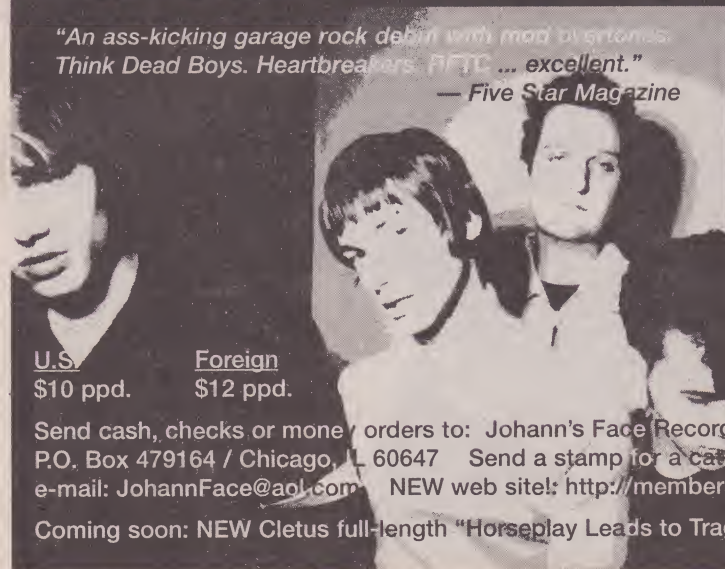


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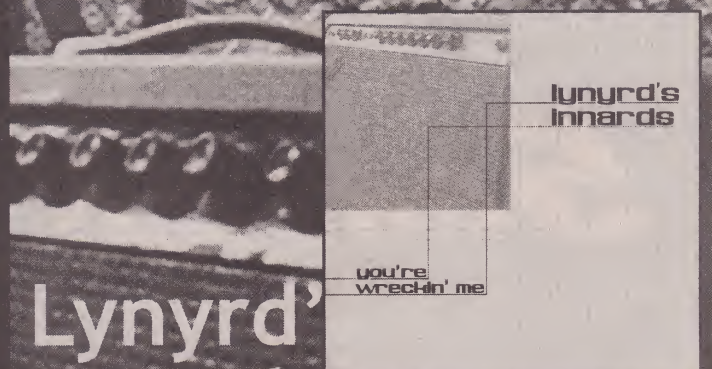
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20/20 and like a number of other retro hounds, the Sires distill the hard edged essence from all the obscure bad asses of the pre paisley era and mold it into their own compositions. They've got the Shadows of Knight look down too. -P. Edwin Letcher (Smart Guy, 3288 21st St. #32, SF, CA 94110)

SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH

"Hell Hath No Fury" ☼

What do you get when you take a guy drummer dressed as a priest and three girls (guitar, bass, vocals) dressed as catholic school girls? The answer is Sister Mary Rotten Crotch! They play some raw '77 style unpolitically correct punk. Song titles such as "Smell My Finger" "Club a Club Kid" are prime examples. This "7" was recorded live. Not the best live recording, but certainly not the worst. I look forward to hearing what S.M.R.C. turns out in a studio. This record is also on red vinyl and is done by the ol zine American Upstart. -Freddy Flipoff (American Upstart, PO Box 10005, Kansas City, MO 64171; <upstart@ni.com>)

SKARHEAD

"Kings at Crime" ☼

I hated Crown Of Thorns and I didn't like this album at all when I first listened to it. But after a few listens the songs seemed to get better along with the songwriting. "Drugs, Money and Sex" is a masterpiece of a song and they should win a Grammy for it. "I Won't Change" is "hard core as fuck." Not surprisingly, Freddy from Madball is on a song or two - Madball toured with Skarhead and Earth Crisis exclusively earlier this year ("Talk about a bunch of stupid fucks..."). Bluntness being their best quality, Skarhead scores with a premium, life-sized debut. -J.Cyco (Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

SKAVEN

"Severed" "Flowers of Flesh and Blood" ☼

A posthumous release by this Northern California sludgecore outfit. Both songs have various speed and volume changes. Some things both songs have in common is that they are both real dark and real heavy. These guys come from the same vein of bands that spawned bands like Neurosis, Logical Nonsease, and Dystopia. That's where these guys are coming from. Good stuff here. -Thrashhead (Misanthropic, 20792 Colima Ln., Hungtington Beach, CA 92648)

SKINNERBOX

"Demonstration" ☼

I'm going to make this short since I'm up to my limit on ska. I'm burned out and it's all starting to sound the same to me and the excitement is not there for me anymore. For ska fans who like more of a traditional 2-Tone style of ska. -Donofthead (Triple Crown, 331 West 57th St., #472, NY, NY 10019)

SKRUPEL

"On You" ☼

A complete and utter bashing by this German grind band. Seven killer tracks of speed and noise - a way distorted racket screaming from the speakers. This is really intense shit. The couple songs in English have some really good lyrics. I can only assume the songs in German are just as good. A pretty devastating record from start to finish. -Thrashhead (R.S.R., c/o Sandro Gessner, StraBe Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpolnitz, Germany)

SLED NAPKIN

"Self-titled" ☼

Jazzcore mixed with ska and some hip hop floating in space is what you got here. Interesting and disturbing at the same time. Baffled is my state of mind at the moment. -Donofthead (Clarif, 413 W. Hamilton Ave., Eau Claire, WI 54701)

SMACK

"On You" ☼

Um, no. The most uninteresting attempt to make rock and roll music I've heard all year. Hell, even Milli Vanilli were more exciting than this shit. -Kirin (Amsterdamned, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086)

SMACK

"On You" ☼

I didn't like this band before I heard their music. I'll admit it. Upon inspection of the CD, I noticed not one but two versions of a song called "Little Cunt" - gee, female-degrading lyrics always make me want to listen! (barf) The sleeve is filled with glam rock pictures - sweaty boys with their shirts off, kissing the camera, etc. The music was as I predicted - bad impostors of old Motley Crue, Ratt, and Skid Row complete with cheesy power chords, horribly long guitar solos and that "sex, drugs and rockandroll" lifestyle. Glam rock died, maybe there was a reason for that. If reminiscing about the good ol'days is your thing, you might like this one. Other than that, it's a file 13. -Blu (Amsterdamned)

SNIFTER

"Action... Reaction" ☼

Snifter are out with a killer full-length EP after a great split EP. Eight tracks of brutal hardcore. It's fast and slow with the emphasis heavy and brutal. The lyrics are top notch political lyrics. Both vocalists completely shred. Once again, Sweden rocks and so does Snifter. Fucking classic. -Thrashhead (Putrid Filth Conspiracy, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodra Parkg. 35a, 214 22 Malmö, Sweden)

SONICS, THE

"House Party" ☼

This waxy nugget contains four songs recorded by the Parrypa brother's dad with one microphone in the middle of

their living room in 1964. What a cool sound. What a cool dad! Next time yr folks say they won't let ya play drums in the house turn 'em on ta this. If they don't dig that northwestern big beat garage stomp, you might as well run away from home! It's obvious you'll never write a song as cool as "The Witch," "Psycho," or "Strychnine" livin' with those losers. This NY, Jules! -Keith Fitz (Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station NY, NY 10276)

SONICS, THE

"House Party" ☼

Another reason to nuke oldies radio. The paucity of The Sonics on their airwaves. Another reason to laugh at the notion that punk rock started in '77 by limeys with bad teeth. Another reason to let your dad stand in the middle of the room in 1964 with a cassette recorder. The Sonics, one of the Northwest's best-kept secrets, even thirty-plus years down the road, has been responsible in no small part to about ten thousand bands forming, if they knew it or not. Full, frenetic sound and a glimpse at the full wall to come. Great to have and not just for completists. -Todd (Norton)

SONNY VINCENT

"Hard in Detroit" ☼

'70s punky rock and roll based on the Iggy/MC5 blueprint by a guy who's been around the block a time or two himself. This set finds Sonny wailin' and flailin' guitar along side that Damned Captain Sensible chap and long time Stogge pounder, Scott Asheton. Brother Ron Asheton lends some guitar work on one track, "French Music," and produced the album. This reminds me of Jeff Dahl in its dedication to the power of the Detroit sound of the late '60s/early '70s. "Dedication" is also one of the titles which is followed, rather oxymoronically by "I Don't Care Anymore." This isn't as strong as Iggy's best but die hard fans of the genre will probably appreciate a lot of the leads and the general attitude. Too much harmony for my taste but if that's your bag, rest assured Sonny and the Captain get. -P. Edwin Letcher (Nest of Vipers, Eric Hodbert 68, Rue de la Greve 35960 Le Vivier/Sur/Mer, France)

SOUTHWEST F.O.B.

"Smell of Incense" ☼

A lush, harmony-rich mid to late '60s band that was cut from the same cloth as the Strawberry Alarm Clock and the Association, featured members who went on to bigger and better things, as England Dan and John Ford Coley, and had a minor hit with the title track. I used to see the album, in cut out bins, for a buck or two, thirty years ago! (Ouch). Anyway, thanks to CD technology and enough interest in these relics to warrant their reissue, I've finally gotten around to listening to this mildly psychedelic period piece with the naked gals on the cover (not that you can see "anything" but...). And, of course, it comes with bonus

tracks galore (which in most cases predate and rock a tad harder than the original album cuts) and an exhaustive account of the melodic group's history. The highlight for me is a twelve minute, "jam" packed (ouch again) number, "And Another Thing," that utilizes the stereo effect in a major, trippy way. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sundazed, PO Box 85, Cossackie, NY 12051)

SPACESHITS, THE

"Misbehavin'" ☼

Yahool! Just what the doctor ordered. Canada's five man bash crew are back with another full length excursion into the realm of high-octane garage, boogie woogie thrills. The music, pure and simple, is a hybrid mix of rock and roll. Side one opens with "Can't Fool with Me," which is on a par, energy wise, with Iggy's "Down on the Street." Some other highlights include, "C'mon Let's Suicide," "I'm in Love," "Piss on Your Grave" and "We Know Where the Girs Are." The band is hip to every tried and true bass run, guitar lick and drum beat from the likes of Chuck Berry onward and are usually rather frantic with their delivery. Creepy's voice has just the right amounts of grit, soul and charm. Dirty, hopped up, feel good tunes. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy; <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

SPAZZ/OPSTAND

"Split" ☼

As usual, Spazz crank out four killer tunes of their trademark thrash. Spazz do three great originals and a killer Lam cover. Spazz always rocks to the extreme - classic band. France's powerhouse Opstand grind and thrash their way through six utter fucking ragers. Each song totally blisters like their other killer records. This split absolutely fucking rocks. -Thrashhead (Coalition, PO Box 243, 6500 Ae Nijmegen, Netherlands)

SPECIAL DUTIES

"Live at CBGB's" ☼

For those of you who need to dig back to your roots, here is another release that you should give a listen. Back in '77, vocalist Steve Arrogant started this classic band and didn't record a record until 1982 which was the "Police State" EP. That was the beginning of many things to come like "77 in '82" LP, "Bullshit Crass" EP and "Punk Rocker" EP. As you can tell by the title, this is a live recording of one of their dates on their one and only US tour done in July of 1998. It took them a lot of years to get over here but luckily the east coast got a treat when they came over for a week. On this release there are many of the original songs and some new ones thrown in. Also included is the classic Adverts song "Gary Gilmore's Eyes." Go out and get one of these history CDs so you know the past as well as the present. -Donofthead (SD, Church Cottage, High Street, Thorpe-le-soken, Essex CO16 0EB, England)

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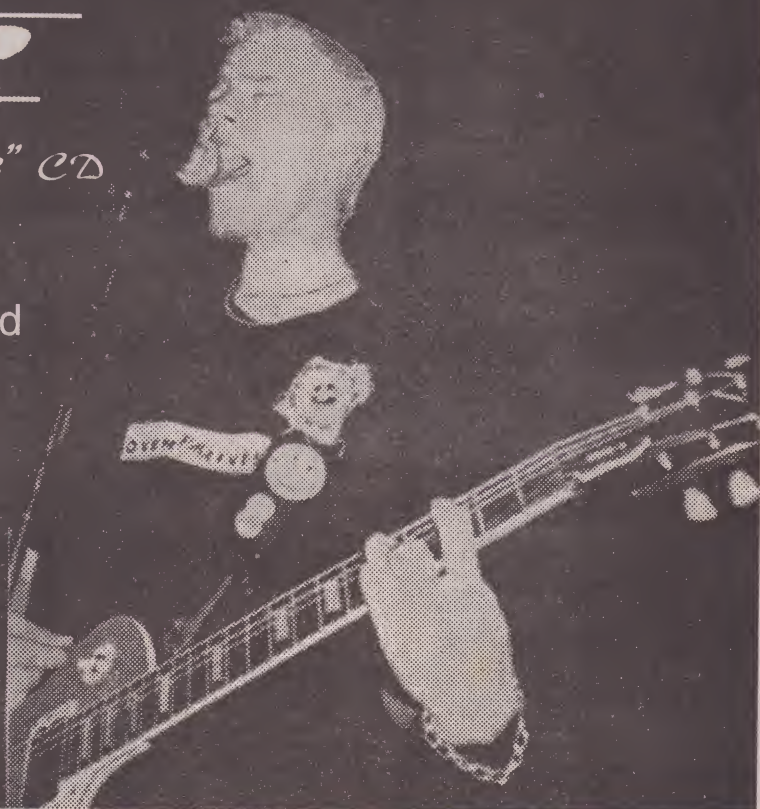
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SPEEDKILLS

"Rock'n'Roll Suicide" Ⓢ

Speed may kill but a nice, fast punk rock song is good for what's a'lin' ya. The three guys and two chicks who make up this band from Louisville, Kentucky rock out like The Hummers fronted by Wendy O. of The Plasmatics thru most of their full length debut album. My one gripe is the rather pointless cover of Blondie's "One Way or Another" that pops up at the end. But that's only one out of fourteen killer tracks and that ain't a bad ratio. -Bob Cantu (Better Days, 1581 Bardstown Rd., Louisville, KY 40205)

SPIDERS & SNAKES

"Nonstop Rock"/Public Enemy #1 Ⓢ

Less said about the first tune, the better, but their take on "Enemy" (co-written by Spiders' Lizzy) is pure ChinnChap. Way faster and cooler than Motley Crue would ever pull off. -Pooch (Sansei, PO Box 6245, Beverly Hills, CA 90212)

SPITE

"Bastard Complex" Ⓢ

I wasn't that impressed by this release since it had too much of a Korn thing going for it. Mid tempo to slow chunky metal without the rapping. I guess it was the vocal styling of the singer that sounded like the singer from Bush at times. Who knows, they might be the next big thing. I'm just a idiot who still likes the Offspring. -Donothedead (Prosthetic, 6230 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 126, LA, CA 90048)

SPITE

"Bastard Complex" Ⓢ

A new Scott Weiland project? Another Korn rip-off? I almost hear undertones of Failure mixed in somehow. Every sound for everyone... everyone that listens to their local "Power Hour" on The X, extreme music for extreme people radio, or whatever the fuck. God, where do bands like this come from? Where did music like this come from? All I can say is, I don't want to know the answer to that question, thank you. To paint a picture of the music, if you're still interested after that tirade, here goes: Vocals alternating between whispering, poetic meanderings, to full scale screaming, in that stupid hip-hop meets metal meets grunge style. Very fuzzy guitar sound - I almost thought it was the bass for a while. Drums well, nothing exceptional except for the tight and crisp snare sound that so many of these rock-rock bands have nowadays. Oh! I almost forgot! The most memorable lyrics were "motherfucker" and "fuck"; these two words were said so often. Beyond that, I could care less what the singer was talking about. Awful. -Snoop Bob (Prosthetic)

SPOON

"Anticipation" Ⓢ

Quirky pop that sounded pretty cool, but probably wouldn't keep my attention for longer than two songs. Supposedly, they're signed to a major label and that makes me sad because if there was ever a better definition of "crap shoot" than this band, I'd like to hear it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mag Wheel, PO Box 115, Stn R, Montreal, Quebec H2T5 3K6, Canada)

SPY VERSUS SPY

Self-titled Ⓢ

Jangly emo rock, similar to Braid, but less interesting. Sometimes music like this is alright, but what generally kills it are the whiny singers who yell, scream and blubber about some poetic bullshit only they can grasp. Being downcast and depressed is a waste of time, and I have no idea what purpose music like this serves anymore, as if it ever really served a function in the first place - other than the stroking of one's ego. -MAvg (Subjugation, PO Box 191, Darlington, DL3 8YN, UK)

STAMPIN' GROUND/KNUCKLEDUST

Split Ⓢ

I'll admit that now and then I enjoy a booming non-'80s metal band that claims hardcore is life... Like Oblivary or Earth Crisis. But when I hear a clone of 'em, that's a whole different story. Stampin Ground are a mix between the aforementioned with a dash of Snapcase thrown in for "good" measure. Knuckledust is just straight up, no chaser, C-R-A-P. Both bands play a few metal-packed songs each... Then, as if they really know what's going on, the bands split in half and cover AF's "United Blood." UKHC my ass, ya bloody buggers. -J.Cyco (\$ppd, Blackfish, PO Box 15, Ledbury, HR8 1YG, England)

STARBALL

"Still Around" Ⓢ

Well, if I don't give this record to someone or throw it away before the summer starts, I may, for the first time ever, own music recorded by someone in the Lillith Fair. But even if Starball doesn't make it, they can rest knowing that they mixed up the boo and hoo evenly enough to be held up there with that Canadian band and those other dirty-foot hippies. This band is melancholy. There's no doubt about that. The bass on "Try On" sounds like tears falling. The guitar on "Still Around," even though the song picks up and threatens to rock, has a real nasally whine to it. And I always wonder about weakly abstract lyrics in folksy songs. "Try on my hat. Put your head inside. Keep it in the center" What the hell is that supposed to mean? Spend some time with my thoughts and try to keep from being blown away? And what's going to blow me away? Philosophical thoughts waxing into a whirlwind or wind whistling through the tunnel between the ears? You tell me. -Juan Bastos (Thick, 409 N. Wolcott, Chicago, IL, 60622)

STEVE POLTZ

"Answering Machine" Ⓢ

What we got here is a manic compendium of 60 tracks, 56 of them recorded over the phone on a Sony Walkman, left by Steve on his answering machine. It's a mix of Hank Williams Sr., Dr. Demento, demons of the psyche, and bad weather rolling in. It's easy for me, from the overall tone of this, to think that Steve would be the perfect companion to Bill Murray in "Caddyshack," the ganga scientist gardener who ends up nuking the golf course with plasticine bunnies on the warpath with a gopher. Steve's topics range from the delirium of the fifty things to do before going out to tour, to two rant against the sickly, puke-coated Hallmark sheep-fucking holiday of Valentine's Day (two songs on this topic), to songs about sniping his neighbors' head into split blood melons, and with section titles like "Freebasin" Celery (Safe Sex Tonight) it becomes apparent that his power lies in the barbed and jagged wit of insanity grounded just enough in consensus reality to lash and bite. How many people that you know have Mojo Nixon come over to their house and do guest answering machine appearances? Lots of warp with woof and howl. Not for everyone, but I think it's neat stuff. -Todd (Scamorama, 13446 Poway Rd. #321, Poway, CA 92064)

STICKLER

"Everybody's Punk Rock Now" Ⓢ CD

Non-Fat pop punk that still failed to grab my attention. The label's name caused me to fall off my seat in hysterics, though. I bet Rob Halford would be pretty pissed if he ever got wind of it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Hell Bent For Lather, PO Box 89224, Sioux Falls, SD 57109)

STILETTO BOYS

"All Alone" Ⓢ

Very basic nice punk/pop rockin' with harmonies, straight forward lead action and a bittersweet edge. The band sounds like an English as second language outfit but I can't place the accents. The label is German but scour the globe for their roster of acts (which cover a wide range of rockin' genres) so I may never know where these melody meisters are from. The A-side and "You Said" are both explorations of the lost relationship that should have lasted forever. Not my style but the production is good and the band is tight. -P. Edwin Letcher (Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14 50939 Köln, Germany)

STITCHES

"You Tear Me Out"/My Reactions Ⓢ

Two rocking punk tunes from the Stitches. Both tracks have that '77 crossed with that cool, snotty early '80s southern California beach punk sound. Both tracks are short and to the point. Like their other stuff, it's worth getting. -Thrashead (Deadbeat, PO Box 283, LA, CA 90078)

STREET WALKIN' CHEETAHS, THE

"Live on KXLU" Ⓢ

Although I've heard a lot of hype over these guys I'd never heard them before I got this to review. The liner notes had a lot of hype as well, comparing them to Nirvana several times (like that's supposed to impress me). Don't try to impress me with liner notes on your CD guys, just produce on record OK? But aside from that little thorn in my side about this release I was pleasantly surprised at just how good this band is. And this is a live recording so they don't have any production to hide behind. This will please punk as well as garage fans alike. They have all kinds of good things going on here, heavily influenced by the Stooges, Misfits, and even a little bit of Fear, and bring it all together in a mix all their own. "Built for Speed" is the best damn punk song I've ever heard with a saxophone in it. It blows "New York's Alright" out of the water. Just plain amazing. This is, dare I say, ground-breaking material here. -Jason Cole (Triple X, PO Box 862529, LA, CA 90086-2529, <www.triple-x.com>)

STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS, THE

"Live on KXLU" Ⓢ

If you lived for spine-numbing bands like The Hummers, or are the type of creep that likes to throw beer bottles while getting whipped into a r'n'r frenzy at a B-Movie Rats gig, then The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs just might be for you... The CD here showcases 12 live jams from their radio show appearance on KXLU from Sept. '98, including my faves like the afterburner "Motor City Rock and Roll" and the Crowd-like thumper "Satisfy." The Cheetahs also give their renditions of The Stooges' "Funhouse" and the mighty MC5's "Lookin' at You" (which I have seen these guys do live complete with table-hoppin' lead guitars). Three bonus tracks tacked on the end, produced by Brother Wayne Kramer, give you a total of 15 reasons to check this disc out. Not bad. Not fucking bad at all. -Designated Dale (Triple X)

STRIKE, THE

"Shots Heard Round the World" Ⓢ

There are a few reasons I hadn't kept up with The Strike (they're all neutral reasons), so I was curious to hear what they were up to now. Unfortunately, they're up to the same thing. If there had been liner notes or something shipped with this promo in a sandwich baggie (I know, the artwork probably wasn't finished), or if I had my vinyl with me (it's a boring story), I could give a little more detail, but I can't. Mr. Lead Singer (due to the absence of reference material - I even checked the Victory web site - nothing) has a voice that quickly becomes repetitious, along with verging-on-weak female back up vocals and watered down Chumbawamba-style trumpets (yes, you heard me correctly). Same ol', same ol' working class lyrics about being united, social awareness and that damned 'spirit of free-

dom" I keep hearing about but can't seem to find in my non-Docs, non-braces (braces hold your pants up, kiddies, and no, you don't need a belt with them), non-scooter, non-Chelsea haircut life. Think the Clash (although I hate to say that, since I love the Clash), some non-descript o/ska, a little Dropkick (Murphy's, that is - but without the kick). Clean, catchy and musical, this might be a mellow intro to the working class if you're not quite ready to dive right in, or if you're sick of the HC scene and need to pour yourself a black-and-tan and relax a little (that's almost funny). -Jessica (WARNING: Victory)

STRU TURAL

"The Triumphant Return of Amsted Butterfly" Ⓢ

Huh? Is it over? I fell asleep again. Nothing on this release really grabs me. Sounds like they're headed straight for KROQ where this kind of boring crap belongs. If they're reading this they're probably all excited now. If they had a better name I would predict radio success for this band. But there are so many bands out there dry humping this style that they would probably just get lost in the mix anyway. This is the kind of music that makes me realize that punk has been sucked up and bled dry by hundreds and hundreds of insincere bands that just want to get signed. Polished slow jams and ballads that get fast and loud for a second (so they can use the "alternative" label when describing their band) and then go back to the weepy wanking and cliched lyrics which they say over and over again. The amount of shit like this floating around these days is absolutely frightening. God help us. -Jason Cole (ixchel, 298 4th Ave. #453, SF, CA 94118)

STRUTTER

"Motherfucks from the Bowels of Hell" Ⓢ

Very snotty vocals from this punk'n'roll band. Reminds me of the early bands that were under the influence of old Rolling Stones' Mick. You know, Stooogesque. They get good filthy riffin' going that just makes me want to do something politically incorrect. Very nihilistic. With songs like "I Don't Give a Fuck," "Gimme Some Coke" and "New Hate Song," I gotta love this. Great graphics too - half nekkid women! Every raw rock'n'roll band outta have pretty girls with their teats hanging out on their CDs; after all, most bands learned to play so they could get laid, right? Ha ha! So show your main influence, ha! These Aussies sound all right. If you're ever in LA, come have a beer with me. -ShitEd (Stereo Hog, PO Box 646, Brisbane Roma St., Queensland, Australia)

SUBBS, THE

"Like Kids in a Field" Ⓢ

Completely played ska punk that is just a bit in front of the pack. And what a huge pack of shit it is these days. I can't express in words how sick I am of the rape of ska by all these fucking half assed snowboard riding fuck heads out there. Line 'em up and shoot 'em down I say. But with the help of my built-in bullshit detector I can safely say that these guys are doing a good job of keeping the faith alive in their own small way. And this is the first ska core band from Canada that I can recall ever hearing. This rocks, it skanks, then rocks again. Then it skanks and rocks at the same time. Sounds like Operation Ivy jamming with NOFX. You get the picture. I'd like to see what they could do if they broadened their horizons just a bit. -Jason Cole (Underworld, 151 Des bles d'er L'Acadair, Qc, Canada J2Y 1E2)

SUBHUMANS

"Unfinished Business" Ⓢ

The Subhumans get back together and record some old songs that were only available previously as songs on live tapes. They haven't changed a bit. It's still the same classic Subhumans we've all known and loved throughout the years. The music and lyrics are still top notch. There's also a couple of obscure comp tracks on this, as well as an old take from the "Evolution" EP session. It's classic Subhumans, what more needs to be said? -Thrashead (Blurg, 2 Victoria Terrace, Melksham, Wilt, SN12 6NA, England)

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

"Six the Hard Way" Ⓢ CD

Thanks for providing me with six reminders of exactly why, after 16 years, I still hate this band. I remember how piss-scared of being shot their westside fans would be when they'd show up at the Vex in East LA back in '82-'83. Now that metal's dead, the Suicidal Boys have apparently decided to jump back onto the punk rock cash cow and reap the rewards of all the work that their contemporaries put in while they were selling their asses to the DJs at KNAC. Now a whole new breed of suburban white boys will be able to dress up like cholos, play big mean gangsta and rat-pack defenseless kids smaller than them. Long live rock'n'roll, eh boys? -Jimmy Alvarado (Suicidal, PO Box 388, Venice, CA 90294)

SUMMERJACK

Self-titled Ⓢ

From the spud state of Idaho brings us these melodic masters. Poppy, catchy songs in the vein of Eveready. Sleepy as I am right now, it was generic and nothing really stood out for me. I won't say that it sucks because the songs are good but nothing shined for me. The singer at times did sound like Elvis Costello to me. If you see it, give it a try if you are into this type of music. One ear hears music differently than another. -Donothedead (Good Thief, PO Box 4918, Boise, ID 83711)

SUPER HI-FIVE

"Strength Control Action" Ⓢ

Don't get me wrong. I love NOFX and Descendents/ALL. But those two bands have been a huge influence upon the newschool melodic bands of the '90s, to the overall detriment of originality and creativity in the scene, I think. I can hear both bands' styling all over this CD, along with the emotional approach of Ian MacKaye and friends. Not that this is exactly BAD. In fact they aren't bad at all, pretty good, but I could stand to hear them do something more of their own. They do sound sincere. As for where this falls exactly, mix 20% NOFX, with 50% ALL and 30% emo, probably from Fugazi. The CD cover art is 100% emo minimalist ala that whole art style pushed by Dischord and Fugazi. -ShitEd (Coolidge, 157 Coolidge Terrace, Wyckoff Terrace, NJ 07481)

SUPERFRIENDS

"hi fi sci fi" Ⓢ

It's hard to categorize this CD. It's fun and weird and sounds a little like White Zombie and The Butthole Surfers, combined with some old-school punk and tossed with um... Flash Gordon. The first song opens with a neat sample from an old sci fi movie (which one I don't know and they don't mention it in the sleeve) then dissolves into the upbeat, anthem-like "Merciless." Other Highlights: "Brain" is slower but sports a catchy "you are what you eat from your head down to your feet" chorus that makes me think of kindergarten all over again; "Big Green 1" is angsty enough for a goth club with its cool synths; "Dr. Diablo's Diabolic Demolition" is a strange combination of crunchy guitar chords and digitized voices (complete with menacing laughter) that serves as a soundscape rather than a song; and my favorite would have to be the dark "Beauty and Obscurity" in which the vocals almost sound like The Cure's Robert Smith. Kudos for being so original. This is good stuff. -Blu (Diligent Monster, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Ste. 466, West Hollywood, CA 90046)

SUPERSNAZZ

"Diode City" Ⓢ

This female quartet from Japan has been playing their own brand of high energy pop/rock love songs for about a decade and are going strong. Their English has improved and they are quite capable harmony masters as well as tight musicians. Many of the tunes, such as "Words of Love," "Baby Love," "He's the One" and "It's Alright" are about boys but a mischievous streak is evident in songs like "Beat Girl," "Too Fast" and "Too Much Trouble." Good, fun rock and roll. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sympathy: <www.sympathyrecords.com>)

SUPERSUCKERS

"Can Pipe"/Play Some Rock'n'Roll Ⓢ

Suckahs are doin' it for themselves on this purdy pink vinyl. "Can Pipe" slams home the benefits of the ol' DIY smoking apparatus (instructions on sleeve). The flip starts out very AC/DC before staccato dancing through a short number about catching a Ramones show. F.Y.I., aces & eights is the dead man's hand. -Pooch (Aces & Eights, 6201 15th Ave. N.W. Suite B-570 Seattle, WA 98107-2382)

SURF TEENS

"Surf Mania" Ⓢ

Vintage surf intros from 1963. Four teenagers jamming out some nice, echoey guitar-driven tunes. This CD contains their LP and 7" as well as some unreleased tracks. It's all prime surf tuneage. Definitely some killer stuff. -Thrashead (Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

SURF TRIO, THE

"Forbidden Sounds" Ⓢ

The Surf Trio (actually a 4-piece combo) sound better on this record than on anything else I've ever heard from 'em. I suspect Dionysus may be taking a tip from the Zembie a Go Go camp, what with them signing the Fiends and now this. I mean Dionysus has always released surf and garage combos but it sounds like a little extra moolah went into the production. "Surf Walk" sounds like Joe Meek himself might a been behind the old mixing board when it was put on tape 'cept fer he's dead. This record's got lots o' reverb, a few frat-style vocals and even a hidden track. This stands up to par with Satan's Pilgrims and the Ghostly Ones, and head-n'shoulders above the Boss Martians. Well worth yr time and yr dime. Check it out. -Keith Fitz (Dionysus, PO Box 1970, Burbank, CA 91507)

SYBIL

"In a Small Town" Ⓢ

A girl-led, moody, mellow Italian band. The music was trance-like in a sense like Downey Midew or Everything But The Girl (I had to get that from my wife) because of the vocalist or like the Velvet Underground because of the music. One thing I did like, though, is they keep their songs short and sweet. -Donothedead (Greenrecords, Via S. Francesco, 60-35100 Padova, Italy)

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN

"Teenage News" Ⓢ

I like this a little better, it was recorded in '77 and the lack of production helps the songs, it rocks. The best songs are "Casting Couch" and "14th Street." This is good, I've listened to this a couple of times and you should too but it ain't holy grail stuff. -Stone Cold Steve Austin (Fishhead, 1287 Marquette St. Cleveland OH 44114)

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN

"(Sleep) Baby Doll" ☼

This was recorded a few years back in "down the road from the Big Chicken in Marietta, Georgia" and it's all right. I really wanted to like it cos I've met Mr. Mizrahi and he's a nice enough guy. But it's pretty non-descript, pretty pedestrian and I wish it was better. I'm sorry.

-Stoney Cold Steve Austin (Fishhead)

TEEN IDOLS

"Pucker Up" ☼

Hard as they are slick, smart, and sexy, this Chick and three Chucks-wearing riot squad punch clean and hang together like a smartly worn leather jacket, toughened and treated by backstab smiles, protective, perfectly fitting, ready to slide through high speed spills at one of the most unforgiving musical intersections around: the corner of Bad Religion Ave. and Ramones Blvd.. Where the blood and caved-in skulls of countless dismantled bands clog the gutters, the Teen Idols have staked their flag and begun their own recruitment plan of tough-sweet lyrics and glistening rivet music of revolt through persistence. Why I think your band sucks and want to stick a Teen Idol pin through my forehead - first, they turn the love song "20 Below" away from "that chick no longer digs me, boo hoo" song into a two-part, gender-spliced ditty reminiscent of the Pogues "Fairytale of New York." It boils down to that neither one of the once lovers can see what's dismantling the other; that the result of many of life's episodes aren't lessons learned, but are chuckled down another's throats like ice cubes of desolation and abandonment, only to be swallowed uncomfortable and whole. All the while, the music's fast and the melodies are short close to the body, no bolt-on chrome that looks cool to the uninitiated asshole which truly only limits top speed. It's punk that's stripped and fired up, and it's almost too easy to listen to five times back to back. -Todd (Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027)

TERRA FIRMA

"Self-titled" ☼

Black Sabbath, Swedish style. -Donofthead (The Music Cartel, 106 West 32nd Street, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10001)

TEX BEAUMONT

"Restless Heart" ☼

The enigmatic Tex Beaumont has always been a winner in losers clothing. But methinks he puts on a clean white shirt and a brand new pair of Rattlesnakes for his superb record, perfectly attuned to his masterful, mournful voice. "Restless Heart" has jackpot melodies and lyrics with stories to tell, all packaged up balanced and relaxed around Tex's heartbroken vocals. Producer Bill Bottrell made sure there was just the right amount of distant organ and pedal steel on this album of original Tex songs to make it as

tasty as a tall stack with all the fixins at your favorite diner. I often wish that I'd never heard Nashville Skyline just so I could hear it for the first time again and again and this record gives me that... with Johnny Cash vibe included! You have got to hear the way Tex sings "Don't You Know I've Been Around" in "Hey Waitress" or just the phrase "little gi-i-rl put your lips to mine" in "Blue Girl" - all the desperate bravado a man could possibly express. The tales he weaves go from simple to very intimate. He's got a hit on his hands with "Get a Load of That Sunset," a juicy tale of love found and lost with a weathered cowboy protagonist, his architecture student son's girlfriend, faithless wife in Switzerland, and mistress in Mexico, with a grand, celebratory hook. A little complex for a hit? Listen and you tell me. And if a child ever asks you, "What is irony?" just play the first cut "What A Life I Lead" - boom. You got it. Tex Beaumont is a true blue American treasure. -Suzy Williams (Heartbreak, PO Box 96, Venice, CA 90294)

TEXAS TERRI AND THE STIFF ONES

DX ☼

Six songs of rock'n'roll from the semi-famous Texas Terri. Rock'n'roll is their thing and they do it well, although the songs kind of tended to sound the same and be a little repetitive. Keep in mind, this was done in 1997 so it's been two years and perhaps they have improved? I don't know 'cause I haven't heard any of their newer stuff. So see for yourself if it sounds interesting to you. For me personally it's not. -Freddy Flipoff (The Stiff Ones, PO Box 3478, Hollywood, CA 90078-3478)

THIRD WORLD PLANET/BIZARRE X/STATE OF FILTH

Three Way Split ☼ ☼

Third World Planet pop out five raw tracks of multi-speed noise and thrash. There are some really good lyrics and poetry with noise as the backdrop. Bizarre X then crank out six tracks of some fucking brutal thrash. A complete bash-a-thon with no let up. State Of Filth also slam out five tracks of some incredible thrash that will bash your skull in. The total three way onslaught here. -Thrashhead (Vulgar, Hertzstr. 70, 02625 Bautzen, Germany, or Schliebenstr. 5, 02625 Bautzen, Germany)

THORAZINE

"Merry Stupid Fucking Christmas" ☼

Two versions of a fun little punk Christmas ditty. There's a clean side and a dirty side. Total parody of Fear's "Fucking Christmas" 7" from way back when. Pretty amusing. -Thrashhead (Hell Yeah, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

THORAZINE

"Vicious Cycle" ☼

Straight ahead fast punk with a female vocalist with a lot of angst. The tunes have that punk'n'roll feel to them with

that sort of white trash rock feel that bands like Zeke and Nashville Pussy have. They also have a slight English punk sound also thrown in. The result is pretty cool. A good, jumpy punk album. -Thrashhead (Hell Yeah)

THREE MILE PILOT

"Songs From an Old Town We Once Knew" ☼ ☼

Of all the bands to have to review from my hometown... Why not Inch? Why not No Knife? Why not Boilermaker? Christ, why not Stone Temple Pilots, for god's sake! Let me state right off the bat, I despise this band. They represent everything that, to me, is wrong with music in San Diego. Odd rhythms, off-time beats, spacey, get stoned, do mushrooms shit rock. Many people in this town cream over 3 Mile Pilot, much to my chargin. Geffen even did, for a short time. Don't think for a second that I'm talking shit on the talent involved in this band, not at all, as they are far and above great musicians. As history has shown, however, great musicians do not necessarily entail a great band. 3 Mile Pilot, I rest my case. -Snoop Bob (Cargo Music, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432)

THROWRAG

"The Beast in Me/Race with the Devil" ☼

What more is there to say about one of THE bands amongst us these days? Throwrag has thrown its audiences a bone with this here 7 inch sporting two of their finest songs that raise the temperature in the barroom when they bust 'em out live. You have to be six feet under if you can't get into this band. Grab this. 'But, what are they like, huh? Who do they sound like?' They sound like Throwrag, freak. Now, for the last time, go grab this. -Designated Dale (Helicat)

THROWRAG

"The Beast in Me" ☼

The beast in these guys sounds like he's got a sunburn and boy is he dying to cool off! If you've opened up a Flipside at all in the last year, chances are you've read about or seen a photo of these guys. Their live shows are wickedly funny and this 7" is an indication why. Imagine a debate between a coked-up Martin Luther King Jr. and a drunken John Wayne and you might have a rough idea of where the vocals are coming from. The band sounds like a gang of desert hillbillies out on the town trollin' fer whatever cheap thrills they can steal. Definitely one of LA's best kept secrets. -Keith Fitz (Helicat)

TILT/WHEEL/NOTICE

Split ☼

If Tiltwheel's excessive drinking is their magic potion, strap a keg to Davey's back, have Ross "the human wine cooler" operate the tap, and keep the van touring to spread the word/disease because this is some great shit. Tiltwheel's

one in a handful of bands that I wish I could steal the master tapes, unmix everything, and listen to each track separately to see if I can catch where they hide the explosives. Definitely extending way beyond the early course of Jawbreaker fixation, but understanding that most things are inherently paradoxes - such as explosions - can be tender, erotic, and destructive at the same time (think of an orgasm versus a pipe bomb if you think I'm full of shit). In doing so, they escape easy classification, which is fucking-a perfect for me: great music that's as hard as it is complex, beautiful as it is stark, melodic as it's grating, plus - big plus - it rocks so much you want to put on a motorcycle helmet and run full steam into their van, just to make a smiley face pattern with the dents. Notice, the band on the flap are more straightforward - no tricks or roman candles up their sleeves, thus in a bigger pool with many a veteran contender. Squeaky, clean, fast, young, and repetitive, certainly not bad, but didn't remember what they sounded like a half hour later. -Todd (Accident Prone, 305 N/W El Norte Pkwy #305, Escondido, CA 92025, <http://www.csusm.edu/public/guests/accpone>)

TIMVERSION

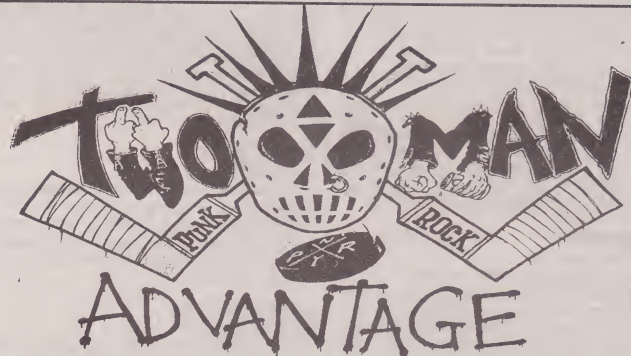
"Here's to the Future" ☼

Pop punk that, for some reason, reminded me of a bad cross between Crimpshrine and Squirrel Bait (!). Thanks, guys, for not subjecting me to even more weak attempts at ska, but please lose the fucking horns. They add nothing to the songs, other than generally annoying the already bored-to-tears listener. Then again, you might not get that chance to play with the Voodoo Glow Skulls at the local YMCA gym this summer if you do, right? -Jimmy Alvarado (I Hate Music, PO Box 290966, Tampa, FL 33687)

TOILET BOYS/THE DONNAS

Split ☼

On "You Got It" what the Toilet Boys got, specifically, is fire - and this is the tune where they blow off a shitload of it live during some raucous arena-rock riffin'. These guys write Kiss-y "Double Platinum"-era style instant classics with lots of punk attitude. Their live show is where it's at though, where the audience tends to drop jaw during the mayhem while they decide to either fight 'em or fuck 'em after the show. Both the Toilet Boys and the Donnas have the potential to wow the next generation of youth who've never associated rock and roll with any type of reckless fun - having grown up sucking the nipple of woe on slacker millionaire poets like Kurt and Eddie. Like, would you rather hear a screechy Courtney Love drone on about her miserable inner child or hear the Donnas purr - beggin' to "Get You Alone" behind pouty smirks and bouncy Runaways/Ramones riffs? Chew on that thought, junior, but both sides of this color sleeve are gorgeous



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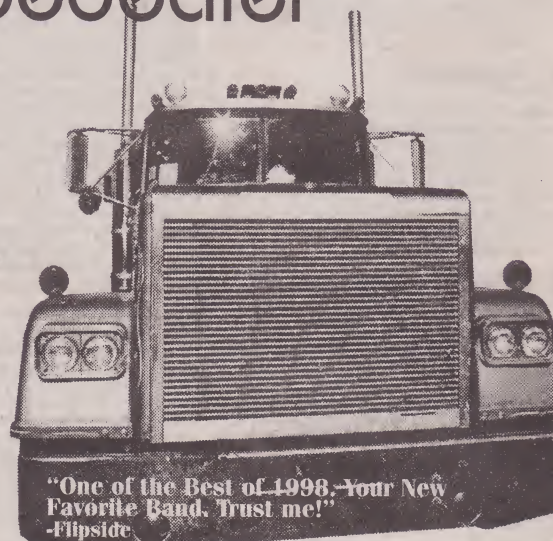
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and suitable for framing so you may need to by two copies even if you are afraid to rock and roll. -Martin McMartin (Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

TOTTUS/APARAT Split [B]

Finland's Tottus smoke out six tracks of some sure, rapid-fire thrash. One smack to the head after another with no let up. Sweden's Aparat tear your head off with eight tracks of some serious Swedish dis-core and blur that will rip you a new asshole. Fucking intense split. -Thrashhead (Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08, 10 372 Berlin, Germany)

TRANSFIX

"Tincture" [B]

Another band that reminds me of Helmet musically with screaming vocals that are buried in the mix. And what is up with leaving out the vowel in the band name? -Donothedead (<www.koi.com/~transfix>)

TRASH BRATS/ THE SINISTERS Split O

Finally getting around to reviewing this four song disc. Detroit's mighty Trash Brats let loose; very O.C. meets Hancock. Lines like "Don't wanna be a part of anybody's scene" should tell you the noble intent of these beer stains on the neo-glam movement. Canada's Sinisters keep the pressure poundin' with "Murder Style," following it with equally noisy number. The Sinisters' words are harder to make out, but they could recite the dictionary and still rock your ass across the nearest nightclub floor. Both bands include stickers. Now, ain't that cool? -Pooch (Circumstantial, 601 President St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

TRAVIS CUT

"Seventh Inning Stretch" [B]

Gotta get this out. Your CD art sucks shit. All baseball all the time; baseball screens on the CD itself, slugger on back, baseball diamond on the front, the title being a baseball term. Problem? Not a fucking baseball thing on the CD's music itself - no baseball/organ music, no crack of the bat sound bites, no umpire jokes or praise of Pete Rose. Zippo. The question is why. Second bug bite on my ass: the name sucks. Waaay to forgettable. Scenario: "Hey, is that Amanda Bite?" "Boris Laceration?" "Janice Bruise?" "No, it's Travis Cut." Probably a baseball term. So, out of spite, I put this at the bottom of my review pile over and over again, got out a sharpie, made it all black except the band name, intentionally spilled Lucky Lager on it while using it as a coaster, swirled the ink, and left it alone for a month. The reason I'm harping on this is the simple premise - don't you want to attract people to listen to your music? Attempt #2: graphics and name out of the way, shame on me, this is pretty fucking good. Has the clean and jagged-but-easy boom of the Jam (in no small part to the accents, and borrowing more than a couple riffs from "In the City"), not quite as smart and picture-framing imagery as Paul Weller, but still quite snappy. A Down By Law comparison wouldn't be amiss, especially with the locked blades of tender melody and controlled slash riffs. Too bad about the CD art being so lame. -Todd (Karma, 45-17 45th St. #1R, Sunnyside, NY 11104; <dayofkarma@aol.com>)

TREE

"Radio Bootleg for the Restless Masses" [B]

Goddammit, more of that hip-hop style singing over heavy, at times faster, new school hardcore. Sound quality is good, for a live recording. Other than that, I seriously have not one good thing to say about this CD. Well, I can say that the singer kept giving props to his parents throughout the recording, while that is commendable, it does not make up for the lack of "listenability" of this band. Bad stuff, not recommended. Maybe I should be nice, though, as the photo in the CD insert is of one of the band guys holding 2 rifles. Fuck it, avoid this as you would avoid the plague. -Snoop Bob (Tree, PO Box 269, Westwood, MA 02090)

TRUENTS, THE

"Everyday of the Week" [B]

From the Bronx in NY we have The Truents. They play some nice mid-tempo street/punk. At times it reminds me of Stiff Little Fingers. The Truents sing about how fucked up the world is - like war and the government taking down the population with red dye #5. Good lyrics that are meaningful and everyone can relate to. A nice solid release. Only thing though is I found it a little on the boring side. Oh well, if you like mid-tempo street punk, this might be your thing. -Freddie Flipoff (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, SF, CA 94114)

TSW

"This Too Shall Pass" [B]

Following in the footsteps of Korn, Rage Against The Machine, etc... I do have to give TSW some credit as far as the faster songs go, almost tolerable. That whole rap-metal-hardcore-hip-hop with the vocals has got to go, however. God, I thought this style of music had not spread beyond So. Cal. I was wrong, as these dudes are east coast, apparently. Fuck this whole genre of music. Even while stoned, I couldn't tolerate this crap. Please, do not buy this. "Just Say No." Oh, I decided what "TSW" stands for, Totally Shitty White Dudes. -Snoop Bob (Blue Penguin, no address given)

TURBO A.C.'S, THE

"Winner Take All" [B]

Named after a gang from urban cinema classic "The Warriors," does this mean they're really as street tough as

this image that these "City" rock bands seem so often to foster, what with all the tattoos, muscle shirts and beer? Or are they just posers the same way the movie hoodlums were just modern fantasy versions of Greek myths? It starts off with a galloping, wacky, hard sound and keeps up the pace throughout, somewhere between street smart gritty and slick, pro rock star style. Competent riffing and hard hitting I like the straightforwardness and there's just enough sincerity in their sound and balls in the performance and production to make it seem promising. Personally though, there was just a tad (just a tad mind you) too much "rawk" posturing for me. However, the real rock and punk roots and rhythm are strong enough here for me to recommend this to those of you who share all spectrums of Martin McMartin's "rock and fucking roll" taste which includes slightly over affected hard rock punk like this. -Squeaky (Cacophone, PO Box 6058, Albany, NY 12206)

TURBONEGRO

"The Apocalypse Dudes" [B]

Picture, if you will, if I had the cash to rule the Oakland Raiders franchise for a day. With aggressive recruitment of other pirate-inclined high jumpers and leg-splitting cheerleaders, it's half time. Turbonegro takes the stage, launches into the title track about a satanic picnic parlor with licks so huge that Kiss salivates and dry humps the air, wishing their talent didn't dry and cake around their lips like their makeup in the early '80s, and while the placebo of barely dressed silver and black cheerleaders spills into and excites 400,000 NFL watchers, deep in the hug of their lay-Z-boys, the world's subjected to the fullest, catchiest rock and roll that they've been promised during half time since two of the Lynard Skynard dudes died - only to previously given the limp handshake of the anemic Matchbox 20 and their cronies, or the reconstituted body of James Brown, at the ready to huck the last Coors Light bigmouth through the screen - out of nowhere is a phalanx of denim-clad, all the same Village People, Norwegian music-as-religion hellions, spewing the biggest, uggiest chunk of rock they've been starving for, thousands of happy dances, a couple of pure-bliss suicides, and thousands of speed dials to the local music emporium to find out who these roman candle in the rectum geniuses are, to burst them into the superstardom they deserve. Turbonegro uber alles, but, as you may surmise, I have no cash, the Oakland Raiders are happy with Hank Williams Jr.'s and Gary Glitter's transparent diarrhea of NFL songs, Turbonegro, one of rock's last great hopes of the late '90s broke up, and Man's Ruin Records doesn't license to any sporting franchises. Fuck. At least I've got my copy. It'll rule your world, even if you don't like R-O-C-K, you'll convert by the third song. All they needed was a stadium and the world'd be converted by the time the blood in their hearts reached their peckers and ules. -Todd (Man's Ruin has the CD and Sympathy's got the LP. Get both. Play loud, like religion through a PA, like demolition derby.)

TURD

"Turdville U.S.A." [B]

This CD has grown on me more and more the past couple months and it's become one of those discs that's staying inside of the CD carousel. Heavy rock influence, not fatty too-foo rock or whatnot, but good of heavy thudding tossed in with screeching guitars and a singer who grows as what Gene Simmons would sound like if he ever had a side project. God, I HOPE it would sound like THIS band. Turd has got something here. Some good, simple r'n'r. Some heavy, touch-of-groove, sonic blare. And some numbers that take off galloping, reach inside your ears and bang the skin off your eardrums. Good shit here. Turd(ge it?). In all seriousness, if heavy is your forte, give Turd a chance before ya go flushing 'em away without even listening to 'em first. I think you'll like. Thumbs fucking up. -Designated Dale (7510 W. Sunset Blvd., Ste. 1093, Hollywood, CA 90046; <CGMIX@AOL.COM>)

TWELVE CAESARS

"Youth Is Wasted on the Young" [B]

Too bad the music isn't as clever as the title - not even close - though I think that's what they were going for. Hailing from Stockholm, this Swedish trio strive to be Oasis more than Oasis strive to be the Beatles, catch my drift. Very britpop-esque and pleasant enough, though no distinguishing characteristics to pull the listener one way or the other. And on a rant, that's the problem with most popular music today; it's completely boring. I'd much rather totally hate something than have no reaction at all. At least hate is something to hold onto. From the label that brought us Veruca Salt and The Cardigans, what else would you expect. -Zack Negative (Minty Fresh)

TWENTY TWO JACKS/ WANK Split O

Here's my chance to finally toss this single the credit it's deserved. Give the O.C. bands credit, many of 'em can rock the hell out of a pop hook. Case in point, both these Doll Hut denizens serve their songs up strong and frothy. "Sky," Jacks' speedy offering, and Wank's mid-tempo "Larry Brown" go together nice and naturally like a couple of homies sitting around a familiar bar. -Pooch (Time Bomb)

TWISTER NAKED

"Party Naked" [B]

These local jokers have been around for quite awhile, and this is their first release. The music is pretty basic metallic punk, amongst other musical influences, with attitude. Beer, porn, and bad humor is what these guys are about. Pun-fuckin'-krock. If you're into the trashier side life, you'll definitely want to check out Twister

Naked. There's some pretty funny shit on here. -Thrashhead (Twister Naked, you forgot the fucking address on the CD, morons)

U.S. BOMBS

"Isolated Ones" b/w "The Captain" [B]

I've got a secret for you - and the following goes for the Dropkick Murphys and the Swingin' Utters - they aren't just great punk bands or great of bands or great street-punk bands, they're great bands. Period. Attention's paid more to just the crowd-pleasers or to past success. The songwriting's innovative in a genre that thrives in sameness, scratching out a new hole in an alley that most believe is a dead end. Enter this EP with the couple minute intro to "Hoboken Dreams." What's that I hear? A beautifully sad piano-driven melody? You fucking betcha. And I like the tone of a significant other that just tore your heart out into so many little pieces that it took six months to find all of it, to soak it in whiskey so the sutures would hold, and to jump start it back in your own body, the song builds, and crashes into new promise with a swagger that can only come for near-fatal defeat. That, my friends, is a lot to ask for in a song, punk or not. If you're looking for the first LP again and again, I suggest you tape it backwards or something. And it takes balls to have one song listed on the jacket as just background as a promo piece for the new LP to come. Comes in full-color, top-notch collage sleeve, and it's looking like the Bombs are fighting both sides of the Civil War simultaneously, which, listening to them, makes sense. "The Captain" is exclusive to this release. Duane Peters for President, Kerry Martinez for national director of archeology. -Todd (TKO, 4104 24th St., #103, SF, CA 94114)

UNDERPRIVILEGED NATION

[B]

Eight tracks. Some pretty killer discordant emo-influenced punk. There's some pretty intense thrash parts thrown in at times. The tracks move all over the place, some good lyrics too. The vocalists are total intense screamers. Fucking harsh. Pretty rocking record here, some nice packaging as well. -Thrashhead (Underprivileged Nation, PO Box 1307, West Chester, PA 19380)

UNEMPLOYED

"Opportunity" [B]

Good punk rock from Canada that made me want to French braid my mohawk and knock back a pint of maple, lace up my skates, get out on the ice and knock out some teeth. The seven-song release has got the intensity and sound of something from DRI's "Dealing with It" EP. The sharp metal edge adding to the speed gives enough confidence to slow down the pace on occasion, and add a bold harmony, or two, for depth. Overall "Opportunity" offers up a favorable beating of the head and ears that is worthy of, at least, two minutes in the box. -Southern Fried Keith (<mshaikin@concentric.net>)

UNHOLY GRAVE/ABSTAIN Split [B]

Japan's Unholy Grave have yet another record to add to their lengthy discography. This time they split the sides with local grindmasters Abstain. Unholy Grave bash out four tracks of the brutal thrash they do so well. Great stuff, as usual. Abstain also belt out three tracks of killer grind that they as known for. Both bands turn in killer performances which means that this is one brutal split. Get it. -Thrashhead (Agitate 96, 11479 Amboy Ave., San Fernando, CA 91340)

UNHOLY GRAVE

"Nein" [B]

Another killer EP from Japan's Unholy Grave. Sick, grinding madness as usual. It's mega fast and heavy. Six tracks of top notch intense grind with those killer vocals Unholy Grave are known for. Like their others, this is a winner. -Thrashhead (Farewell, Umlandplatz 9, 46047 Oberhausen, Germany)

UNION 13

"Why Are We Destroying Ourselves?" [B]

Before I start my trite review of this, I have to get a few things off my chest. A lot of shit has been talked about this band in the underground media and most of it has nothing to do with their ability (or inability) to play. Let me clear a few things up for you: No, they were not "put together" by Brett Epitaph so he could cash in on the Spanish punk thing. The fact of the matter is, they've been around quite awhile. They made a pretty good name for themselves in and around the ELA party circuit and even put out a demo or two long before fucking Brett probably even heard of them. The problem is one that is pretty prevalent even in mainstream society: if it doesn't happen on the Westside or some "safe" part of the suburban wasteland surrounding LA, it doesn't exist. If you don't hang out with frats playing weekend-punk-until-something-cooler-comes-along in some posh college-boy bar in Old Town Pasadena, associate with mohawk hipsters "making the scene" in Hollywood, or pay out the ass for the privilege of gracing an Orange County stage, you aren't shit. Well fuck you all and any other narrow-minded elitist fucks who think like you. I'm getting pretty tired of listening to people prattle on about how open minded and cool they are, yet they never even bother to venture out of their yards to find the real deal. East LA has and will continue to have a music scene more diverse, more "hip" more real, and more fun than anything you can possibly come up with. Fuck Black Flag. We had the Stains, Circle One, Copulation, Side Effects, Thrusters, No Mind Asylum, Golpe de Estado, Laughing Matter and hundreds more that were faster, leaner and

meaner than them. Fuck Garbage and Hole. We've got Ozomatli, Yeska and Blues Experiment. Fuck Save Ferris. We have Los Olvidados, who on their own can blow away any band you have to offer. So go ahead and sit in your safe little world and play punk rock rebel while you buy bondage pants on your mommy's gold card. Put out your self-important bullshit rags and lie to yourselves that it's "cuttin' edge, innovative, open-minded and punk." Listen to music by your favorite poster children rebels fed to you by the television and the radio and whine and piss on about how they sold out as you pay \$50 for a fucking t-shirt at the mall. Live in the facade that is your pathetic life; but if I happen to personally catch one of you talking shit about something that you have no clue about, I'll personally put my boot so far up your ass you'll choke on it. As far as the music on this disc is concerned, I liked their demo better. Sure there's a lot of other bands doing the same thing, but at least I know these guys believe in what they're saying. Keep putting 'em out, brothers and I'll keep listening. -Jimmy Alvarado (Epitaph. You know where to buy it)

UNPLUNGED BARTLES LIVES

[B]

This is something else. All this is pretty acoustic. Contains accordion horns, a mandolin, along with the usual instruments. This band reminds me off a mountain-style hillbilly band mixed with polka and some old sea chanty style of songs. All the songs are hilarious! With songs like "Fudgepacker Polka" and "Trapped Inside a Car with a Dog Farting" YOU know what I mean. These are all songs that would make Dr. Demento's top 10 list (remember Dr. Demento?). Now, by no means is this band a joke. Musically they are good musicians and the songs are put together very well. It's funny and made me laugh... I can just picture these guys playing at some neighborhood bar and all these old men watching them and loving it. Guess what? I love this band too! -Freddie Flipoff (Bartles, PO Box 106, Livonia Center, NY 14488)

UPRIGHT CITIZENS

"Colour Your Life" [B]

Yes, it's the same Upright Citizens from Germany that's been slogging around for years. I was really hoping for stuff like their first 12" back in '81-'82. I wasn't surprised that they too, have gone the bad direction many an old punk and hardcore band have gone to. They slowed down to a mid tempo older punk feel with slick production and the melodic rock influence that makes me gag. Why don't they put out their old stuff on CD? This is crap. I guess some people have to get old. Yuck! -Thrashhead (Pavement, PO Box 50550, Phoenix, AZ 85076)

VAGINAL DISCHARGE

"Froth" [B]

From looking at the art on this CD along with the name, you would expect Vaginal Discharge to be some sort of metal or crust band. Well, you're wrong. This is a vocalist, guitar player two-piece band. This CD contains 26 songs. Dr. Demento would be proud of these boys. All these songs are hilarious and well written and played. The vocalist even throws in some harmonica and keyboards on some songs. So if you want to laugh at some everyday topics and people and want some good music, to boot, this is for you. Keep up the good work guys. -Freddie Flipoff (Really Impaired Prod., PO Box 1285, Joplin, MO 64802, (417) 626-0500)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"A Cat-Shaped Hole in My Heart" [B]

This warm and fuzzy CD is brought to you by Projekt Records - leaders in ethereal, gothic and darkwave music. The story goes, that after Projekt founder and Black Tape for a Blue Girl member Sam Rosenthal's cat died of feline leukemia, he got the idea to create this CD to bring awareness about the disease and to also help a local kitty cause. Employing the help of various bands and artists in this musical community was not a hard thing to do considering their fondness for feline friends. (Every good goth has a kitty, ya know.) The artist's royalties off each cat song is donated to Chicago's "The Tree House" which is a no-kill cat shelter. Now, just because the CD is about fuff, doesn't mean the musical quality is. Cats or no cats, there's some great stuff on here. The first song is a shadowy and haunting soundscape "Galacipus" by Tara Vanflower of Lynca. Next, old goth standbys Faith and the Muse give us a spooky "In Dreams of Mine" followed by a bit of Stray Cat-sounding funk on "Inside Only Cat" by Shotgun Wedding. Mira's "Cayman" and The Read Letter's "Clawing Curtains" are tear-jerker ballads while Regenerator's "Night and Mourning (edit)" and Thomas Thom's "Mad Max" are darker synthesized pieces. Collide does a song called "Felix the Cat" that sports emotional Bjork-like vocals; Area brings us "Too Far Away (drum'tabby mix)" which is a danceable, almost techno, track; and of course Black Tape for a Blue Girl's "Majestic as a King" echoes the sentiments of Sam's loss. My favorite track though is by The Changlings with their already popular "Caterwaul." Vocalist Regina's playful cat-gestures and Paul's meowing violin has the audiences at live shows purring for hours on end. Good music and a good cause, what more could you ask for? Meow! -Blu (Projekt, Box 166155, Chicago, IL 60616)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Absolute Pleasure Rocky Horror Tribute" [B]

14 bands perform tunes from the midnight matinee monster about transvestites from outer space. Some are true to the original, some add their own spark and some shouldn't have bothered. Not that there was an urgent need for this in the first place. The celebration of men in ladies undergarments features the following: Ross Beach,

the Wallys, the Emma Peel Advocates, Darlington, the Jezebels, Dystaster Area, Kung Fu Grip, Croatan, the Mistletoes, Dystopia One, Darby Jones, Ill Repute, the Necro Tonz and Blue Peter. If you've got all the various cast versions, international versions, movie versions and play versions and want more... -P. Edwin Letcher (Center of the World, 1760 Gross Rd., Dallas, TX 75228)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"At War with Society" Ⓢ

Abravely angry and amped with an overload of anarchy, this disc full of decadent civil disobedience possesses savage sounds of all-out war being waged against society... Molotov-cocktail music that'll enflame your spirit with an undeniable urge to riot and revolt against the moralistic standards of this nation's authoritative pomposity. Raw and repulsive punk rawk that induces unruly urban upheaval and disorderly disruptiveness, uniting punks of all ages to bitterly battle baton-wielding cops and batter the diseased skulls of political puntans with loads of beer-bottle brutality. This is punk, pure and simple... no predictable dress code required. Mr. Mohawk Man... no cheesy teeny-bopper poses for the mindless MTV masses... no chameleon-like changes of musical content in the name of money-grubbing greed... absolutely NO Ska, hip-hoo-hurrah... just a cheap disc full of thought-provoking audial damage which will cause you to question the irremissible righteousness routinely rammed down your throat by those perversely in power! If "At War with Society" doesn't become part of your cacophonous collection, then wash the dayglo green dye outta your matted hair, give your studded leather duds a Rambo biker dude, and blindly join the rest of society in their subservient splendor. If ya accept this with open ears, the UK Subs, Loudmouths, Reagan Youth, Swinging Utters, Anti-Flag, Social Unrest, Snap-Her, Kraut, MDC, and many more will have you defecating on the doorstep of democracy and unrating on the ludicrousness of law, order, and civility in no time at all. This is the most chaotically charged CD of the century! Either you get it, or ya don't... -Rog (New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, SF, CA 94121... Hi, Chick!)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Bad Generation" Ⓢ

A big ol' slab of cuts here, some which rubbed me the right way, like Freeze with their buzzbomber "Bodywrap," Riotgun throttling Nayked Raygun's "Never Follow," Astream with the crunchy "When I Reach the Age of Shaving," and Whatever with the chock full o' riffs "I Can't Forget." There's even a Bollweevils tune here, "Keith," from "A deadly duo split CD" that all the completists will have to pick up again, 'cause now it's on this comp. There's even a couple uppercuts on here from Long Beach, CA's own All Day and Das Klown that'll leave you with at least one black eye after spinning this disc. A whole

lotta Italian punk here, too, so keep your feelers out for this one. -Designated Dale (Point Break, Via Matteotti 4, 20030 Bovisio Masciago (MI) Italy)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Bakamono CD Sampler#1"

This is a compilation from a (I assume) new label out of Denver and it's a definite keeper. There's 28 tracks and a good variety of music. Most of it rocks. I like the diversity; there are bands I've never heard of as well as bands I recognize from other labels. Comps like this are almost always cool. I particularly liked the '80s inspired "Take a Chance on Me" from the Gamits, (good vocals), as well as the speedy, snotty punk anthem "Vomit" by the Fairlanes. Track #3 ("Beachside Seat" by Decay) started out kind of retro thrash metal, but ended up rocking out pretty hard. If you don't like the 27 other songs on the CD, track #7 is worth the price... except I think it's free. "Color Me Badd Religion" (Your Mother) is a hilarious parody comprised of about 10 or so different Bad Religion riffs and lambasts the current state of Mr. Graffin and his cronies. I remain a huge B.R. fan to this day, but I couldn't help but laugh at this tune, especially the part about "big words no one understands," and the hairline jokes. I think even Greg Graffin would find that one funny. -Carey (Bakamono, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Being in a Band Doesn't Really Get You Girls" Ⓢ

This is a comp by Slap Happy Records. There are 23 bands on this 28 song CD. Lots of the bands on this comp are in the pop vein. Some are ska and there are a few that are harder, more punk bands. Of course, with lots of comps some bands are better than others. This is true with this comp as well. Although I can't say anything on here was bad, I can say pop isn't my cup of tea, but if it's yours, check this comp out. Bands include Yellow Sloth Chicken Broth, The Pop Trends, The Infatuations, Latch Key Kids, plus much more. -Freddie Flipoff (Slap Happy, PO Box 249, Byron, CA 94514, <www.geocities.com/slaphappyrec> or <slaphappyrecords@hotmail.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Beluga...On the Rocks Round 2" Ⓢ

This is a 2 CD set divided into Disc A: The Lightweights and Disc B: The Heavyweights. I can't really figure out the delineation between the two. Both discs are basically the same: 17 different artists on each disk, running the gamut between sleepy, mediocre, OK and pretty good. Nothing really noteworthy, but nothing really worth bitching about either. A diverse middle of the road compilation. Ying/Yang man... almost. -Carey (Beluga, PO Box 146751 Chicago, IL 60614)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Best of Rockline" Ⓢ

Twelve live, on-air, electric and acoustic numbers by assorted one hit wonders like Wallflowers, Dishwalla, 7 May 3, Tonic, and other little-to-non personalities. At least some of the well known songs are represented, and a portion of the proceeds go to helping out with hospitalization and medicine for less fortunate members of the music community. -Pooch (Priority)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Can You Talk to the Dude?" Ⓢ

(A tribute to Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers) So, I'm ages late on this comp, but seeing as this is out, and I like it, I don't think they're globally gonna kick my ass. How about that soccer team, huh? If anyone deserves a tribute, why not this straight voice of the obvious and fantastic? The tape (including three tracks from vol. one) begins and ends clearly and subdued, with a more noisy and experimental center. Highlights for me include assorted tracks by Vehicle Flips, Romeo Suspect, The Married Monk, a Billy Bragg-ish Iris, sonic attacks by Boyraces, Cornershop, and a demented "She's Cracked" courtesy of Deche Dans Face. Many of the performances actually take the songs farther than Jonathan could ever have imagined, and you know that's pretty out there. -Pooch (Alienor, BP 90 33037, Bordeaux Cedex France, tel/fax 5785. 72. 72)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Comp. Pounding" Ⓢ

This catastrophic compilation packs a walloping punch comparable to a devastatingly destructive natural disaster, leaving nothing but tangled smoldering remains in its wake of wild-eyed wattage. It's an all-around anarchy-driven "old school" package of pure punk pandemonium, a madcap musical melee of ballbat bashing ferocity, and the sonically assaultive sounds of angry youth on the verge of all-out riotous rampage. Fuck yeh, hardcore and hazardous to your hearing health! Thanks to the thunderous tune-smithing of Distraught, Drastic Action, 11 Five 50, Atomic Bombs, Chump Change, Dylan McKay's, Welsher, Stick E. Bandits, Don't Care, Titty Twisters, Sacchrine, and Narcoleptic Youth, this roaring dinosaur of a disc has found a place of permanence: forever ensconced in my CD changer, ready to be blasted at the stroke of my remote. It's that damn good, folks! - Rog (Solidarity First, 7201 Archibald 4-187, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Europe in Decline" Ⓢ

This is one fantastic, brutal comp covering some of the more recent hardcore and thrash bands in Europe. There are bands from as west as Northern Ireland and as east as Russia on here, and all ground in-between. Every band on here fucking rocks. You've got well known bands on here

to your not so well known, and they all do an equally devastating job of shredding your ears. You can't go wrong picking this comp up. It rips from start to finish. -Thrashead (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA, 94931)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

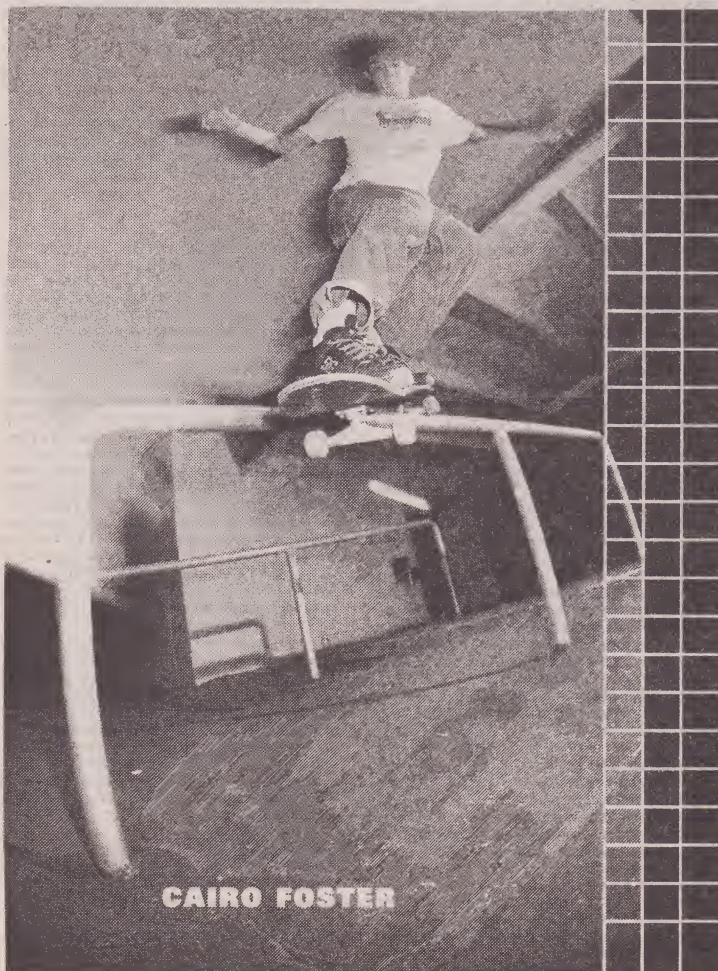
"Four on the Floor" Ⓢ

Ben Weasel is back on the scene in a big way, and I'm pretty happy about that. This album is four bands playing four songs each. The first four are the newly reborn Screaming Weasel, and they're better than you'd expect. Moral Crux follows them up, and like Chuck Berry walking on stage after Jerry Lee Lewis set his piano on fire, they handle the pressure. I haven't heard anything from them in a while. To tell the truth, I'd forgotten about them all together, but I shouldn't have. They're poppy like Weasel, but in a weird way, with songs like "Assassination Politics," that have lyrics that look like the Pinkerton Thugs or some other hardcore, I'm-ready-to-try-revolution band should have written them, but they come out with the same ease and catchiness of songs about girlfriends and bubblegum. And their songs about girlfriends have that same residual anger. When they sing "I miss you like a bullet from a firing squad," the pop influence only makes it kind of sinister. The next four songs are from Enemy You, who I guess is a new band that Weasel is taking under his wing. They're in the same vein, kind of like Fat Mike singing Dillinger Four songs. Teen Idols finish this off, and they're more of the same. The truth of the matter is, the first time you listen to this, it blends together and sounds almost like one band, but the more you hear, the deeper it gets. It's as if Ben Weasel is saying, "Well, if everyone is starting to sound like me, let me pick out the ones who are doing it well." But it's more. See for yourself. -Juan Bastos (Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Girls in the Garage: Oriental Special" Ⓢ

Man, this one's like a gift from above with my name right on it. Garage rockin' Chinese girls from the 60's! The latest installment of this comp series of fall apart, barely able to play girl "rock'n'roll" bands from the '60s shares with us the finds of some certain scener's scavenger hunting in Singapore. What they brought back are some amazing records of local Chinese girl singers from THE era. We got our Penny Lim and The Silverstones doing an English version of the Chinese New Year standard "Gong Xi Gong Xi, Let's Be Happy" - go to a Chinese supermarket around the lunar New Year and you're likely to be blasted by a version of this tune. We got a pummeling, reverb-drenched, guitar-grinding rendition of "Hanky Panky" by Rita Chao complete with a fuzz lead. This track has got to be the missing link between the Champs and the 5.6.7.8's. And lovely Rita also gives us a truly trippy Chinese take on "Yummy Yummy Yummy" arranged in what I assume to be an



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"Oriental" time signature. But my favorite song on the whole disc is her "How to Catch a Girl." You see, since I'm living in Taiwan studying Chinese, the fact that I can actually make out some of the lyrics just adds to my enjoyment of this campy, tacky, unwitting display of genius. So despite the title, Rita is actually saying something to the effect of "I wanna boyfriend." And the banger's three chords and groovy, straight-outta the surf guitar twanging combined with Rita's sexy and tender vox on this is especially ear pleasing. Nancy Sit warbles out an even weirder, all-Chinese version of "Hanky Panky" and in her interpretation of "Love Potion No. 9," delivered in full on '60s punk glory, she purrs out Mandarin lyrical messages such as "You're a terrorist of love" and "go, go, go, hurry up and get out!" There's also a vinyl version of this comp, that has a bonus track, a great take on "Run for Your Life" (yes, the George Harrison number). Either way, this omnibus promises a truly enriching experience for those of us that really appreciate "culture." -Chinese '60s Squeaky

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Goin' After Pussy: Teasers and Tidbits" ☼

Gruff, rough, rowdy, raw, and raucously rambunctious... deviant, decadent, and full of dastardly delight... an incendiary set of sick and twisted songs, a chaotic conflagration of auditory upheaval, and a bad-to-the-bone bestard of a disc! More punk than peanut butter and vomit sandwiches lethally laced with arsenic, more rockin' than a bomb shelter at ground zero on doomsday, and more tumultuous than my left-handed love affair with myself... wheeeeeee FUN!!! And now for your perverse perusing pleasure, a sound sampling of sorts: Electric Frankenstein will electrify you, frying your hearing senses silly... The Bulemics will have ya starved for more aural bile than your sick soul can conjure... The Humpers will fuck your ears blue-legged... Manic Hispanic will smoke your ass like pure primo Columbian Gold, vato... the River City Rapists will violently violate your ability to coherently articulate sound ever again... The Dragons roar and rock like Godzilla on a temper-lantrum rampage... the New Wave Hookers will service you with sonic sickness galore and then kick your butt right back into the gutter where it belongs... The Stallions furiously flail like a buckin' bronco with a razor-sharp Texas-sized star spur painfully piercing its side... ah, and so much more ear inspiration in the form of The Candy Snatchers, The Slobs, The Dipshits, The Onyas, Jakpot, Dimestore Haloes, The Lowdowns, The Weaklings, Boris The Sprinkler, and Zeka. Fuck yeh, this disc shines so brightly, I gotta wear shades... -Rog (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hello Nippon" ☼

A four band, Japanese comp for those who enjoy the poppier side of life. Each band gets one track each and I wish I had gotten more. Middishade starts off with a melodicore number that reminded me of a rawer version of Hi Standard. Next was Navel. They also were poppy but more like Skimmer or Chopper from the Crackle label in the UK. In fact, the recording sounded like they were in the same studio as a lot of bands on the Crackle label. Flip the record over and you get the band Tami. This female-led band reminded me of some of the stuff Discount had released. As fast as it had started, you are right at the last track by Moga the Five Yen. I don't know what that means but they definitely were the most punk on the release. They played at a faster pace while the other three bands played at a mid tempo beat. For those of you not having been exposed to Japanese punk, you don't know what you are missing. Something about the way they play makes the music sound more alive or intense. I forgot to mention that the cover's handmade using Hello Kitty/Sanrio stickers as graphics. -Donothedead (Dosei Jidi, 5707 De Lange, Houston, TX 77092)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hotter Than Hell!!! An Injection of Psychobilly Madness" ☼

A-hubba-hubba-hubba, what a coooool cat this disc is, Daddy-O! It's a corruptive collection of rebel-rousin' Rockabillybadass hellhounds struttin' their stuff... a hot-as-slick-snot hootenanny of a hoedown in Hell... diabolically demented ditties that rip, rock, rule, slash, and shred! This is hot, baby, hot... It melts my aural senses like tooty-fruity ice cream liquefying on a sizzlin' summer sidewalk, and it's damn near as devilantly delightful and terrifically titillating as sharing a case of brewed malted barley with a perverse lil' princess of Betty Page proportions and then slurping the night away in a sweat-drenched marathon of frenzied raunchy sex with her... OH MY! Yep, if the Fonze became a booze-soaked street scruff, "Hotter Than Hell!!!" would be his sordid soundtrack for seducing trashy beehive-haired whores in the backalley behind a seedy dive in downtown Milwaukee. The big daddies of divine rock'n'roll debauchery, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran, are probably at this very moment rotatin' this deviant disc on rapid repeat in the infernal environs of Hades, and that's a sure bet, Bucko! One listen to this, and you'll develop balls big enough to fuck a Brahma bull... so don't be a nerd, get "Hotter Than Hell!!!" today! -Rockin' Rog (Hairball 8, PO Box 26500 #111, San Diego, CA 92196)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Identity Five: I Defy" ☼

CM's annual showcase of new, and some old, talent. Making the best first impressions on this comp are Turmoil (one mosh-niffing hell of a band), Skinlab (refer to last comment), Sentenced (reminds me of Power Rangers theme song) and The Gathering (Blondie with Gary Neuman in the background). If those bands sound great to you and

that's the kind of music you love, don't buy it! Because the rest of the CD is buttrock - Iron Maiden music and screeching vampire bands. And if you like that too... uhhhhh... I would have rather heard from Stuck Mojo, Ryker's, or Subzero. Those bands being my favorites on this scattershot record label. -J.Cyco (Century Media, 1453-A 14th St., #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Iron Columns" ☼

Once every blue moon, a comp comes out that screams to be heard. This is one of those comps. Two LPs full of fantastic punk, hardcore, grind, etc, all with something to say. I don't think that it would be too far off comparing this to the P.E.A.C.E. comp. I sure got the same vibe off of this as I did the P.E.A.C.E. comp years ago. This record addresses all sorts of issues across the sociopolitical spectrum. The packaging is incredible: gatefold sleeve with a 36-page booklet stapled in. Each band gets a page as well, as there is a wealth of information contained within. As far as the bands, you've got the well known to the newer bands. All the bands are killer but some of the ultra highlights are Dezerter, yes, the same Polish hardcore band from years ago. They never broke up. Unreleased tracks by Sweden's powerhouse, Krigshot. They even do the Mob 47 song that they named their band after. Also: Anti-Product, Hall Keft, Cross, Extinction Of Mankind, Ebola, Terminal Disgust, Forca Macabra, Counterblast, Boycot, Armistice, Los Cruces, Disclose, and many more. All top notch hardcore material. This is a good, solid listen all the way through, and definitely deserves repeated listenings. A totally recommend comp throughout. -Thrashead (Mind Control, 1012 Brodie St., Austin, TX, 78704)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Jungle Jive!" ☼

This is the third album in Del-Fi's "Swinger's Summit" series. Nice, mostly mellow lounge music with lots of vocals and a decided leaning towards all things exotic. This probably won't get you laid, but I'd really enjoy listening to this while drinking rum and coke and smoking unfiltered Pall Malls with my 78-year-old Catholic Grandmother. She's a big fan of Bob Ralston and Lawrence Welk, and she's always trying to get me to go to church with her. I think she'd be able to shake it without guilt listening to the Rockfellers or the Rene Hall Orchestra. Man, I'd like to see that! Well, I guess this is going to Grandma's house with me on Easter. After church me and granny are gonna get buzzed and boogie! Whoo hoo! -Keith Flitz (Del-Fi, Inc., PO Box 69188, LA, CA 90069)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Lucifer Rising" ☼

Fans of apocalyptic folk, beware; you will be overwhelmed by the power and grace of this compilation. From the first track to the last, the brooding, desperate longing, and violent upheaval of the constrained consciousness is transformed masterfully to sound and song. I struggle for words to describe the devastating beauty and force of this music. Far beyond recommended. -Kinn (Althor/Storm, PO Box 3527, Portland, OR 97208)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Mae Day" ☼

This CD is a soundtrack to the Masquers Club (A group of Hollywood actors) saluting Mae West. Some pretty classic comedians cracking some pretty classic jokes. As well as a couple songs from Ms. West herself. This was recorded in 1973 and is a pretty interesting document. -Thrashead (Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA, 91507)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Motor City Blues" ☼

A diverse disc full of Detroit-style Delta-beatin' blues from the 1973 Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival, the mojo music contained herein is more soulful, more compelling, and more inspired than a holy-rolin' revisionistic revival in a snake-infested swamp of the Mississippi South. This is the sound of hearts breaking, bottles of Night Train being drained dry, and a jubilant celebration of overcoming unbearable obstacles of oppression... Detroit-born, brewed, and bred! Haggard old Negro wine-jug blues, down'n'dirty ritzy gritty ragtag blues, my-baby-broke-my-heart-and-busted-my-balls blues! This ain't no soullessly lackluster and predictably stale Stevie Ray Vaughan + Weenie Wayne Shepard generic radio-friendly white boy boogie woogie wankings, this is heart-rending ponderings of the deep and dark recesses of hurtin' souls who've experienced the complete shit of life firsthand and persevered. Man, even if you're not a blues purist, this boom-daddy of a disc will grab you by the heart and have ya moanin' and groanin' in aural ecstasy... -Rog (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"No Band Photo, Vol. 1" ☼

Four pop punk bands. New. All have songs about high school love and how they ain't getting any, except in dreams. Spodie's cymbal sounds like there's a hamster wrapped in duct tape getting whacked against a cinder block wall. The singer has that Brandon Dugan (Connie Dungs) voice that sounds like a kid's cartoon character getting asphyxiated while running a marathon. For that, I like them. Bonus points for just having the song title "Brenda's Got a Devilock." The Fratelli's: OK, I know this is nitpicking, but the "Fratelli's" - what? We need a noun if that's a possessive modifier. If it is just one more than one Fratelli, drop the apostrophe all together. They're in the shadow cast by the Queers, more specifically, "Love

Songs for the Retarded" and don't even make new shadow puppets beyond the existing outlines. Rather forgettable and I'd rather go right to the source. Ruth's Hat: Excellent use of apostrophe. Smooth, easily digestible blend of Beach Boys with real dead Vandals (circa "Peace Through Vandalism"), shades of cowpunk and barber shop quartet, with lyrical laments about peeing. The Proms: saccharine sweet touch pop, including threats of punches in the eye with hand clap flourishes, tambourine rattle, and Happy Days vibe. If pop punk's your bowl of cereal and you're looking for the skins of young lions, check the commanding source of Mutant Pop. -Todd (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330; <MutantPop@aol.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"No Pants!" ☼

This a benefit compilation for radio station KSCU in Santa Clara, California, a radio station that supports punk and other forms of music. That should be the only reason for purchasing it. If you hate it, trade it in and get something that you do like. At least you took a loss for a good cause. Big name bands on this release include The Hi-Fives, Mr. T Experience (who do a ska rendition of "Sonic Reducer"), the Donnas. Nearly all the recordings are live on air or demo versions. The highlights for me were Crack doing a great cover (I'm a covers geek) of the Cars "Just What I Needed," Model American doing a straight up punk number reminiscent of the '80s in their song "Filthy" and of course the cover of "Sonic Reducer" done by MTX. -Donothedead (Let's Go!, c/o KSCU, 500 El Camino Real #3207, Santa Clara, CA 95053)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Nod's Tacklebox o' Fun"

Anybody remember "Shut up Kitty"? Well, here is the long awaited sequel. In the years following "Shut up Kitty's" release, we've been bombarded by tribute albums of every genre. In fact, sometimes it seems like the entire decade has been devoted to bands trying too hard to become their idols. Fortunately, Nod's Tacklebox o' Fun, like its predecessor, is not a tribute album. It's just a good mix of industrial bands throwing a dash of sarcasm and a lot of humor into some of today's most obnoxious radio hits. I have to admit that my hatred of No Doubt and Alanis Morissette made listening to covers of "Just a Girl" and "You Ought to Know" an excruciating experience. However, the evil versions of "Lovefool" and "Waterfalls" were pretty amusing. And what could beat hearing Oneiroid Psychosis covering "Animal Magnetism" by the Scorpions? Yeah, the novelty of this CD will probably wear off by the end of the week. Right now, though, I'm having fun with it. -Liz O. (Re-Constriction 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432; <http://www.angelfire.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Noise Kills Punk Dead"

59 groups from all over the world contribute 67 short tracks to this comp. The comp spans the range of harsh power electronics, to ambient, to sampling/cut and paste noise, to music concrete, to some actual experimental music. All bases are covered. Since the songs are all around a minute, it packs a punch and never gets boring. More noise comps should be like this. -Thrashead (Opulence, Box 2071, Wilmington, NC 28402)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Of Things to Come" ☼

Cynical take: It's a comp to a soundtrack to a snowboard film I'll probably never see (not out of spite, just probably isn't coming to a screen or TV near me) with songs by bands I mostly already have - only one song being a different version. Is that the distant ring cash drawer opening over there? What, no one knows how to make comp tapes anymore? I've never heard of someone going to jail for copying Pegboy to a Maxell 60 Minute dual-bias tape to pop into a Walkman and - how do they say - "shred," on a snowboard for instance. Non-cynical take: Although all of these songs, sans the dub/club remix of the Voodoo Glow Skulls "Ugly Stick," are released already, BYO knows which songs to slap together into a frenetic stalefish to front-side fakie, launching into 720 degree helicopter, slamming into a picnic bench of two planker pussies, tossing punches in gloved gauntlets of fury by Dillinger Four, Good Riddance, Bouncing Souls, Swingin' Utters, Pegboy, H2O, Pezz, Pinhead Circus, and Anti Flag. Also included is a forgettable Errortype:11 who are skipping the punk challenge directly to Danny Elfman's pocket for the next Keanu Reeves blockbuster soundtrack - or so it seems, Hatebreed doing a Venom imitation, and the cowpoke, jokey, pokey, butt(t) rockin' Supersuckers. If your record collection sucks so hard you have none of the aforementioned bands, and you suck so hard that no one will let you tape it, the CD's a good way to boost your own self-esteem. As I said, most of the songs are great, I've just heard 'em before. -Todd (BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Old School Vs. New School" ☼

We're rappin' funk, not punk. Fourteen songs by established artists redone by current mixmasters. Now, this ain't exactly my field of expertise, but I can appreciate that the sound drops, fades, and loops must've taken these numbers to another planet. Witty wordplay over tempos that low ride one minute and spin out the next tell tales as varied as beats and characters themselves. Stand outs from Jazzy Jeff, A Tribe Called Quest, and Stone Roses made for repeat listening; something you usually wouldn't find this rock'n'roller doing. -Pooh (Jive Electro)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Only the Strong Bands" ☼

A lot of good happen on this one. Mostly hardcore, with one or two neo-metal chugga-chugga groups, like Cold As Life (utilizing a popular Morbid Angel riff), Vision, Voice Of Reason, Agnostic Front, and Hoods all put in a great effort. Buried Alive, Inhuman, In Truth, Death Threat and Unconquered don't put in any effort at all. The real stars of this comp, are Where Fear And Weapons Meet and Built To Last. WFAWM definitely kick ass all over the place and Revelation were smart to sign them. Built To Last have always been good, enough said. -J.Cyco (Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"SacPop Compilation" ☼

I have never heard a less rocking record of its kind in my entire pop reviewing life. If this is any indication of what's going on in Sacramento, the scene should be targeted and nuked into oblivion. These bands give a new and horrible definition to wimpy pop. This is the kind of record that gives power pop fans everywhere a bad name. Eeeewww! To be avoided at all costs. -Martin Banner (PopRock/SacPop International, PO Box 4, Sacramento, CA 95812)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Scene Through My Eyes" ☼

After listening to so many bad comps recently it's great to hear one that is within the standard of what I thought a comp should sound like. This is also a testament that anybody can put out a release and make it memorable. This is a truly D.I.Y. release by which the cover was created by spray paint and some xerox copies on crack and peel. All items available to you to use with a little ounce of creativity. My comparison for this comp is when I first purchased and listened to MRR's "Welcome to 1984" comp. Every single track was good from start to finish with no fillers. A mixture of styles and beats to compliment each track. Listening to this release brought back that memory. Hardcore at its best is represented here from the USA, Japan and Canada. Many of the bands no longer exist but are captured here in time. I think all the bands deserve to be mentioned here, and as I said before, there are no bad tracks on this release. The bands on this comp are V. Reverse, Better Than Your Hand, Render Useless, Fuckface, Fanatics, Jen, Coward, D.S.B., Sockeye, The Neighbors, Brother Inferior, Helivator, Hickey, Sistema Nervioso, Towel, The Gaia and Thunderclimp. I was absolutely blown off my ass with this one. Steal some cash and a stamp from mommy's purse and get a copy today. -Donothedead (\$6.50 to Shapunk, PO Box 15295, SF, CA 94115)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Scene Killer" ☼

This comp is great for lotsa different reasons. It features great LA bands who have shown me tons of fun, like Damnation, Snap-Her, the Adz, U.S. Bombs... or outta towners I've seen who also ripped, like Nashville Pussy or the Gang Green. Then there's classic stuff by The Business, Poison Idea and 999 and JFA. That in itself would be enough to make this thing worthwhile. Then they toss in about 15 more by up and comers like The Starvations, The Ducky Boys, The Authority (Misfits fans check them out) and a buncha others fronted by "singers" who all seem to have gargled with broken beer bottles or kicked a few heads, er, I mean soccer balls around. Worth noting that these guys distribute most of these bands in one of the hardest working upstart DIY distros going. -Martin McMartin (Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, 90809; <revolution@outsiderrecords.com>, fax: 562-983-1187; <www.outsiderrecords.com>)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Scene Killer" CD

Comp CD with The Randumbs, The Bodies, The Authority, Bladder Bladder Bladder, The Business, The Ducky Boys, The Forgotten, The Murderers, Snap-Her, No One's Victim, The Decline, Nashville Pussy, Mata Ratos, Untamed Blood, Gang Green, 999 (doing "Homicide" again), Poison Idea, JFA, Pressure Point, The Franks, U.S. Bombs, ADZ (doing "Flyswater" from their first CD), Damnation, The Starvations, Smut Peddlers, and Ruin Bois. It says most of the tracks are vinyl only or unreleased, but that means these recordings, not the songs. Good comp. -ShitEd (Outsider)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Seeds Turn to Flowers Turn to Dust" ☼

The subtitle for this 15 song peek into the drug-addled minds of the purveyors of small cookies rock at the end of the '60s is "Things Change." Garage purists who insist on everything sounding like the Rolling Stones-influenced snot machines of '65 may turn up their noses but there is some great stuff here. A general mood of experimentation fueled by wild examples of how far out music could get, coupled with cheap equipment and a mindset shaped by years of basic rock and roll, is one possible explanation for all these guitar and organ rich, tweaked and twisted stabs at a "new" sound. The collection kicks off with "Mary" which weds the lyrics to "Mary had a Little Lamb" with the music to "House of the Rising Sun." What follows are groups with names like the Black Sun, Wicked Truth and the Blades of Grass exhibiting their fascination with mind-expanding big times like the Airplane, Iron Butterfly, real early Deep Purple, Hendrix and others as best they can. There are a couple of groups from Peru thrown in that illustrate how pervasive this shift in style was. Fans

of this era will find plenty of new cheap thrills within. - P. Edwin Letcher (Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Skins 'n' Pins" Ⓢ

Twenty-eight band sampler collaboration from four of the top street punk labels today - GMM, TKO, Knockout, and 45 Revolutions. Definitely an effective introduction to what these labels and bands are up to. And if you're familiar with a few of the groups then this may have you anxious for the upcoming releases that they give you a taste of here. Standouts here are: Ducky Boys, The Pinkerton Thugs, The Murder City Wrecks, The Reducers, Lower Class Brats, Workin' Stiffs, The Choice, The Subversives, Pressure Point, Man's Ruin, The Service, The Randumbs, and Adolph and the Piss Artists. -M.Avg (\$6 to GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Songs for the Brokenhearted" Ⓢ

A mediocre compilation featuring 17 bands and 17 songs. I didn't find any highlights, but I figure I will list some bands that you the reader might be interested in. Some of the bigger name bands or bands that I have heard about before on this release are Weston, Gameface, Longfellow, Action League, The Killingtons and J Church. The quality of comps have come way down in my opinion. Maybe I'm reminiscing too much about the early days of punk rock when a comp was a sure bet. -Donothedead (Glue Factory, PO Box 404 SBH, Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Staalplaat Cocktail Event" Ⓢ

All the material on this disc was recorded during the Cocktail Festival that was put together by the Staalplaat label. Several experimental and avant garde artists throughout the world were called to participate, and this is the audio document of it. All fields of experimental music are covered: harsh noise, music concrete, cut and paste, etc. All done extremely well. The CD is a really good document and the material flows really well. -Thrashead (Staalplaat, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Still Screaming" Ⓢ

A fine Swedish comp of 11 Swedish bands with one previously released track and an unreleased one. To give you an idea, I'll try to describe what I hear. Raised Fist and Nine play a mixture of metal-edged punk similar to Strife. 59 Times the Pain plays more of straight ahead youth crew sound. Abhinanda, my favorite on this release, mix it up with a more rockin' sound with melody accentuated by the guitars. Breach are a slower power chord, chunky sludge machine. Outlast play hardcore fast with no metal over-

tones. Within Reach played a punk style that didn't and delved lightly with metal and crew vocals. Refused, as many of you might already know, have been released stateside on Epitaph and play a beautiful instrumental that leads into a full blast thrasher on their second track "Peek-A-Boo." The Products reminded me of old school UK punk rock or what is termed as street punk today. Separation played forceful East Coast style hardcore that was brutal and punishing. And last but not least, Forced Into was another power chord, metal-edged band with throat-burning vocals. -Donothedead (Burning Heart, Box 441, 70148 Orebro, Sweden)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Swing This, Baby II" Ⓢ

Boy, there are a lot of these voo doo papa types cropin' up. Here are 15 jivin' brothers and sisters hell bent on stirring up their own horny little zoot suit riotousness. The modern contingent of jumpers, shakers and wallers are represented here by the Crescent City Maulers, Vanguard Ace, Blue Plate Special, the Atomic Fireballs, Cigar Store Indians, Acme Swing Company, the Ray Gelato Giants, the Camaros, Dr. Zoot, the Jet Set Six, the New Morty Show, Three Cent Stomp, Hipster Daddy-O and the Handgrenades, Mitch Woods and his Rocket 88's and the Dino Martinis. Tight and predictable. -P. Edwin Letcher (BMG)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This Ain't Rocket Science" Ⓢ

Maybe a little rocket science couldn't hurt. The smartest thing Cheetah's did for this comp. was include bands from other labels on it like Gob and Billyclub. The rest, Tilt, Nothing Cool, Mcrackins, United Blood, Phoenix Ironworks and more... all blow chubby goats in my opinion. -J.Cyco (Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 97404)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This is Jeff's Victoria" Ⓢ

Killer, killer comp with a load of great bands from Australia. There's some high-powered thrash from the likes of the Walsh Street Cop Killers, Fallout, No Grace, Next Stop, Project Artichoke, Self Reliance, amongst others. Then there is some killer punk stuff from H-Block 101, Headcase, B.H.K., and others. Every track on this comp smokes and gives a good overview of the Victoria, Australia scene. Get it. -Thrashead (Noise Pollution, Thrift Park Newsagents, PO Box 7, Mentone East, 3194 Australia)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Tiger Mask Trash Au Go-Go" Ⓢ

An airwave-corrosive collection of gritty gutsy garage and roann' rockabilly rowdiness, this decadent disc is raucously representative of the wooly-bully wildness of rabid rock-

'n'rollers on the rampage! I haven't experienced such an eye-openin', earsplitin' event as this since my very first nutbustin' earthshattering sheet-soakin' wetdream of wondrous bewilderment way back when (or was it just last night?!! Ha Ha Hey Hey!). Damn, I'm slobberin', salivating, spazzing, convulsing, and shittin' myself silly due to the soul-stirring buttshakin' intensity of the musical madness contained herein. I will now bore and baffle ya by mentioning all of the bands who graphically grace this diabolical disc... indeed, they are all worthy of assorted accolades and prideful praises: The Neanderthals, The Countdowns, The Bomboras, The Loons, The Boss Martians, The Go-Nuts, Bobby Teens, The Foxalions, The Saturn V Featuring Orbit, The Untamed Youth, Rumble King, Phantom Rockers, 13 Cats, Deadbolt, The Huntington Cads, and The Hate Bombs. Anyway, if ya seek an auditory ejaculation of orgasmic proportions, this combustible comp is the tuncful titillation that'll buckle your knees with idiotic awe, moisten your lips with anticipatory delight, and caress your ears with spine-tingling aural intensity! Buy, buy, my darling... -Rog (Dionysus, PO Box 1970, Burbank, CA 91507)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"What is Eternal" Ⓢ

In a time where the term "goth" conjures images of spooky looking bands writing trite glamrock songs, it's refreshing to hear seriously disturbing music. "What is Eternal" consists of exclusive tracks from artists such as Jarboe, Mors Syphilitica, and the Changelings. While the compilation retains its dreary atmosphere throughout, each band contributes a unique sound. From the apocalyptic folk of Unto Ashes to the more experimental sound of Loretta's Doll, "What is Eternal" succeeds in showing the range of styles present within this genre. This compilation will not only please fans of darkwave, but is also a great introduction to anyone curious about rock's evil twin. -Liz O. (Middle Pillar, PO Box 555 NY, NY 10009)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"What's Stuff" Ⓢ

A compilation of songs from What? Records. This is worth every punk rock penny as there are some legendary bands here. The Germs stuff is their earliest recordings. Get out and buy the "GI" album and get blown away. Dils are awesome. I like every song I've heard from them. Eyes and Skulls are awesome. Don't really like the sound the Controllers have, but I like the songs. Kaos are excellent. Agent Orange don't really elicit too much of a reaction from me. Buy this. -Johnny Racecar (Bomp, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"White Death" Ⓢ

Those of you who cannot tolerate the white-boy equivalent of gangsta rap and "Viva La Raza," just pass on by this review. This is a compilation of songs, performed by Before God, Front Towards Enemy, Iron Youth, Bifrost, Centurion, and Sigrlot. The entire compilation kicks serious gluteus maximus; there's not a poorly done or sloppy song on the whole thing. I'd know if my favorite songs, but I'd just end up listing the contents of the CD. Seriously, all 15 of these songs made me feel like I needed to stuff cotton in my nose, because I was just sure it was going to start bleeding! -Kirin (Nordland/Panzerfaust, PO Box 188, Newport, MN 55055)

VERN

"I Ran All The Way Home" Ⓢ

This surprised me. The cover made me think "Oh no, more honky-punk!" but the inside said "Worthy of having Green Day open for them." I don't know if the music is all ripped off but all four songs on this 7" sound great and deserve acclaim of some degree. A major label should pick this band up and suck the life out of them. They might actually sound better. -J.Cyco (Vern, 8800 Canterbury Cove, Ft. Smith, AR, 72903)

VERSUS

"Trece" Ⓢ

Que pasa puto? Here are 7 songs of straight-to-the-jugular, metal-flavored punk from Madrid, Spain. Throaty, guttural mixed with screaming vocals over Slayer style guitar riffs and power chords. The bass guitar is pulled forward in the mix to add an even more potent punch. Very similar to late '90s straight edge without the lyrics. The lyrics are sung in Spanish but do include English translations. The lyrical content steers around anti-government or supporting the scene. The most interesting thing on the release is the intro and the outro. Very tribal or folk-like with sound bites and samples. Eerie in a way because there are no translations for what is being sung. The mood of the music is powerful. Reminded me of the tribal stuff that Sepultura was getting into. -Donothedead (Outlast, PO Box 613, 29080 Malaga, Spain)

VICE SQUAD

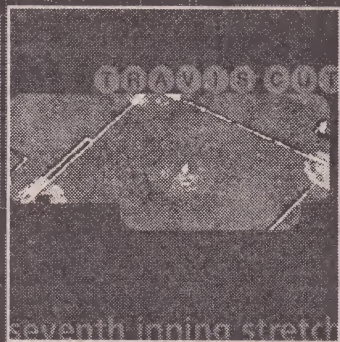
"Get a Life" Ⓢ

Beki and company are back. This CD consists of some slickly produced metallic punk and some more melodic sounding punk that slightly sounds like older Vice Squad. The lyrics are still good, but this came off a bit to slick for my taste, but it's decent. -Thrashead (Rhythm Vicar, c/o Plastic Head Music Dist., Unit 15, Bushell Business Estate, Hithercroft, Wallingford, Oxon, OX10 9DD, England)

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VILETONES

"What It Feels Like to Kill" Ⓢ

Unfortunately this is same Viletones that put out some classic stuff in '77. This stuff is complete shit. Bad, self indulgent rock'n'roll. YUCK! If this is what it feels like to kill, I think you would have a better time moving your bowels. I think this piece of shit should be killed. -Thrashead (Fleurs Du Mal, 2238 Dundas St. W., Box #59064, Toronto, M6R 3B5, Canada)

VODKA SONICS

"Take Her to the Zoo" Ⓢ

While well played and produced this whiny, melodic indie rock is really not my cup of tea. Reminds me of the '80s when R.E.M. and The Cure really broke. Dare I say this is retro? -Squeaky (Cacophone, PO Box 6058, Albany, NY 12206)

WADE CURTISS AND THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

"Brang!!!" Ⓢ

I'm sure back in 1960 there were dozens of bands called the Rhythm Rockers. Most of them probably did big guitar instrumentals like "Brang." But none of em had pro wrestling's Dixie Dee singin' for em. This ain't smash an snarl wrasslin' rock like the Nova's "Crusher." Nope, the real winner is the moody rockabilly ballad "Maxine." This thing is so chilling I got a permanent case o' the heebie-jeebies from listening to it. I remember seein' another 7" by 'em in the bins of the local record store but I'm sure I'll have bought it before this thing sees print in hopes that it'll be half as good as this great chunk o' wax. -Keith Filtz (Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

WEDNESDAYS, THE

"Live in an Alabama Prison" Ⓢ

This is just about as homemade as it gets. Three brothers from Alabama, one of whom also plays guitar in the Quadrajets, snuck a recorder into a prison and taped their show for the inmates. Side one opens with a cover of Hank Williams' "I Saw the Light" and ends with a loose and spirited, punky original called "Barbed-Wire." The flip contains two more drum-heavy, hard rockers, "Heart-Break a Go-Go" and "Jah-Shrine," which has a reggae feel. The sound quality is pretty much what you'd expect. Comes with a xeroxed cover and booklet that outlines their ordeal with the prison system and some unfortunate statistics related to prisoners and their lot. -P. Edwin Letcher (Arkam, 223 Ford Court #3, Auburn, AL 36830)

WESTON

"Return to Mono" Ⓢ

Why Marty Banner digs these NY popsters is obvious. The hooks, energy, and craft throughout this advance has con-

tinued to keep me company while freeway flyin', the way most passengers can't. This veteran quartet hasn't lost their innocence and drive after several releases, and they only show signs of improvement. What I like about them are the small details close to a fanzine writer's heart: tales of broken strings, forming a band, and the love of all things rock, pop, and roll. If I don't hear their tribute, "Liz Phair," blasting from every college station from sea to shining sea, there's little hope for me in this world. -Pooch (Rubber)

WESTON/DOC HOPPER

"The Stepchildren of Rock" split Ⓢ

These are both bands that I heard a song from, thought I would like a lot, bought an album, and ended up listening to the album once or twice and deciding that I was wrong about them. Then, I got this to review, and I changed my mind about both of them again. Weston is poppy. Very poppy, and I know they share some of the members of Digger, but the more I listen, the more I'm convinced that they are Digger. Anyway, they sound a lot better live than on record because they lose all the polish. They talk a lot about the Suicidal Tendencies and cuss a lot and sound tough between songs, and that makes it even funnier when they sing chick songs and "I'm just a guy, cold lips and cold feet," or something like that. The Doc Hopper show sounds even better. They don't waste nearly as much time between songs with inane banter, and they pick up a good deal of speed when they play live, which is a plus. I really like the Doc Hopper half of this. It's a split CD, but it's really two full length live albums. So you really can't get more music for you buck, and this is some pretty good perved pop. -Juan Bastos (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012)

WESTON/DOC HOPPER

"The Stepchildren of Rock" Ⓢ

This CD contains one whole live set each from both bands. Both bands play their usual melodic punk that they are known for. Both shows are professionally recorded, and the production is great. Fans of either band will totally love this. -Thrashead (Go Kart)

WILLIAM HOOKER

"Hard Time" Ⓢ

I had a hard time listening to this. William Hooker is supposed to be a drummer extraordinaire. This is like a trance gone wrong and the drummer is trying to steal the spotlight while not trying to incorporate all the members to make it a performance based on the music. These are recordings of a live performance. I don't really get it, I guess because I'm just a pseudo musician. For those who just like noise. -Donofthedeadead (Squealer Music, PO Box 229, Blacksburg, VA 24063-0229)

WIRETAPS

"Recording" Ⓢ

This caught me pleasantly off guard; part angst twist of Throwing Muses, where petals and thorns are interchangeable as with sweetness and the cold seat of hardened cynicism. A nod to Canadian first-wave punks, The Dish Rags wouldn't be a dropped ball either. Pleasant yet edgy, like a first date with mixed signals. Easy entrance to the pleasure of a wet pocket and a luau ring of buckaroo hickies or undecipherable static and an enigmatic ending like their lyric: "crazy, crazy matchstick baby?" Both. Simultaneously breathy and loose and fun and low the hang of driver's side elbow in a dented Falcon pulsing around inside, and on top, the overwhelming cloud of known and past destruction. It's a good ride, not fluff, not melodrama, it seems real, like a drive in a car that's about to break down but you don't know where, nor do you really care enough to buckle up, just in case the bald tires blow on a tight turn. (Tangent: Clinton approved 50,000 more continuously vigilant wiretaps in "high risk" areas this year. Free speech only if you're silent. Carry on.) Easy to listen to, too good to classify, highly recommended listening. -Todd (Super Electro Sound Recordings, PO Box 20401, Seattle, WA 98102, write for catalog.)

WITH LOVE

Self-titled Ⓢ

Another interesting release from Italy that I got to review for this issue. It has some parts Rudimentary Peni mixed with pretty guitar melodies. The vocals are screamed at parts and sung at others but all are in Italian. The music is absolutely manic at points and beautiful in others. It's like riding on a roller coaster - being brought up and dropped down. As I said before, it is interesting and a sonic mish mash that can be disturbing to the ears. Definitely for those who enjoy Rudimentary Peni. -Donofthedeadead (Green, Via S. Francesco, 60-35100 Padova, Italy)

XTC

"Apple Venus Volume #1" Ⓢ

It's a little odd, but this band has been around for something like 20 years and they sound more and more like the Beatles as they go. The jarring quirkiness has been replaced by a lush, beautiful pop perfection sensibility. They also remind me, at times, of Robert Wyatt's more conventional work and an obscure '70s band that put out a number of charming pop albums, Stackridge. It doesn't get much more pleasant, melodic, harmonious and down right sweet than this. -P. Edwin Letcher (TVT)

XTC

"Apple Venus Volume #1" Ⓢ

Their first new release in seven years, and this is the best they could come up with? Andy's "River of Orchids" does

contain some wonderful counterpoint, and "Your Dictionary" is as scathing as anything he's ever put out. The seasonal and pastoral motifs, however, were done better on "Mummer," as also the Brian Wilson tribute on "Oranges and Lemons." Colin's songs were stronger on the perfect "Skylarking." Even The Duke's "Psonic Psunspot," was a lot more enjoyable. If "Apple Venus" was someone's debut I might've rallied 'round the surprise, but seeing as XTC are the absolute giv'ners of intelligent pop rock, I guess I just expected more. -Pooch (TVT)

YELLOW SLOTH CHICKEN BROTH

"Party of Five" Ⓢ

Well, this is total pop punk. I don't like pop punk, but for those of you that do I will describe this as best as I can. Four songs about girls - not just any girls but famous ones. Such as Jennifer Hewitt, Gillian Anderson, Alyssa Milano, and Neve. Each song is about one of the above mentioned girls and the band wanting to get with that girl. The music is typically played pop punk. Nothing groundbreaking or unusual. The band is tight and can play their instruments. The record is on gold vinyl and this is a split label release between Bad Stain and Slap Happy. This record is not for me, but I would recommend it if you like pop punk. - Freddy Flipoff (Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069 / Slap Happy PO Box 249, Byron, CA 95414; <www.geocities.com/~slaphappyrec>)

(YOUNG) PIONEERS

"Free the (Young) Pioneers Now!" Ⓢ

Balls-out cowpunk blues... blistering and blazing like the intensity of an all-out inferno in the nether regions of a volcano's spirited pit. Fast and furious Neil Young chug-a-lugging napalm guitar grazings with a barroom-brawlin' attitude... Mike Watt-style vocals with time-worn rage firmly etched into his hoarse and haggard voice... nuclear locomotive rumblings roar from the bass as if enveloped in a catastrophic thunderstorm... tremorish ferocity violently vibrates from the drums like mighty Redwoods falling to the ground with an explosive smash. The music contained herein is so manly and robust, it'd cause a dysentery victim's poopoo to become brittle and then break, it'd make Elsie The Cow lactose intolerant, it'd cause Godzilla to purr like a kitty cat, it'd give Jim Beam's sour mash whiskey a smoothness as sweet and refined as Hershey's syrup. Damn straight, due to this delightful disc, my farts are now tame and tolerable, and my mind is like melted chocolate in a porn starlet's overworked mouth: gooeey and savory sweet on the inside! Oh yes, it's good to be alive and intoxicated and under the direct influence of (Young) Pioneers... they have the devil in me dancin' a jig at the doorstep of open-mouthed awe. In other words, I'm imbecilically impressed! -Rog (Lookout!, PO Box 14314, Berkeley, CA 94712)

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DIRTY ROTTEN IMBECILES, DR. KNOW, JODY FOSTER'S ARMY, TONGUE, DYSTOPIA, FIXTURES, AFU, SYPHIC, LITMUS GREEN, DSFA, UXA, MEDIA BLITZ

at The World 2/7/99 by ShiEd

Forget Lollaloosa and Warped Tour and any other corporate sponsored festival shows, they aren't punk. This was punk, with real punk bands instead of the mostly quaspunk and alternative acts that play the corporate shows. This was the real deal, a real punk show put on by punks for punks. No big money or shoe company behind this show, nuh-uh, just a guy named Duke from the San Gabriel valley and his friends. Duke is the guy who put out that great "Backyard Shenanigans" comp CD last year. A dozen bands played between 1 PM and 10 PM, wow! And I saw them all! First up was Media Blitz and they were great! Their singer is this pretty latina with a total nerd-girl look, but

she didn't look at all nerdy when she beat a TV set to pieces with a sledgehammer while her band set it on fire! Poor Duke had his hands full managing the big show, and Media Blitz caused him to get warned by the club that one more fire and the show would be canceled! Way to go Media Blitz! UXA was next doing their usual '77 punk with abrasive guitar and caterwauling vocals. Then a total surprise was DSFA (Doesn't Stand For Anything). They were quite good with a very animated singer who reminded me pleasantly of a cross between Jack Grisham (TSOL, Joykiller) and Jay Naked (Twister Naked), charismatic like Jack and crazed like Jay! Litmus Green is 'heirical and seems to have an endless supply of plastic toys for props, including a toy sword that broke in half the moment he began waving it around! I think that might have been intentional? The next two bands were San Gabriel valley hardcore bands. Syphic was

extremely violent, with some songs about religion. Considering where they are from, is that a Circle One influence maybe? Then AFU played, with Circle One guitarist Mike Vallejo on 2nd guitar. Charles is an incredibly intense frontman, so ferocious I'd be afraid of him if I didn't know him! He was one scary, bald, bleeding maniac on microphone! (He's actually a very nice guy.) To continue the Circle One thing, they ended their set by covering that old band's hardcore antipolice classic "Highway Patrolmen." While Syphic and AFU were playing, a falling-down drunk Dez Cadena and a buddy of his were in the back of the room cracking jokes and making friendly fun of them. Next the Fixtures played. Kevin drums like a maniac made entirely of tightly wound rubber bands, and he sings too! He had a bad cold, but it didn't seem to slow him one bit. What a stud! They are possibly the best kept secret in LA punk, a wonderful band that

seems to get constantly avoided and ignored by all the bigger labels. Dystopia was playing a real punk show... I wonder if they realize they are a metal band? Someone should clue them in. Tongue was an insane assault of tasty hardcore punk with complex, violent music. They gotta be seen to be believed and then you will be a believer too, brother! Halleluya! The last three songs of their set Liz stepped aside and ex-Black Flag singer Dez shook off his drunken haze and raged, singing with Tongue as his band! First he did a weird louny thing about a minute long that had us all wondering "What the FUCK?" Then he did the Stooges' "I Got a Right" and finished with the Flag's "Jealous Again." The place went crazy for that song, talk about audience response! Then JFA got up there and WOW! they sounded good. Amid the thrash and midpaced tunes they also threw in the theme from "Peanuts." Most newschool



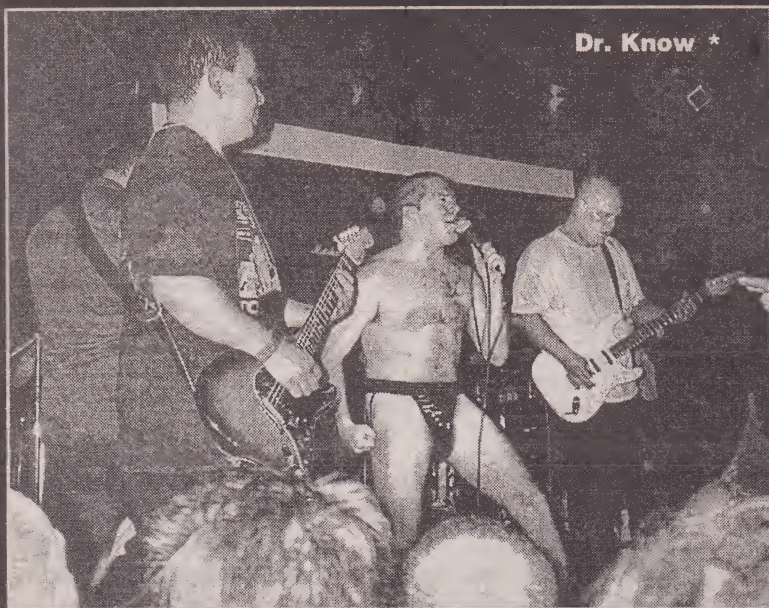
Mike Vallejo



Litmus Green



Liz tongue and her tongue



Dr. Know *



Tongue *



JFA



DSFA *

ALL ACCESS PASS



FEB. 7. 1999

VENUE = "THE WORLD"

bands can't match the way these '80s bands rage: the old bands just sound right! And so did Dr. Know. They sounded right, too. Singing is Brandon Cruz (remember the TV show "The Courtship of Eddie's Father"?). Brandon stripped down to a glittery purple G-string. Several times he bent over and showed the audience his butt-hole while singing about fist-fuck-

ing! Damn, their set was fun! Playing with them were two old Circle One guys, Mike (again!) and Jody on drums. Then DRI came on and did mostly their old thrash material for the punk crowd. They were great and got some fast, hard thrash grooves going for us! Welcome back DRI!



Os-ShitEd and Heather Oblon (*)

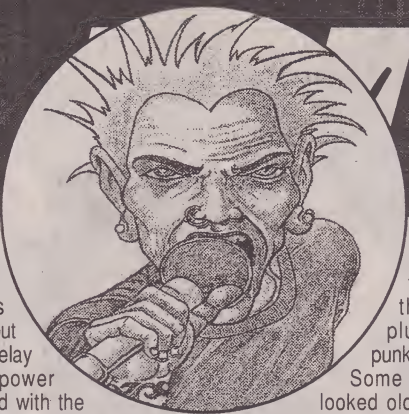


The Fixtures *



AFU

LIVE VIEWS



FLUF, NIP DRIVERS, SECRET HATE, EX-DIRECTORS

at Whisky 1/7/99 by ShitEd

I didn't know what to expect from the Ex-Directors, as this was their first gig. They did good, only a couple of minor fuckups which didn't subtract from their performance; and which actually provided a source of amusement and an excuse for a little affectionate heckling. Singing is Blaze James of the old TVTV\$, but this new band of his doesn't sound anything like the Teevees. Instead it sounds closer to the band the guitar player was just in (which broke up), The Humpers. Of course Blaze doesn't sing anything like Scott Humper, but musically they definitely had that hard-edged punk'n'roll thing working. The last song was a classic cover tune done with Carol of Fag Rabbit and another woman doing backup vocals. Secret Hate, an old early '80s Long Beach band, was next and they were rad! I had never seen them live, only heard them on cassettes and the old "Hell Comes to Your House" comp. I'm glad they reformed, and baby, they were lots of fun! They did that good old fucked-up punk rock that is more intent on fucking shit up than being attractive. I can think of a lot of bands that could learn a lot about punk rock from Secret Hate. They are one of the few "punk" outfits in LA that are really out-of-control punk-fuckin'-rock! The Nip Drivers that followed are another great fuck-shit-up outfit. So Secret Hate only did three songs and the fuckin' power blew out! Hurray, Secret Hate is so rad they destroy the power grid on the Sunset Strip! It was dark in the club so we all went outside and, sure enough, the lights were out all down the street, too. It took 10 or 15 minutes for it to come back on; and when it did, Secret Hate finished their set. They did some so-so reggae along with the marvelously trashed punk rock, and the reggae was trashed also. If they were trying to do reggae correctly then Secret Hate is spaz, but if they were playing that way deliberately then it was brilliant: off-kilter whiteboy reggae, ha ha! Nip Drivers did their psychotic hardcore punk and were lots of fun too. Mike hunched his shoulders as he sang and looked like some sort of mad dwarf having vocal hissyfits. They were really rad, too, the way Secret Hate was rad: deliberately offensive music that was fucked up in a wonderful way. None of this play pretty and build a fan base and sell a million records shit for either of them. It took me most of their first song for my mind to adjust to Fluf, because the approach was totally different from the previous bands. Once I did, I could hear that Fluf was playing some great power pop. Great songs, there was only one song, a slow one, that I didn't enjoy. They played with enough power and force that they didn't

sound out of place on a bill with punk rockers. Pezz was also on the bill, but because of the delay caused by the power outage combined with the fact that I had a dinner date, I left before they played. If it's any consolation, Blaze said they're great.

WESTERN WAYS, ILL WILL, DAMNATION, D.O.A. at the Whisky 1/25/99 by Jason Cole

A cold winter evening in Hollywood has always been my favorite for a good night of liquor and punk rock and this night at the Whisky was no exception. First up was Western Ways, a young bunch of (straight edge?) kids who had their shit down pretty tight. A good mix of old Minor Threat and new style hardcore ala Strife. Nothing original or ground breaking here but the crowd certainly liked 'em. They kind of reminded me of the bands that I was in when I was a kid in '84. More power to them. Next was Ill

Will. From what I heard from a friend of mine, this is a band of plumbers by day, punk rockers by night. Some of the members looked older than God but they played a damn good set, which proves the old adage that it ain't what you look like, but what's inside, to be true. They played a wicked Rudimentary Peni cover as well, which earns them fifty punk rock points in my book. During their set, I was drinking at the bar with Joey Shithead and he mentioned to me that since they are plumbers, they should change their name to "The Plumbers." Whaddaya' think guys? Good shit though. Drinking straight shots of Makers Mark with Mr. Joey Shithead prepared me for the spectacle that is Damnation. I may be a bit behind the times as this was my first time seeing them live, but from hearing a few of their singles I was more ready to see what these guys could pull off on the stage of the Whisky. Damnation had a

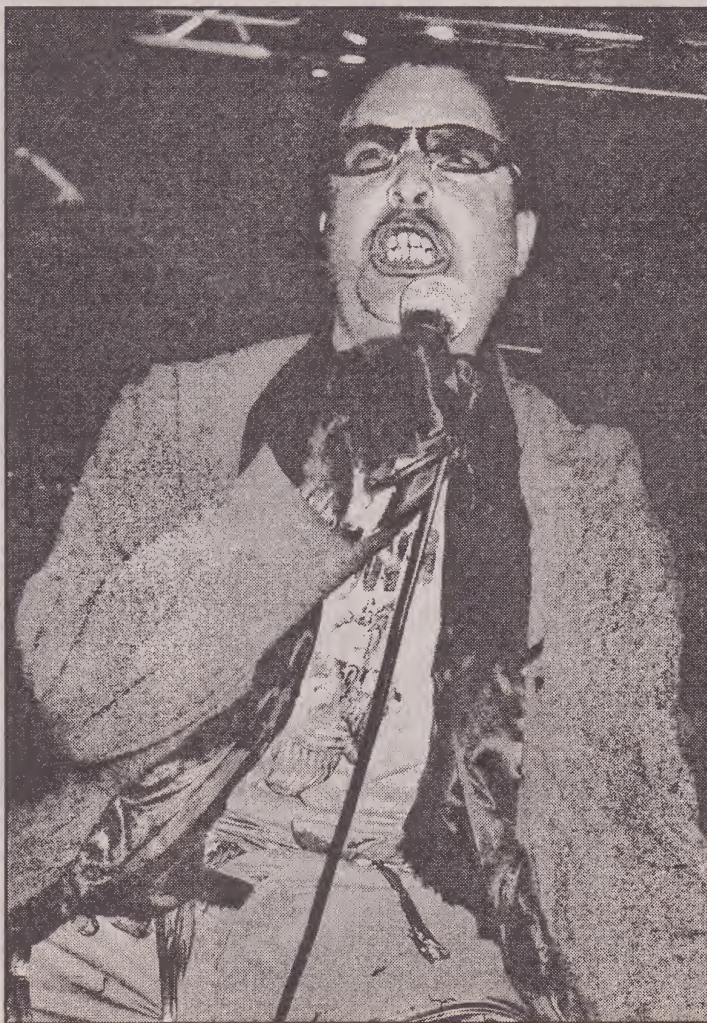
tough crowd to work. Lots of testosterone-fueled jock knuckleheads and die-hard D.O.A. fans who wanted them on the stage now, not later. Shaun and company put most of the nay sayers down in the dust pretty quick as they ran the gambit of their material. When they played "666 13," it was even better live than on the record and the song "By Myself" puts Damnation in the punk rock hall of fame. If I were to try to describe Damnation, I would say that they are what Samhain should have been after Danzig left the Misfits. The short set of spit and puke they played was just what I needed before the kings of punk, D.O.A., came on. Now a lot of kids these days don't even know who D.O.A. are and all I can say is shame on them. D.O.A. has been everywhere and played with everyone and their mothers since their inception in 1978. They have something like 36 releases to their name if you count all the singles, LPs and compilations they've been on, so if you are reading this magazine and haven't heard them you better close it up, get up off your ass, and go buy yourself one of their records. But the real issue at hand is how does D.O.A. fare after being around 21 years? Damn well, thank you very much. The power that Joey Shithead evokes in a live D.O.A. show is something that has to be seen to believe. Favorites like "Slum Lord" and "The Enemy" were played along with some of the newer material off their latest release "Festival of Atheists." Even the girl minding the merchandise counter (Joey's wife?) got up on stage for a song. People switched instruments, a guy came out with a chain saw, Joey pulled out a huge goalie stick and proceeded to teach one of the audience members how to check someone - more like knock someone's head off! I am so happy to see a band from way back still playing and still kicking ass and having fun. Makes an old fuck like me proud. Can't wait 'till next time. Cheers.

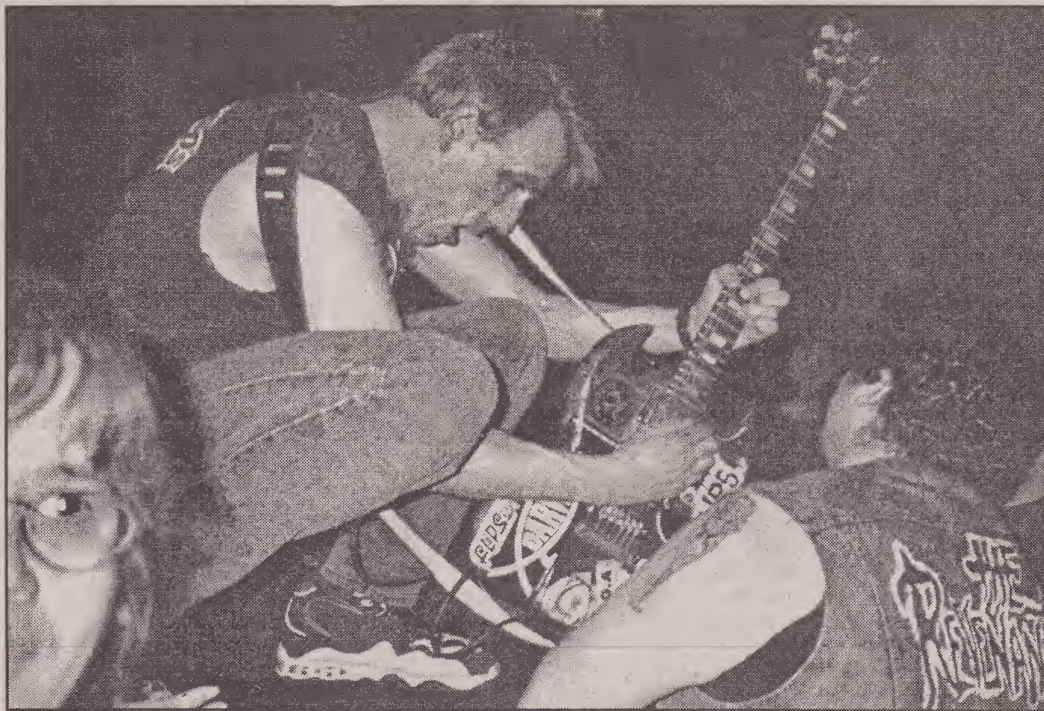
CYNICAL, RIOTGUN

at the Tropics in Fullerton 2/6/99

by Gary Hornberger

Rock'n'roll in the swamps tonight, baby! Walking into this bar puts you into another state and I mean Continental U.S., from the musty smell to the wood panel, this place stunk of the first sixty seconds of the pirates of the Caribbean. So there we are in the door, and across the room is this huge, Harley-riding, beer-drinking, tattoo-encrusted guy singing something like Linda Ronstadt at the karaoke machine. What will the night bring? Anyway, after setting up, playing some pool, and allowing some more local patrons a chance to sing, Cynical got up to stop the madness. This threesome with their I don't care why you came, just buy a beer, sit down, and shut the hell





up attitude, ripped through their set, causing the locals to, well I don't know what the locals were doing. Anyway in a biased opinion, this band rocks with an April Wine/Social Distortion musical tone and lyrics that could only come from the Devil walking in sunshine. With songs like "Whiskey from a Wineglass" and "Cooler" who could dispute this musical authority? Next on the bill was Riotgun, and you've just got to love a band that comes straight out and tells you "We're a band with two fat guys and two midgets." These guys really move the music in a Naked Raygun sort of

way. I stayed for about eight great songs then I left, for the next morning I had the dirty deed of work. So if you happen to chance either of these bands on flyers or listings, go see them, they don't bite, they just play hard.

ANN MAGNUSON

at Luna Park 2/12/99 by Suzy Williams
Magnuson's surreal swirl continues in The Luv Show where luv ain't the half of it. Anything can happen (and usually does), for this world is Ann's playground. The curtain comes up and a cloud of smoke reveals her as Glinda the good

witch, channeling Billie Burke on acid singing "Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are" to the West Hollywood portion of the crowd, flanked by the bad witch and a red-wigged Dorothy in drag, only to leap into a wild cover of Kansas' "Carry on My Wayward Son." Now we got your Kansas hangin', Toto! Glinda has on this rhinestone neck brace "due to psychic whiplash from being in Hollywood too long." We notice that there are red and gold Japanese lanterns up as Ann sheds her Oz crinolines and reveals her lithe and gamine self in a tattered, pale blue frock cut

waaay up - bless her. We enter a dream sequence that seems to last the remainder of the set, which was the shortest two hours I can remember. That is the multi-talented Ms. Magnuson's forte: to point out the thin line twixt the conscious and the un. We are whisked swiftly around the world in time travel, through the most unlikely genre juxtapositions, from glam rock to simple folksongs (there was one about Ouija boards that ruled) to "Hair" covers. We meet Miss Pussy Pants of the good old USA and her alternative universe version from Kiev. She gets a toy xylophone from David Bowie and invites us to accompany her to England to be his muse. She peppers the set with a plethora of referential quips: Comebacks - "To rise, Travolta-like from the ashes," Prozac - "If I can't cry or come, I don't want to live," machismo - "He was totin' a Ted Nugent crossbar," and LA - "I was mesmerized by the perfect rows of palm trees and the astonishing number of donut shops." She points out that there are 1,600 donut shops in the greater Los Angeles area. All the meanwhile she is dancing madly, jumping in the audience, miming earthquakes, palming windchimes, feeling up her backup dancers, using red streamers to mimic bleeding - everything. Ann Magnuson turns you on, tunes you in and drops you smack dab in the middle of your most bizarre fantasies. Do not miss her, ever.

GBH, 98 MUTE, BILLYCLUB at the Palace 2/26/99 by ShitEd

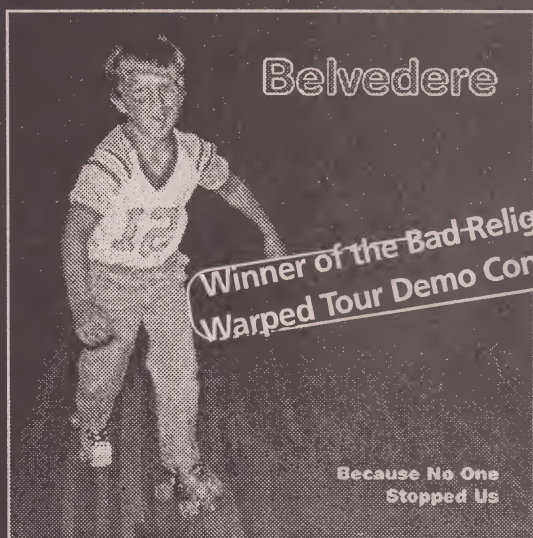
Perfect timing: they began playing just as we came in! It was my first time seeing Billyclub in a larger venue, and I want to report that they not only filled the big room with sound, they turned the thin semivacuum of normal air into a solid

↑Joey Shithead, DOA ☒Petter Wichman
←The Nip Drivers' Pat Hoed at the Whiskey ☒Shited
↑Cynical ☒Gary Hornberger
Previous page: Secret Hate at the Whiskey ☒ShitEd



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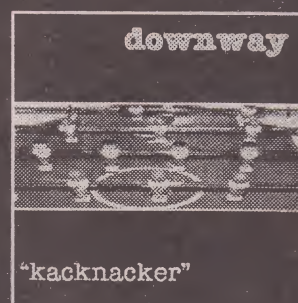
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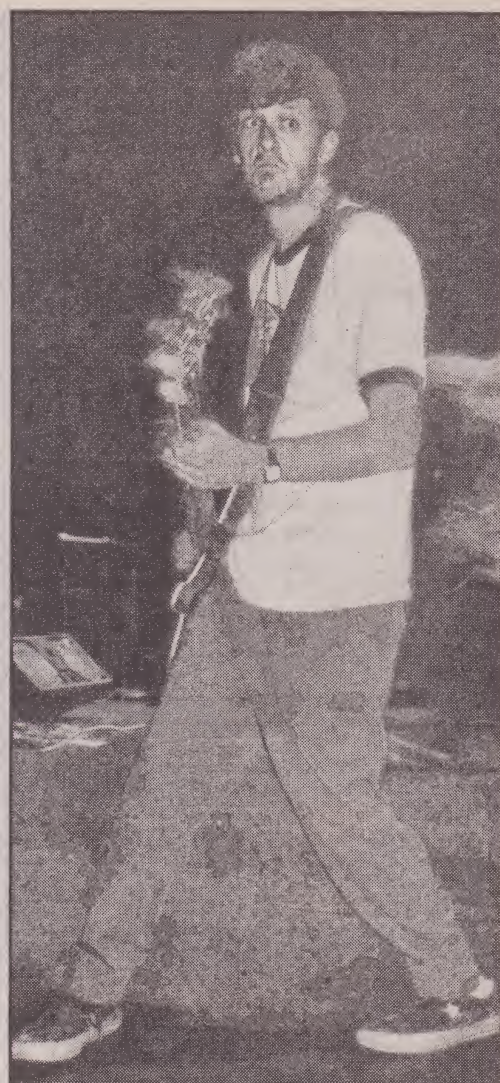
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wall of heavy vibration. This band has to be seen live to be believed, so powerful that if you look up the term "power hardcore" in an illustrated dictionary of punk, there's a picture of Billyclub! And what a picture it is: two punk rockers from the early days of British hardcore, plus two younger wankers with equally impressive lineages. I had to laugh to myself at a California audience enjoying their song making fun of surfing! More appropriately we also dug the hell out of the "3-Piece Suit" put-down of corporate types. All too soon their set was over. In between sets we went downstairs and hung out with GBH for a few minutes, where they loudly demanded of me "Where's Al (Flipside)?, Is he coming down?" To which I replied that Al was probably sitting in front of a computer at that moment. They seemed disappointed. Then 98 Mute began playing, so we went back upstairs. They were OK, but just OK because the musicians were rhythmically offtime from one another much of the set. But they seemed like cool guys and did indeed play as hard as possible for us. The highlight of their set for me was their cover of an old 7 Seconds tune. It made me smile wryly, for I am indeed staying young until I die! GBH was awesome. When they went on, the whole room became electrified, as the audience went berserk for them. They played a long set, probably an hour and a half, full of wonderful old songs. The singer, Colin, pulled a young punk chosen at random up onto stage and gave him a beer. The guy seemed stunned by his good fortune. He sang from on top of a stack of speakers, or alternatively, got right down at the barrier and handed his mike off to fans who got to sing parts of songs. At one point, they brought Billyclub's Terry Bones on to drum while they did a song Terry wrote long ago. They also covered a Clash song. Through all of this, the crowd was just off their heads, pogoing and crowd surfing, but no strut, not enough room to form a circle in the packed room. I saw several girls get their bodies groped sexually while crowd surfing. I hope that's what they desired! GBH were awesome, just awesome. After the show a bunch of us, half of GBH, all of Billyclub, a guy from Total Chaos and a crowd of us fans went down to the goddamn Rainbow Room for drinks. Matt of Billyclub got most of us in for free, clever Matthew! It was my first time in the Rainbow Room. I had always avoided the place over the years because it had been a metal hang-out full of pretentious prettyboy hair farmers. Still is. We had a great, obnoxious time, especially Terry Bones, then got ourselves thrown out right at closing time. The Total Chaos guy poured a beer over a girl's head, which prompted Jock of GBH to jump him in her defense. It wasn't quite a fight, but the Rainbow was rather unhappy with us for it and 86ed us anyway. Fuck 'em! Good man, Jock!

ALL SYSTEMS GO, BOUNCING SOULS, LAGWAGON at the Palace, 2/27/99 by Todd Solely by the fact that Designated Dale wouldn't shut his fucking yap about All Systems Go!, and the fact that there's some of the vital link-



↑ (→) Good Riddance, All Systems Go
↑ Grand Royal Prix @s-Todd





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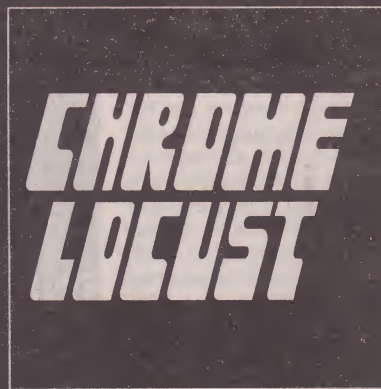
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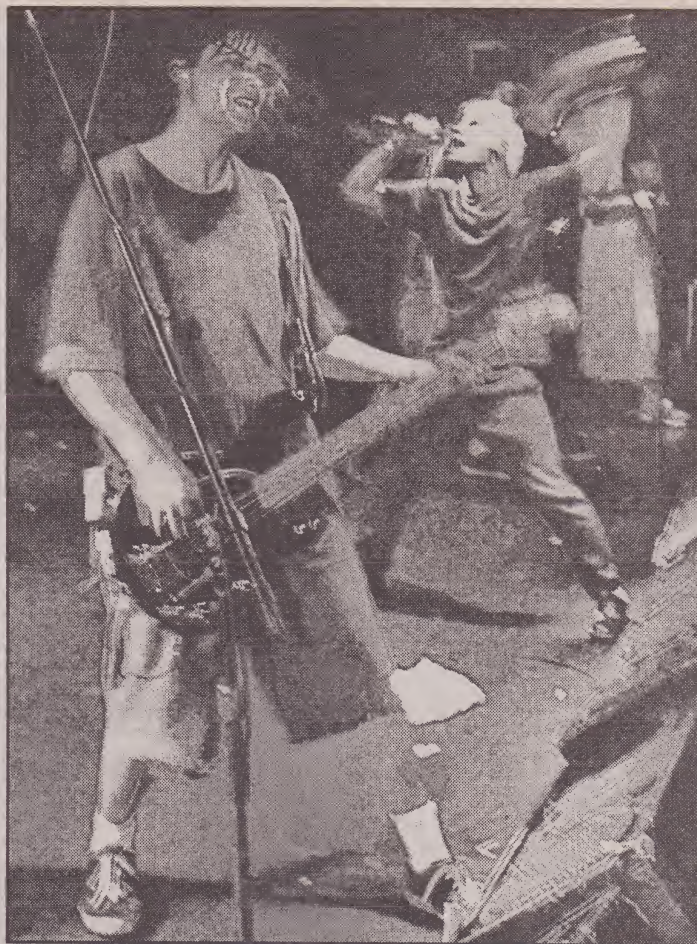
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ages to the mighty, shamefully over-looked Big Drill Car in their music train, I had high expectations of the band. They looked "haggard," (wink, wink) like they had been studying complicated mathematical charts on the band's thrust to super-something-dom before the set, but as soon as the chords found their slots and the microphones blared, they were tighter than a giant's fist in a newborn squirrel's ass. Hooks so clean and honed that not only were they knifing, but scalpel-precise, dissecting, creating, killing about ten mediocre bands every minute (hey, I can dream a little dream, can't I?). Not a show of shock and splatter, but control and sonic candy, the hard and crunchy type; it's damn fine stuff. Imagine real hard that, say, Venus had a radio station, and the early Replacements were the DJs and that intergalactic space travelers needed some tunes to boost them up, not lull them, and not encourage them to kick out the control panels with full-aggro bursts. All Systems Go would fit the bill. I have no idea if they'd do well on the radio, but I do know that the radio would do well by playing them. Hell, I'd even think of getting an antennae and finding the knobs to the dusty thing. The Bouncing Souls - this review is easy. Fun as hell. If the world was a right place, high schools and educational facilities across the land would encourage four people to be in bands that were this positive, this high-spirited, this nice, and this rocking - good feelings would rule the planet. The formula's real simple, but its power is in its enthusiasm and purity. I'll tell you this: If the Bouncing Souls happened to have been the pep squad for my high school instead of the "Flashdance"-freaked, stiff-haired, perfume-for-blocks bounce addicts, I might of actually given a shit about the whole high school affair. True, they aren't inventing the wheel, but they're pulling oi/punk/funk/spazz brodies in the parking lot with such power and control that I bet they could spell their names with tire rubber. Thumbs up. Lagwagon always pulls this fucking Jedi mind trick on me for this sole reason: I can't remember what they sound like. It's fucking weird. I enjoyed their set, admired the singer Jackson's watch, realized that one guy is about 6'5" and makes any picture you take of the band have a fisheye distortion effect, found out the drummer's house had burned down a couple nights before, and wondered the entire time "How can I explain what they sound like?" I strained, similar to a hard-to-poop concentration. Nothing. Then I looked out into the audience and for the first three rows were all young girls, sweaty, mauled against the barricade from the body compression of the pit. I thought some more. Not a god-damn thing. This bothered me. I can write a four page essay on my morning poop (i.e. helicopter landing in rice paddy followed by four high velocity paratrooper rappels, minimal ass splash, lower intestine honk, medium wiping), but I couldn't figure out Lagwagon's sound. Total blank. I called Donofthedeath and asked if he could



↑ ↓ Lagwagon @s-Todd



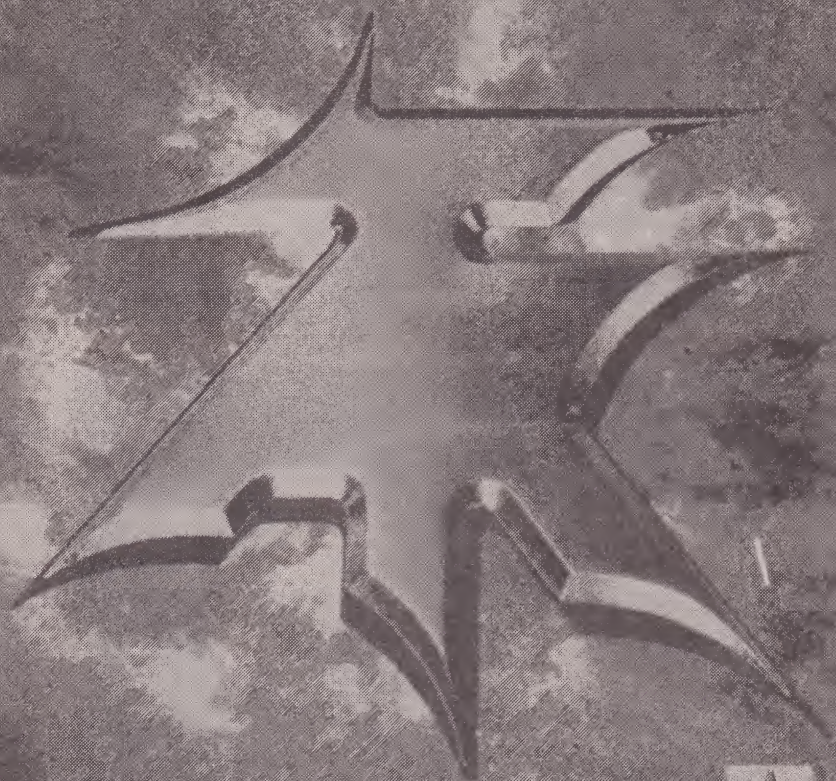
bring in the latest Lagwagon CD. He complied. Sounds kinda like Abba vs. Bad Religion in a fishhook-to-the-eyeball battle for someone's psyche. I can't do any better than that. Fucking sue me.

GOOD RIDDANCE and **ALL** at the Palace, 3/2/99 by Todd

Good Riddance's sound always reminds me of cargo airplanes taking off, laying on the hood of my car, and watching the bellies of multi-tonned flying bricks power into the stratosphere by what seems a trick of physics and eight thrusters of pure determination. Hardcore? check. Melodies? Check. Integrity? Check. All green lights and ready for lift off. In flight, Good Riddance transmogrifies into a nimble dog fight-capable machine with a belly full of audio napalm (but in a good way, they're not really killing anyone). What propels Good Riddance a little higher, for me, than your average yellathon or double X AA meeting is the embedding of melody in the thundering jet-like roar without compromising the speed, hummability, or fist-shaking. It's rebellion that'll stick a melody in your head like a pinned worm in your brain - I even found myself humming the line "burn the slaughterhouses to the ground" while grating cheese for chili dogs a couple nights later. My only criticism of them is that Chuck needs to learn how to spit. I've seen them twice recently and a couple of his loogie hucks didn't get past his chin, dangled in a wet pendulum for a couple of songs, then dripped onto the bass. Any good hardcore band that wants to be taken seriously must a.) Jump a lot. b.) Spit *with authority*. c.) Grimace, at least most of time. d.) Pop a vein. It's in the book. As a sidebar, I think they're progressing what Gorilla Biscuits set down - not an aping, mind you, but using GB's strand to thread into a new fabric. All, the band, are a machine, pure and simple. Hard pop with chunky power and unquestionable ethics. No sign of wussing or turning into wankosauruses. Completely fulfilling their own destiny, I'm plain, shit-grinned happy that they're still playing in an accelerated caffeine craze. I believe I just stood stock still through the entire set, shifting my gaze from one band member to the next, almost transfixed, not like a stalker but an awed gawker. I kept on going back to the drummer this time. Bill should hold convention-sized training seminars for punk drummers. When they first started playing, I noticed wood shavings all around the drum set (the entire operation was MacGyver ingenious; set up on a plank of plywood, covered with astroturf, with handles for easy moving around, and slots for all the drum parts to lock into so they wouldn't shift around) - after about two songs, it became apparent that all of the wood shavings that littered the floor were battered, toothpick-sized drumstick shards. Bill played like he was suppressing a bucking bull with the tips of his sticks or forcing a dangerous monster into a shallow pool of water to drown it. Where too many punk drummers, at best, provide scoliosis or the sound of a sheet flapping, Bill brings the bad weather: cracking,



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rolling, spanking. Shit, he even had wrapped blue tape that tennis players fancy for better gripping to induce effective pounding. (And for my own reasons, I always like it when a drummer hits everything in his drum kit more than occasionally.) He pummeled, providing the five-lane hiway thick spine for the rest of the band, which bore down through their extensive catalog with veteran speedway championship style. A machine, I tell you. All should start making engines, they'd revolutionize another industry. Kickass long-timers.

ROTTERS, ROYAL GRAND PRIX, NOMEANSNO 3/4/99

at Spaceland by Todd

The Rotters, whose "hit" was "Sit on My Face Stevie Nicks," in 1979 (? , thereabouts) modified the tune to fit the mood, changing it to "Sit on My Face Silverlake." It's those slight twists of ingenuity that make them okey doke. Nothing too spectacular, yet entirely digestible in the damaged, mid-tempo, lead singer-as-fuckup spectacle in the same batting cage of the Germs and the Cheifs (but not hitting as many homeruns). Up next: Royal Grand Prix. Must be the higher alcohol content beer or repeated viewings of "Kids in the Hall," since these maple flag lovers and wavers north of the longest non-belligerent border in the world pretty much rocked with a sense of humor and the feel that they're on a permanent vacation (i.e. loose and happy and the drummer in pastel Bermuda shorts, but not compromising the rock action, much like Chixdiggit in that respect.). Co-ordinated two-steps, goose-necked left-to-right head scans, and safety cone style jumpsuits just made it all the more easy on the eyes. They had a song about people who wash your windshield with dirty rags while stopped at a light and had mastered about fifteen interchangeable rock poses. Up last, the hardest rocking middle-aged physics teachers (well they look like 'em) I've ever seen: Nomeansno. When the bassist got on stage, I noticed that his shirt, a little lower than mid-belly, had worn the silkscreen design completely away. When he strapped on his bass, it perfectly fit the rub-mark. (This tells me a couple of things if you think that's just an arbitrary detail. 1.) Good shirts are hard to find and the more you wear them, the better they feel. The only people who know this are those who spend the quality five years it takes to get it that way. This shows a little thrift and a little care. That the design was worn right at the point of impact of the bass means that there's some friction, which equates to action, which equates - this time - to kicking rock ass.) Detail number two: the drummer pulled out a hammer and nailed his gear in place into the stage. (This one's easier: he bashes the shit out of his kit. This I like. Kevin of the Fixtures ties a rope around himself and his drum kit for the same effect - to prevent constant equipment migration.) The guitarist looked like a jogger. (Unimportant detail.) When they were all set to go, the guy standing next to me, Thrashead, nearly knocked himself unconscious on the stage from full-torso headbanging. This continued for the entire hour and a half



♣ NoMeansNo @s -Todd



set. Mike's a good barometer; if it looks like he's getting electrocuted, chances are he's in stokesville. In case you've never seen or heard Nomeansno, it's pretty easy to understand but hard to describe. Take jazz. Strip all of its excess flesh off until you get to the bone. Take punk. Rub off all the flash and rot until you've got all the razors exposed. Twine, bend, melt, poke, and jam all of the punk razors into the jazz skeleton, take three older guys that look like they've been studying algorithms all day, and let 'er rip. I don't think they have many peers. Challenging without any whiff of pretentiousness. Yahoo.

THE MIGRAINES, SFN, and SHANK

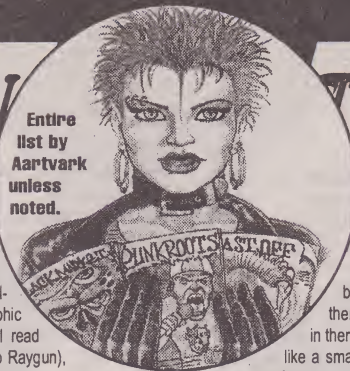
at The Fly Theater, Victorville

by Fenton J. Aberkne

Saturday night in Victorville, what was I thinking? Oh yeah, The Migraines. Being their only show in So Cal, I didn't have much choice. I have to admit, I wasn't thrilled at all with dealing with Victorville; I mean really, what the hell is in Victorville? Turns out The Fly Theater is, and everything turned out a lot better than I imagined. The guys running the Fly are a decent group of guys, intent on giving that city a viable venue for a punk rock scene, and no attitude. What more could you ask for? I arrived early, which was actually late in terms of Victorville time, and the first band, Shank, was already in progress. I'm not sure of the age of these guys, but I'll just say that puberty seemed to be a recurring theme throughout the evening. This is most certainly not a strike against them. These guys were up their doing their thing, and giving it their all, and that's what it's about, isn't it? Next up were SFN, like the previous act, there was no groundbreaking music, but the sincerity in effort really should be noted. After all, who is going to keep the scene alive? The kids are, and both Shank and SFN have the right attitude. The Migraines were up next, fortunately, as I didn't have the leisure of hanging around too late - one must figure in driving time in these situations! I'll admit with the driving I did, I had certain expectations of the band, and was not disappointed. This is punk rock the way I like it. Fast, loud, and snotty, with a good amount of tongue-in-cheek humor thrown in for good measure. Definitely the most mature band on the bill. These guys have been doing this for awhile, and it shows. It seemed to me the crowd appreciated just as much. Fun is definitely a prevalent theme throughout their set, and with Ramones flavored licks, you really can't go wrong. I also feel it my duty to note for all you pyros out there that they finish off the set with fire breathing and flame pots - ain't fire purty?! Next time they come through town, check em out. Definitely worth it. This is that point in the evening where the old guy had to bow out so I could make it home in time to rub Ben Gay into my joints and get into bed. My apologies to the last three bands, though I will say I have heard good things about Y4FA, I didn't get the chance to experience it first hand. But hey, at least I got to see the Migraines.

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#1, \$1ppd, HS-12-R
(c/o Len Smith, RR2 Box 448, Hunlock Creek, PA 18621)
A zine dealing with issues of sexuality, both in reference to preference and to physical acts. If you're interested in other peoples tales have a look. [len@epitaph.com]

ANGELHEART

#12, \$2ppdWRDL, HS-20-R
(c/o J-P Muikko, Apajakuja 1-D-14, 80140 Joensuu, Finland)
In English zine with news and reviews from Finland. Interviews with: Uutuus, and Control Mechanism. Some letters and opinion as well. Lots to read because it's in small type. [jpmuikko@cc.joensuu.fi]

BAKLA #1, 1 stamp, HS-12-R

(3001 Cabana Dr. #170, Las Vegas, NV 89122)
A zine that aspires to people reading it while "taking a dump" and getting you to listen to the Ramones. Talk of hardons and music mostly.

BEER CAN #1, \$2, HS-48-T

(PO Box 14371, Portland, OR 97293)
Damn fine read. I'm generally bored with beer worship, but this zine writes about beer in such a way that it's entertaining and respectable. There's histories of the beer can, and Schmidt's - short, concise, and interesting. On the musical side there's interviews with the Loudmouths, Moral Crux, Hippieist, Silver Kings, Secret Lovers, The Mullens, The Sattlerlites, and more. And lastly, there's the reviews, and top tens of the past year from the writer and various people. Great read, looking forward to the second installment. -M.Avr

BITE ME! #15, \$2.00 S-40-R

(6038 Hayes Ave. #1A, LA, CA 90042)
This 'zine improves with every issue. The articles, scope of reviews, and writing keeps getting better. This industry issue focuses on interviews with assorted indie labels; what they look for, their roster, and tips for sending demos. Lots of concert, 'zine, demo, and disc reviews (don't these girls have a life?) keep it all interesting and fun. -Pooch

BLACK & WHITE #8, *, S-16-T

(504 Grand St. #F52, New York, NY 10002-4101)
Ska news, information, products and more. In this issue: Toland Alphonso (RIP), Derrick Morgan, Dean Fraser, and some news.

BLACK HELICOPTER

GENERATION, THE #2, \$3ppd, S-40-R
(79-1 Frederick Ave., Bayshore, NY 11706)
A new issue if here of this cut-up conspiracy type zine. Thoughts on the New World Order and it minions. Bill Clinton, the Face On Mars, environmental conspiracies, Mk-Ultra, and more. There are lots of questions asked and some possible answers given. I'm sure they'd love to correspond with you about any of this and much more.

BLAST #2v3, \$1ppd, S-16-T

(P.O. Box 531, Jacksonville, FL 32201)
Letters and local scene news and reviews. A history of skinheads of sorts, local pictures and that sort of thing. Growing. [properdick@hotmail.com]

BLUE FIRE HEREAFTER

#1, \$.59 (includes CD), HS-160-F
(PO Box 3394, Chicago, IL 60690-3394)
Quite possibly the most impressive one-man effort

debut I've seen in the past five years. Graphically kickass and inspiring, it's a launch into another well-developed world devoid of graphic cliché (and you can still read the fucker as opposed to Raygun), professionally compiled and eclectic (not to the point of esoteric masturbational stupidity but to the point of Renaissance), covering a span of topics from the mathematical beauty of pi, a collection of obituaries for the Minutemen's D. Boon, elucidating and strident looks into the word "nigger," and interviews with satan, people who clean crime scenes, the organ player for the Cubs, and a friend who was a social worker. Insert a the-ater of rabid applause. A couple of lighter flicks. A word on "professionalism" - "punks," I use the word disparagingly here, may think that since this is too slick looking to fit into a tight definition of zine (think Mother Superior's uterus and a row of bowling balls), that if it doesn't look like the magazine equivalent of a toaster thrown out of a moving pickup and chained to the bumper then battered by a xerox machine, that its author, Jon Resh, ain't down to the sounds and frowns of the underground. I just think he did his homework better than most and the perfect binding looks fucking-a great. Kudos, and I hope this gets you laid (as per the plea on the one sheet). The CD, on the other hand, made me keep checking the speakers if they were blown. Nope. Worth the price. [jonresh@yahoo.com] -Todd

BORED AND VIOLENT

#2, \$1.00 and stamps, HS-36-T
(2727 Van Hise Ave., Madison, WI 53705)
By far the coolest punk comic I've seen in a while. Mostly made up of short strips, there's also a reoccurring strip of a character called Monk, an interview with Sloppy Seconds, reviews, and clip art. I think the columns page is great! Art wise, this looks like a cross between Simon Gane and James Kolchaka, a little cruder at times though. Hopefully they'll get a new one out soon. -M.Avr

BRAT #8, \$2ppd, S-54-MT

(P.O. Box 4964, Louisville, KY 40204-0964)
Guess this is somewhat of an attempt to provide an alternative to bad high school newspapers for young-adults. Letters, opinion and the such. School democracy, thoughts about welfare, public art, the deficiencies of Promise Keepers, violence in schools and among youth, and more. It's pretty informative and there's lots to read. Probably more satisfying than an issue of Teen-Beat. [letters@brat.org]

CAMP VOMIT #1, \$1ppd/trade, M-34-R

(c/o Fil, 325 Palm St., Canton, IL 61520)
A psychotic excursion to the world of summer camp. The illustrations are appropriately disturbing and tweaked in this twisted little comic. After reading this if you happen to visit Pilgrim Park Camp you just might understand the gravity of it all.

CHATTER #1, \$1.50ppd, HS-44-R

(79-1 Frederick Ave., Bay Shore, NY 11706)
Girl talk on all sorts of subjects. A large portion is

CLASS WAR

#75 & 76, \$3 per issue, T-14-TM+
(PO Box 467, London, E8 3QX, England)
If you're gonna buy only one political publication ever, then let this be the one. Class War combine politics with a good dose of legitimate anger and much needed humor. While most political publications are bogged down in discussion of theories and looking to a future that can never come about when mired in ideological masturbation, these guys shoot straight. The name of this publication and organization say it all. No guessing what they're on about! They attack the rich, bosses, cops, and the royal family. No authority is left unscathed! Nor should they be. The cover for issue 76 is suitable for framing. Highly recommended. -M.Avr

COMPHELLATION

#?, \$3 US/\$5WRLD, ?-?-?
(c/o Mark Murrman, P.O. Box 1223, Bloomington, IN., 47401)
This is a blow by blow documentation of all the Killed By Death and the like type albums (mostly bootlegs), that have surfaced in recent years chronicizing really obscure punk rock records and songs from all over the world. These albums are to late '70's and early 80's punk, what the "Nuggets" and "Pebbles" comps, were to the mid '60's. This guide is divided into two sections. One section which has listings by album, and the second section which has listings by band. Both section in alphabetical order for your convenience. The whole thing was pretty well researched and thought out. Almost everything from the well known comps (Killed By Death, Back to Front, The various Bloodstains comps., etc.), to the more obscure one of comps (like Feel Lucky Punk, Stakkalmsjaviar, Year Of The Rats, etc.), are all included. This is a must for the diehard punk rock audiophile or anyone who just curious what all the hoopla is all about. As it says in the guide, "This will hopefully prove to be a useful tool in helping you track down some of the best (and worst) music you'll ever hear". And that it is. -Thrashead

CORE KILL ZINE

#0-4, \$1&1stamp, HS-40-R
(c/o Tom Watson, 3240 N Marshall Rd. #1, Kettering, OH 45429)
This issue is a volume one compilation of the first five issues. Guess it might be a "best of" issue. If you miss some of the early ones, here's your chance to catch up with ease. Self described as, "...it's a 'personalish' zine in the spirit of DIY featuring comic, fiction, interviews, reviews & other interesting zine stuff!"

about Barbae. There's also interviews with Lisa Carver, and Peggie Pussie. Quite a bit to read and I bet that there's something interesting in there. It's not all pink and frilly like a small girls room, it's a much more forward approach to "girl-talk".

DISMAL #11, \$1.00, HS-20-T

(Marc, 5275 Whisper Dr., Coral Springs, FL 33067)
Thoughts on Thanksgiving, theory opposed to ideology, an article on the Laboratono Anarchico squat, and more. -M.Avr

DWELLING PORTABLY

Feb'99, \$1ppd, HS-24-T
(P.O. Box 190, Philomath, OR 97370)
Tips, ideas and instructions for those into camping in nature or in metropolitan areas. Handy ideas learned from experience that will make things easier, more comfortable or at least bearable. Very handy. In this issue: networking contacts, black bear repulsion, skin care, and more. zine reviews. They've also got an extensive back catalog.

EROTICA vol.3, \$5.95US, S-82-F+

(P.O. Box 884570, San Francisco, CA 94188-4570)
A special photography focus issue of a magazine that deals with things erotic in art, bondage, etc. You can read about photographers and techniques as well as glance at the photos. Charles Gatewood, Richard Kern, Eric Kroll, Masaaki Toyoura, Justice Howard, Lyn Gaza, and more. Obviously 18+. [editor@uxtazapoz.com]

ESTRUS RECORDS QUARTERLY

#34, \$1, HS-16-T
(PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)
Whoa! The coolest catalog I've ever seen. The design and artwork is similar to Famous Monsters magazine (look for it at your local newsstand!), and the writing is amusing. Along with the hows and whys of ordering the latest and past releases, there's columns, news, and views with Thunder Crack, Electric Frankenstein, and Satan's Pilgrims. -M.Avr

EVERLONG #1, \$2ppd, HS-60-T

(18 Grays Road, Hanham, Bristol BS15 3JS, England)
Lots to read. Interviews with: Mudhoney, Dustball, and Headcase. Live, book, film, and record reviews. Some news from the Bristol football scene and a few more thoughts.

FREAK TENSION #2, 2 stamps, S-16-T

(2124 Orchard Pl., Eau Claire, WI 54703)
"Fiction & music". Local live reviews with photos. Quite a bit of storytelling and even a couple of poems. You might want to consider contributing.

GABBA ZINE #1, \$1.50ppd, S-16-T

(c/o Fred Gagnau, C.P. La Caundiere, C.P. 53037, Quebec, BC, Canada 61J 5K3)
French Canadian zine. A history of the Buzzcocks, quite a few music reviews and some news. Just getting started, so if you speak French and want to write for a Canadian zine, go for it. [frederic.gagnon@sympatico.ca]

GLASS EYE #10v5, \$20/yr, S-46-T

(P.O. Box 2507, Toledo, OH 43606-0507)
Music views and news. Inside you'll find audio, video and other reviews as well as: Rocket 88, 2 Live Crew, Rebecca Lords, and more. [kbergman@toltbbs.com]

GO READ A BOOK! #6, \$3, S-72-TM+

(Tad Giraffe, 550 Van Dyne Rd. #6, Fond Du Lac, WI 54937) More of a personal zine than anything else. There's clippings, opinions (the editor doesn't seem too fond of music zines), pieces on the MK Ultra program, Operation Paper Clip (taken from

the web), and capital punishment, then there's some reprints of letters between Tad and some girl from high school, a dumped psychological profile, reviews and more. -M.Avrq

GOIBA #1, \$1.50, HS-20-MR

(Gnarly Productions, PO Box 23211, Toledo, OH 43623)

Decent punk comic featuring stories of random violence, a free roaming brain manipulating people, sex, destruction, and more. The art's not half bad, but the writing is kind of forced, and maybe tries too hard at times to be funny. But this is the first issue, so I'm sure in future installments all the bugs will be worked out, and this could be something to look for. -M.Avrq

GRINDSTONE MAGAZINE

#9, \$3.50US, S-44-FT

(11288 Ventura Blvd #450, Studio City, CA 91604-3149)

Extremely well put together rock'n'roll magazine with an emphasis on the golden days circa: the 50's. Aside from the music reviews, news and information, in this issue you'll find: Buck Owens, Hadda Brooks, Carl Sonny Leyland, Sammy Masters, Los Infernos, Calavera, Lester Peabody, and more. Extremely well put together. [http://members.aol.com/grind55]

GUILLOTINE #17, \$3US, S-112-MT

(314 79th Street #8E, Brooklyn, NY 11209)

Looks like a pretty thick New York punk and hardcore zine with lots between the covers. Inside you'll find: Against The Grain, Dropkick Murphys, Blanks 77, Misfits, Stiff Little Fingers, Rachel Indecision, Shutdown, Fahrenheit 451, Vision, and more. Also there are lots of reviews of all sorts. [guill.nychc@aol.com]

GUMSHOE #3, \$2ppd, S-26-T

(5500 Prytania St. #133, New Orleans, LA 70115) Music and prose. There's a pretty long and articulated tale of moving from the swamps of Florida to the cultural swamps of New Orleans. Interviews with: Ben Grim, and Discount.Zine, live, and audio reviews.. Not a bad read. [chrisgumshoe@hotmail.com]

HAGGARD AND HALLOO

#15, ?, HS-20-MT

(348 E. 3rd St., Long Beach, CA 90802)

A zine of poetry, prose, short-story and artwork. One of those types of things that's a labor of love because it isn't making any cash. Contribute and get a copy if you're in on that scene. [t_bobcat@hotmail.com]

HAWANJA #1, \$4ppd, S-18-R1

(3314 Silver Spur Ct., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360) "The long haired homicidal stoner ninja". A pretty apt self description of this well drawn comic that's chalk full of violence and amusement. Conix junkies might be interested in this.

HIT LIST #1, \$3.95, S-127-F

(PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707;)

Talk about a huge cannon (canon) with a short fuse composed of heads and hearts full of mayhem rock'n'rolla C-4; more times than not, the claymore of middle fingers, loud spew, and bile-coated "let me tell you how you're fucking wrong" nass of it all has the right side pointed toward the enemy; you know, your basic apathy and human PC sheep. I, for one, think it's a great, informative read. Although 127 pages long, it feels heavier. Ah, yes, the balls inside. Roll call: mostly the carnage of the past of MRR, (just picture a Civil War re-enactment in your mind with a guy's leg broken and a bone sticking out, howling in pain) head pissed-off guy, Jeff Bale (don't know if he's still officially "Rockin'JB," also the guy who helped form MRR's music review section, if I'm not mistaken), and co-pissed off head guy Brett Matthews (Coldfront Records), Ben Weasel

(Screaching Weasel), poster and art ripper-offer extraordinaire Frank Kozik (also Mans Ruin Records), Russell Quan (start naming garage bands), Al Quint (Suburban Voice), Rev Norb (nutjob, Boris the Sprinkler), Jack Rabid (The Big Takeover), Mike Stax (Ugly Things), Tesco Vee (Meatmen), Joey Vindictive, and a rotatin' list of almost of anyone who's held a bat to the back of a PC's head or fistfucked sheep while giving it a mohawk and writing a dissertation on the ewe's back. Things I liked: It's smart, informed, it's not scared of length or big words, and here's a rare quality - people who know what the fuck they're talking about. This includes an academic dissection of black metal, part one of a long look into the Fastbacks, and although I'm not convinced that the Toilet Boys are what I'd call "dangerous," (beyond fire hazards) the articles were beyond engaging. It also takes more than a little class and pure regard to print the obituary of the Queens' Hugh O'Neill and leave the opposing page blank. That's respectful. Things I'm not too sure of: Secretly, I don't think all of the columnists are assholes or are suited to keep on shouting the loud, funny words. Some of the bluster seems a little forced (although I'm sure that some of 'em are truly motherfuckers), that once people get comfortable in where this is going, they can get down to business. On the retard front, it's good to see that Flipside wasn't the only magazine that came out with the wrong year on the cover (look closely where they Sharpe'd). Doh. Can't wait for the next. [bigunit@pacbell.net] -Todd

HOPELESS RECORDS

ZINE/CATALOG #3, *, S-42-FT

(P.O. Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

Catalog & zine from Hopeless Records. Inside: 88 Fingers Louie, Digger, Dillinger Four, Heckle, Funeral Oration, The Queens, Nobodys, Bill Smith (Custom Records), Scared Of Chaka, and more. [http://www.hopelessrecords.com]

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER

VACATION #1, \$1ppd, M-86-R

(P.O. Box 954, Bloomington, IN 47402)

A record of how Ali spent Summer 1998 on a whirlwind tour around the US. Looks like a lot of effort went into putting this together and it'll fit in your pocket for easy access when you're bored and need something to read.

IN EFFECT #12, ?, S-128-MT

(P.O. Box 710060 Laguardia Airport Stn., Flushing, NY 11371-0060)

A "New York hardcore magazine". Pretty thick and full of the written word and pictures. Inside you'll find: Underdog, Skarhead, Vision, Kill You Idols, Grey Area, Compression, Advertencia, Awkward Thought in Europe, and more. there are loads of reviews and local live photos. Pretty good if you really like h/c.

[ineffecthc@aol.com] [http://ineffect.hypermart.net]

INK NINETEEN March'99, \$2ppd, T-38-FT

(P.O. Box 1947, Melbourne, FL 32902-1947)

Columns, news bites, show dates. Publication and music reviews. Covering all the music that hits their town.. GBH, Gitane Demone, Q Burns, Steve Vai, Janus Stark, Azusa Plane, Lunatic Park, and more. [info@ink19.com]

JUXTAPOZ #2v6, \$4.95US, S-88-F+

(1303 Underwood Ave, San Francisco, CA 94124-3308)

One of the best art-mags to pick up if you want to see what's going on in the present in independent art. This is a photography dedicated issue and you'll be able to sample some work and views that usually don't make it into the exclusive photography magazines out on the stand. Inside: Dean Karr, John Eder, Michael Farr, Hiro Yamagata, Vigo Mortensen, John Waters, news of events, product reviews and much more all in a great color layout. [editor@juxtapoz.com] [http://www.juxtapoz.com]

KURT COBAIN WAS LACTOSE

INTOLERANT #1, \$1ppd, HS-16-R

(P.O. Box 170612, San Francisco, CA 94117-0612)

One of the main premises of this zine is that Courtney didn't kill Kurt, it was milk that did it! There are some words about the evils of milk. If you identify with lactose intolerance or want an alternate view on Kurt's death, this is a must have.

LIVING FREE #111, \$2ppd, S-8-R

(Box 29 Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223)

Learn more facts and procedures to help you get along better. Inside you'll find: a man living under the ground, local politics of a family, a man planning to build his own country at sea, and more. Handy for the woods or urban jungle.

LOWEST COMMON

DENOMINATOR #22, \$3.95?, S-34-MT

(c/o WFMU, P.O. Box 1568, Montclair, NJ 07042)

More education and entertainment You'll find a history of the ukelele, a story of awful TV pitches, the dangers of "smooth-jazz", and an interview with Joey Levine. There's also the program guide to WFMU and more. [http://www.wfmu.org]

LUMPEN #9v7, \$3US, S-56-FT

(P.O. Box 47050, Chicago, IL 60647)

Haven't seen this for a while, but it's back and this is their "sex" issue. News and views from Chicago with some interesting facts and tales thrown in. Inside you'll find a conversations with a stripper, a chart of dead porn stars, sex product reviews amongst others, and more.

[lumpen@lumpen.com] [http://www.lumpen.com]

MAGNET MAGAZINE

#39, \$3.50US, S-96-F+

(1218 Chestnut St. #808, Philadelphia, PA 19107)

Lot's of music and music oriented information in a large glossy format. Inside you'll find: Buck, Jeb Bishop, Momus, Beth Orton, Cobra Verde, Built To Spill, Smog, and more. Many audio reviews and news. [magnetmag@aol.com] [http://www.magnetmagazine.com]

METAL RULES! MAGAZINE

#4, \$4US, S-46-T

(c/o J. Rappaport, 2116 Sandra Rd.,

Voorhees, NJ 08043)

With the title being what it is, the editor wanted to stress that they do take punk & rock submissions for the mag. Pretty well put together with reviews and views. Inside you'll find: Punisher, Holy Mother, Michael Sweet, Death Anger, Xibala, Gaffi Sticks, and more. [metalf@cyberenet.net] [http://www.haddons.com/metalarules]

MIDGET BREAKDANCING

DIGEST #11, \$1ppd/trade, S-48-T

(P.O. Box 271, Hygiene, CO 80533-0271)

With columns, miscellaneous thoughts, prose and illustrations. You can read their take on how to start your own zine. Interviews with: Fireside, Chopart Fairey, and Tanger. Also zine and audio reviews. [midgetbd@hotmail.com]

[http://www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/hall/4934]

MONOZINE #6, \$3ppd, S-52-FT

(P.O. Box 598, Reisterstown, MD 21136)

A zine devoted to illness and injuries of the body. This issue has a great illustrated cover with glossy b/w insides. This issues has stories of illness and pain from rock'n'roll bands, e.g: Geraldine Fibbers, Six Finger Satellite, Mudhoney, Stanford Prison Experiment, Supersuckers, Unsane, a lengthy one from Ian MacKaye, and more. Read about rockers suffering for real. [monozine@yahoo.com]

MOTION SICKNESS

#7, \$2ppdUS, S-80-T

(P.O. Box 24277, St. Louis, MO 63130)

Lots of reading from St. Louis with columns and

book/zine/audio reviews. In this issue: Rainer Maria, Dave Vanian, some ranting from Jello Biafra, a chat with Aaron of Cometbus Zine, the Dread, and more. It all adds up to some pretty meaty reading.

MUSIC #30, *, HS-16-R

(437 Molino Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941)

Just a few hand written music reviews. Not much there.

MY LETTER TO THE WORLD

#16, \$2ppd, HS-48-T

(P.O. Box 40082, Berkeley, CA 94704)

Thoughts and travels. A guide to traveling in the UK, the Test Tube Babies, 24 hours in Austin, TX. Record reviews and more. Quite a bit to read. Well put together making for a good reading experience.

MYSTERY MEAT #7, \$3ppd, S-36-T

(Box 118, 2680 Quadra St.,

Victoria, BC, Canada V8T 4E4)

Columns, thoughts on the scene in Victoria and more. Interviews with: the Misfits, New Bomb Turks, and Four Letter Word. Lots of live and audio reviews.

NEUS SUBJEX #20, *, HL-4-R

(P.O. Box 18051, Fairfield, OH 45018-0051)

News from the Cincinnati punk rock scene printed much like a religious pamphlet. I imagine that these are spread around just like Tony Alamo's stuff. They need news so give them some if you can. [neussubjex@hotmail.com]

OFF CYCLE #1, *, M-20-T

(c/o Vinnie Filippini, 210 Woodcliff Ave. #5F, North Bergen, NJ 07047)

Hardcore and stuff in a mini-zine. Interviews with: Apartment 213, and Abnormal Behavior. Live and music reviews and a few things more.

PEW #1, *, HS-16-R

(P.O. Box 82, Belmar, NJ 07719)

A couple of stories and a poem type thing. A few illustrations and not much else.

POOL DUST #28, S-64-T

(PO Box 85664, Seattle, WA 98145 - 1664)

I haven't seen this one in a few years, but I can say it's improved immensely since its first issues. The photography is really good - hell, this guy has stuff in Thrasher now! I would say Pool Dust is the best skate zine out there today. They don't bother with fashion, or whatever people are trying to sell the skate scene. It's just pure skating. As it should be. Inside this issue are articles on skating in Oregon, Arizona, New York, the Warped tour, music columns, comics, and more. -M.Avrq

POPSMEAR #19 \$3.00 S-84-F+

(100 Wilshire Blvd. #1060,

Santa Monica, CA 90401)

Typical irreverence from one of the coolest 'zines goin'. Interviews with Crispin Glover, porn shop employees, Kid Rock, and more. Nardwuar takes on Nikki Sixx and Geddy Lee, and there's plenty of news, reviews, sick pix and comix. Fun-o-rama on every page. -Pooch

POTPPOURRI & ROSES

#4, \$1ppd, S-28-T

(P.O. Box 25692, Los Angeles, CA 90025)

Interviews with: Hepcat, Baby Lemonade, the Hippos, Buck, and Blindspot. Audio reviews and some bits of thought.

[potpourri_roses@yahoo.com]

PROFANE EXISTENCE

#37, \$3, S-80-MT

(PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

I have mixed feelings on this one. While it's somewhat sad to see this publication fold, at the same

time I feel it's time they did. Profane Existence was a decent source of news and political opinion geared towards people in the punk scene, along with the interviews, and reviews. And I have to give these guys credit for using humor in what many publications tend to portray as staunch and serious. But I always felt PE never progressed the zine or ideas very far, and it certainly seems that much of the fire that fueled this publication had dissipated through time. But still they put up the good fight, and I admire their persistence, which is more magnified when I stop to think of all the friends who read this religiously have "moved" on to other things of less importance. Anyway, this is the final blow, and somewhat anti-climatic. There's an explanation of why the zine is over, news, reviews, and interviews with Drop Dead, Força Macabra, Resist And Exist, Riot/Clone, and more. -M.Avr

PSYCHO-MOTO ZINE

#11, \$1, HS-32-TF+
(PO Box 20223, NY, NY 10009)

By far one of the coolest zines I've read in a year. Definitely one of the only I've read more than once. Hell, I probably read this at least twice a week since the last deadline for reviews. It's that good. Psycho-Moto Zine is a collection of urban lore, and various experiences from contributors. The writing is straight to the point, no pretentious meandering, and a good dose of humor. There's a few stories of sex with cats, shit (as in shitting on one's self - "As the noise came so did the pudding."), shooting dope, you name it, it's all here. I particularly enjoyed the story of the guy who was shitting and puking on himself while driving across the desert, and the one of the gentleman who ridiculed kids with baggy pants. The graphic art on the back cover is enjoyable as well. This zine is generally free if you can find it in stores, and only a buck for them to send you one, which is cheaper than cheap. A fine work of art. -M.Avr

PUNK CRAZED NUTTER

#1, 50¢, S-12-R
(P.O. Box 120, 1895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, Canada V5N 4A6)
Local Vancouver punk reporting on the scene and reviewing what there is about to be reviewed. If you're looking for some information of what's going on in their neck of the woods, this is a possibility.

PUT THE PAST AWAY

#1, \$1ppd, HS-12-R
(P.O. Box 5683, Evansville, IN 47716)
Quick punk politics. A reprinted interview with Tom Ackerman. A few music reviews and illustrations, and not much else.

QUICK DUMMIES #11, *

HS-32-T
(6810 Bellaire Dr., New Orleans, LA 70124)
Real tiny print, so there's actually lots to read. Inside you'll find: the Royal Pendeltons, the Persuaders, the Vapids, reviews, some photos, and more.
[roemerdog@aol.com]

RARITY #2, *

S-8-R
(c/o Marcy Medina, 1435 San Gabriel Blvd. #203, Rosemead, CA 91770)
Very sparse. Real Quick interviews with: the Need, and Mocket Rocks it. A couple of thoughts on music and a few pictures. It would be bigger if you contributed something.

RATS IN THE HALLWAY

#11, \$2US, S-64-T
(P.O. Box 7151, Boulder, CO 80306)
The Rats have moved to Colorado and so has the large volume of columns, reviews and general writing that's in this zine. There's lots of thought and opinion to read. Band wise, you'll find: Sloppy Seconds, Leatherface, 88 Fingers Louie, Floorpunch, Allen Wrench, the Gamits, and more.
[wilds@colorado.edu]

REAL OVER DOSE

#19, \$10ppd/3issues, HS-64-T
(64 Chatsworth Dr., Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk IP4 5XD, U.K.)
The editor requested I use different words so here are some. Little zine with lots of stuff for you to read. You'll find: Dropnose, Mos Eisley, Airbomb, Southpaw, Swoons, Vanilla Pod, Read Flag 77, Goober Patrol, and more. Columns, news, scene reports, and lots of reviews. There, I think that I've probably said about the same thing - You should read this, it's worth your while. [realod@aol.com]

ROCK BRIGADE #149, ?

S-68-F+
(AV Paulista, 2073-Ed.Horsa L., Salas 821/822, Sao Paulo, Brazil)
Superglossy metal-guitar-god magazine from Brazil at that! In this issue: Black Sabbath, the Offspring, Jeff Beck, Athena, Death, Royal Hunt, Rush, and more. You also get a couple of pin-up posters: one of Korn and one of KISS rockin! Lots of audio reviews and news that you'll have to read Brazilian to understand. [http://www.rockbrigade.com.br]

S.C.A.B. #1, \$2ppd, HS-32-T

(c/o Vlada Gotic, Mileteceva 49, 21000 Novi Sad, Yugoslavia)
What has till now been a web zine has spilled over onto paper. News, views and general scene happenings from Yugoslavia. It's written in English, so it should be easily read by a maximum number of people. You might want to read this as the US is bombing bit of bombing in the region and it's probably a good idea to know a bit about the area. Inside you'll also find: Stiff Little Fingers, D.O.A., Hardskin, Blind Pigs, The Martians, and more.
[scab@fan.com] [http://scab.hypermart.net]

SCANNER #3, \$2ppd, HS-52-T

(6 Chatsworth Dr., Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk, UK IP4 5Xa)
Columns. Live, film, audio and zine reviews. Interviews with: Dropkick Murphys, The Destructos, Lovejunk, U.K. Subs, TV Smith, Stomach, and more. A seriously decent read from the UK with a Y2K discussion to boot.

SKATEDORK #2, \$1, S-32-T

(221 Spring Ridge Dr., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922)
A skate zine with lots of photos and thoughts, e.g.: "Skateboarding, Architecture and the Urban Realm", a Slovenian skate report, fiction and more. Trade some info and pics. with them!
[steve@skatedork.org]

SKEPTIC MAGAZINE

#4v6, \$6ppdUS, S-112-MT
(P.O. Box 388, Altadena, CA 91001)
Published by the Skeptic Society, this magazine puts a rational spin on a lot of otherwise tough issues to swallow for some. In this issue: dinosaur digs, creationism, Uri Geller, alternative medicine, dowsing, and more. There's a big pro and con section on the JFK assassination. Very readable without the "humbog" factor that one would expect. An excellent read.
[skepticmag@aol.com]

SKRATCH #37, \$2ppd, S-64-T

(17300 17th St. #J223, Tustin, CA 92780)
Letters, live and music reviews and more. Interviews with: At The Drive-In, Rx Bandits, Subhumans, Jimmy Eat World, Weak sauce, and Orange Kandy.
[scottskratch@earthlink.net]

SLAP #4v8, \$3.75US, S-112-F+

(1303 Underwood Ave., San Francisco, CA 94124)
Slap skateboard magazine is celebrating their seventh anniversary and in this packed issue you'll find all the photos, articles and adverts that you'll want to look at for a month! Frank Black, skatin' Japan & Toronto (Canada), Josh Kalis, and more.

SLUG & LETTUCE #58, 55¢, T-12-T

(c/o Christine Boarts, P.O. Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632)
Book, music and zine reviews. Classified adds. "A zine supporting the do-it-yourself ethics of the punk community." Now with some columns. Also photos and some punk illustrations.

SOCIAL DEVIATE #8, \$1ppd, S-16-R

(c/o David Farmer, P.O. Box 22125, Louisville, KY 40252)
Rants and thoughts from KY. Zine, music, video and book reviews. Pretty quick read.
[socialdeviate@webtv.net]

SOUL EXCITEMENT #5, \$3ppd, S-22-T

(3314 Silver Spur Ct., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360)
Interview with Krave. Audio and film reviews. There are some pretty well drawn comics sprinkled through. Tips on faking paranormal evidence and more. [http://members.xoom.com/dirtykitchen]

SOUND VIEWS #52, \$2, S-48-T

(PO Box 23523, Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523)
This installment features interviews with Indecision, Eric Mingus, articles on Richard Barone, and Firewater, plus the best of '98 from the staff, columns, a chunk of reviews and more. A little something for everyone. Hard to believe they've been around this long, and still offering it for free (if you live in New York!). -M.Avr

STAIN #12, \$3US, S-48-F

(P.O. Box 2501, Philadelphia, PA 19147)
Interesting reading: a discussion of urban bicycle riding, the emerging Chinese capitalist threat, microwave oven tips, discussing the "West Memphis Three" murder case, and more. Local news, live, music and zine reviews. There's a Nick Cave live review with some pretty good pictures from the New Orleans show.
[http://www.webline.com/stain]

TEN FOOT RULE #4, \$1.33ppd, HS-20-MT

(c/o Shawn Granton, 170 Beaver St., Ansonia, CT 06401)
A comic that's well drawn and put together. Various short subjects, e.g.: Brainsuckers, dirty old men, bloodsucking, handgun fun for kids, and more. A quick, somewhat qitty read.

THRASHER #219, \$3.95US, S-128-F+

(1303 Underwood Ave., San Francisco, CA 94124)
The grand-pappy of skatemags still alive and kicking with loads of photos and stuff to read about. Inside: Andrew Reynolds ('98 skater of the year), skatin' pools, skatin' in Tampa, skatin' in the South, skatin' just about everywhere! There are also some musical notes on the Hellcopters, Four Letter Words, and the art of the turntable.

TRUST #73, \$5, L-68-T

(POP Box 110762, D-28207 Bremen, Germany)
Yet more quality from this long-running fanzine. This installment brings us interviews with Avail, Melt Banana, Vaccination Records, Swingin' Utters, Penkidel, etc., along with columns, reviews, tour dates, and more. It's all written in German, and my grasp of the language is extremely rusty these days, so do what I do and enjoy the great layouts and graphics. -M.Avr [dolf@augusta.de]
[http://planetatrust.com/media/trust]

TWO BIT CULTURE #5, ?, S-40-R

(P.O. Box 10597, Midwest City, OK 73140)
Compendium of flotsam and jetsam of culture that shows up in their part of the word. Top ten lists, illustrations, cut-ups, fiction, and more.

VERA KRANT #9, DFL40/yr., HS-32-F+

(Oosterstraat 44, 9711 NV Groningen, Holland)
The great little zine from the Netherlands. Always with a nifty color cover and some creative inside

pix. News, reviews and all the sort of thing. Looks like there's some Southpark, Gummo, and other film stuff as well as music stuff.
[http://www.vera-groningen.nl]

VIZINE #3v3, \$1.00, HS-24-M+

(4633 W Paradise Dr, Glendale, AZ 85304)
A pretty heavy paper stock zine that's distributed for free in whatever town it is that it's from. You'll find: Blondie, Sugar Ray, Pro-Pain, Imperial Teen, the Creatures, Paul Westerberg, and lots more.
[vizine@vdr.com]

WEST VIRGINIA SURF REPORT

#14, \$2, HS-48-R
(PO Box 7422, Burbank, CA 91510)
Mark Twain would be proud of this 46 page spoof circumnavigating the premise of returning to a small town, Noblox (do I have to spell it out for you?), to be a guest editor for an issue of the local paper to bolster more advertising. The protagonist goes around interviewing what are mostly tremendously trashy and people who are fucked beyond belief (like your neighbors, but never you, right?). It's almost like the words "small town" and "pornography" are interchanged, and I couldn't be happier with the results. The wit and writing are where this excels. While maintaining what seems like 14 tongues firmly planted in an about-to-burst cheek, the author, Jeff Kay, describes small town life down to its soiled underwear, romanticizing its broken fundamentals, laughing at it, with it, and against it. The writing's fucking top-notch and hilarious. A couple taster spoons: An evening of a couple having fun: "One would powder the other's buttocks with a can of Comet cleanser and then they'd squeal in delight as they took turns blasting off giant farts, which caused huge pluming Comet clouds to form in the living room." A woman explaining her lover's prowess: "I'd go home after spending a night with him and my cooter would be popping and sizzling like a plate of fajitas." The joys of too-amped up fans at sporting events: "And I was exercising my right as a paying customer by hollering at the top of my lungs that the whole team sucks a fat cock." More episodes include forays into clipping the bills off ducks with wire cutters, stealing retard mints, nicotine patch tan lines, and the entire gamut of small town depravity. Highest recommendation: sharp and howling satire. [wvsr@earthlink.net]
-Todd

WIDE OPEN MX MAGAZINE

#1v2, \$2.95US, S-66-F+
(P.O. Box 927, Bend, OR 97709)
If you like motorcycles and riding like a fucking maniac without regard of the terrain or your personal safety you'll love this! Basically the Thrasher of dirtbikes. Great pics., interviews, and articles. Can't miss it.

WILD RAG Apr-May'99, \$2ppd, S-24-T

(P.O. Box 3302, Montebello, CA 90640)
Not much to read other than some reviews at the back, but the rest of the pages are cram packed with things in the musical vein of things that you can order.

ZINE GUIDE #2, \$6, S-190-T

(PO Box 5467, Evanston, IL 60204)
Quite an undertaking! There's a painstaking amount of information here, so much so it's overwhelming at times. Zine Guide collects and lists the contents of zines of all styles from all over. They give the listings, what's inside the issues they've received, then they have an index at the back to aid you in your search for interviews or appearances from various bands or individuals in the zines listed. On top of that, they have Top 100+ of zines, divided among men, women, labels, and other zines editors. And then there's some articles, and sorta Q&A's with various zine writers. Maybe the best resource out there when it comes to zines. -M.Avr

P O O C H



Hacking retro by Scott C. Holstad

Ah,
the old days.
a 300 baud modem
was exciting and
expensive as hell.
The war dialers,
password crackers,
dumpster diving,
social engineering
Legion of Doom
Phrack, phreaking
Gibson still meant
something then -

then Berners-Lee
came along and
with him, the Web,
and now every punk
with an AOL account
thinks they're the
greatest hacker in
the fucking universe.

UNTITLED #69 by Eric Evans

Someone
shut that dog up.

No, seriously -
someone please shut
that fucking dog up

See, this is why I hate
dogs, they find this sound
that digs deeper & deeper
into your brain until it
hits a nerve that explodes
behind your eyes.

No one's ever been driven
insane by a cat's meowing
or a lion's roaring. No
one has even been exhausted
by the squealing of a pig
or braying of a mule. But
we've all felt like choking
the neighbors dog with its
own chain just to get some
sleep.

So, I'm asking again -
someone please shut
that fucking dog up
before I do it myself.

Drowning in the Sea of Light by Sabrina Fontaine Kaleta

Three times you took me,
mapping different roads on my flesh.
This is not an accident

Your fingers in my mouth like little
cocks,
my nails sink into your ass.
Penetration dissolves years into an
instant.

I can still taste you in my sleep.

You are a dream
that I might change.
Erase the hope
that led me here.

You are an artifact,
a lesson to be revealed.

Of how your ardor can erupt,
roll over me in waves,
then die down abrupt -
a false alarm.

How your declaration of love is
camouflaged
under a cough,
ignored,
then covered with the name of
another.

How not even this
revokes the power of
souvenirs imbedded in skin,
begging allegiance.

COELACANTH by Kavita Sharma

Many times I've seen you
obscured by algae, hidden
by the slant of murky waves.

You are the coelacanth
which haunts me, a living fossil
preserved in everyday routines

At first I puzzled over
how nature protects the few
and why you -
Is it because you are old and blue?
Or do your pale meanderings
make you exempt?

The more I sought you out,
the less successful my results.
I looked for you in every mire

In which we find ourselves
At swamp's edge, I sank my feet
into the sludge, made an imprint.

I cast out, declared this as my sea,
a place to return and find you.
My sad nets, those ineffectual

threads of reason, gathered
the sounds of water as I trawled.
And you, dark meters below

must have felt a faint ripple
as you camouflaged your mottled skin.
Perhaps you were relieved.

When I gave up on you
those who witnessed my search
collected those tattered nets

They cry, but cannot see
as you swim to me in waking dream
tagging plankton in your wake
love smooth and gone.

Immaculately Pure by C.D. Moody

A child of the stars
I'm glidin' pleasantry
No desperation
I'm right here
Groovin' scene
Dream awakened
Ever stress free
In this traffic jammed
world
Of malicious screams
My soul is pure
Immaculately
(Inspired by
Family Tree)

drunk at teddy's by prologue

stood up again
stumbling in distilled tightness
doing a bukowski impression
collapsing and kissing the floor
Instead of a handsome
woman
jukebox playing "I'm a loser"
story of my life
don't rub it in god
laughter drowns me
engulfing as the waves
down on coney island beach
bar patrons carrying on
In their jocular reveries
completely ignoring that
heartbroken poet
face down in a watering hole
in the heart of williamsburg,
brooklyn.

BOOKS

VIDEOS



CURSE OF INSTINCT

Directed and edited by Evan Jacobs I had no idea who 108 was. I do now. This video, shot all on a Handycam, but very clear and structured, follows the final tour of the hardcore hare krishna band 108, who had seven tours, five records, and three and a half years as a band under their belts. The filmer rode Greyhound 3,000 miles to do it. The text boxes at the beginning say something about one member overcoming malaria and another suffering chicken pox, and says it's not the definitive lineup, but it's the final one. I, for one, never would have known. The entire affair plays along the thin line between Spinal Tap and anti-Spinal Tap. Spinal Tap parts: They seem pretty disorganized (six hours late for a gig) and on the bad end of luck. The cam sheers out of their 230,000 mile'd van, which they have to lay down in when it gets towed to the shop so police won't see them (if the van overturns in a tow with people inside, it's voluntary manslaughter) and there's a lot of footage of them sitting in a Ford dealership really agonizing over if they should stay in a hotel for two nights and miss shows or if they should rent a Windstar. After soul searching and consulting brochures, they go for the rental. Anti-Spinal Tap (sorta): It's interesting to see the struggles with fame and ego versus becoming a krishna devotee, which is, I suppose, not what a lot of bands go through. One of them is "Intensely involved in self-purification as a monk" and he seems convinced of his role, stating among a litany of what sounds like good ideas, (i.e. "in Krishna consciousness, complaint is a crime."), says his monkhood excludes marriage, but the title boxes at the end say he got hitched. Hmm. Anyhow, if you're into 108, krishna hardcore, the dynamics of breakup, of an ending of one phase of life becoming the beginning of another, played as an often interesting, comprehensive interview, seek this out. I was more interested in the band members themselves. The music left me flat. -Todd (Anhedonia Films, lost the promo sheet)

DEFENSIVE BEHAVIOR IN ORGANIZATIONS: A PRELIMINARY MODEL

by Blake E. Ashforth & Raymond T. Lee From: Human Relations, 43:621-48, Jul., 1990 I came across the following paper in a mad search to make a negative work situation positive in at least a comprehensible sense in a realistic waking world setting. Realizing it is imperative to communicate thoroughly in our relationships with others in a world where, I believe it was a great poet it who said; "Even at our best, human communication is the mechanical equivalent to chiseling away a piece of a wall between prisoners and passing an illegible note through." This also eludes to why and whom we unconsciously choose as mates but may

as well be the subject of another typed piece of unwarranted stress [i.e. signaling an unconscious motivator of our personal family engineered dysfunctions as aphrodisiacs towards others of the same ilk]. This being a given, I present a handy guide to working with your own unequals. This paper is the most updated material available on this topic. Even though the original research has not been duplicated in the past two years, I move that the psychological ramifications of the thought processes discussed herein are extremely pivotal to the very essential grounds of the working capitalistic system that this country depends on every day, from Wall Street down to the mom and pop business next door. How do people function (or dysfunction) in the work place? The paper sets out to explain and define various defensive behaviors that prohibit the common day work place from working as smoothly as it could. The article sets up some commonly used defensive behaviors in every day life [i.e. city hall sending a person to the state and then the state sending the person back to city hall] this falls under the "passing the buck" category that the authors have arranged. The following is an overview of the conceptualizations of common defensive behaviors. The first of these behaviors is "over-confirming" in which the person conducts their life so strictly by the rule book that they feel they can disregard any comments by saying "It's not me, that's just the way things are." "Passing the buck" individuals use the phrase "that's not my job" to escape responsible behavior. "Playing dumb" is when people fall short of fulfilling a job by claiming ignorance to its necessities. "Depersonalizing" happens when a manager feels they do not have to listen to others suggestions because their opinions don't count. "Stretching and smoothing" pertains to dragging out a task to make it seem like the person is really busy. "Stalling" would be showing off publicly that the person is a hard worker does very little in reality. "Buffing" as recording work that has never been done. "Playing it safe" people do only work that they know will be approved of. "Justifying" is blaming others for your own shortcomings, a spin-off of projection. "Scapegoating" is placing blame externally while it belongs internally. "Misrepresenting" by manipulating information of others for one's personal benefit. "Resisting change" uses multiples of the above tactics to keep things the way they are. "Protecting turf" is a version of "resisting change" for the purpose of keeping others out of their workspace. The paper brings up enough interesting points to do a research paper on. It is worth having for use as a sort of "defensiveness dictionary." Explanations such

as those given in the paper would be advisable for school/business working environments.

When approaching a problematic employee situation at work it is firstly a necessity to diagnose the psychological defense mechanisms at work with the individual(s) involved. Sluggish office mechanics may be the fault of a simple misunderstanding with huge ramifications considering people's livelihoods are at stake. Take the defense "justification" for example, described as a form of projection to blame another for one's own shortcomings, where a boss simply may not have the time to take into consideration that a seemingly problematic employee is merely the victim of someone with higher seniority's projection of immaterial wrongdoing. Even if one does not lose their job as victim to poor in-office politics they can suffer from work alienation which has been cited as a negative psychological by-product of being on the receiving end of defensive behavior in the work place. Work alienation exhibits lack of motivation, avoidance of action and leads to "resistance to change" (discussed earlier) in much the same way a person feels compelled to stay in an abusive relationship. Theories of defensiveness are a good topic of study for the work place, being advisable for corporate America's benefit.

-Bart Skwarczynski

F*U*TV #5

This here vid is a super-duper, you guessed it, video fanzine! Above average filming and neat video effects of some of your favorite combos of the late twentieth century punctuate this giant two-hour fuck you to the world of music television. You want names? The Vapids, Pansy Division, the Groovie Ghoulies (caught on a bad night in Montreal), The Sinisters (wooping it up at in an impressive Halloween show complete with fighting and spitting), The Trash Brats (too catchy and rocking to even describe), Shortfall, Mr.T Experience, and The Inbreds (where we even get to see the drummer's mom) all offer the high quality stimulation demanded by you, the viewing public. Pretty much the best thing video-wise to come out of Canada since Meatballs! 'Nuff said. -B.M.O.C. (\$12 ppd., to Yabenti Video, PO Box 67585, Spadina West, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 3B8, Canada or <f_u_tv@hotmail.com>)

FACE TO FACE, THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS

Pretty simple review. If you like Face to Face, you'll like this. In case you've never heard of FTF; here's the real short rundown: in 1992, with the release of "Don't Turn Away," they caught thou-

sands of people pleasantly off guard, and became one of the first bands to turn bigger punk in the direction it took for the '90s - quick changes, huge riffs, lots of jumping, melodic as hell. This video's informative as it is entertaining, a real proouting that follows the chronology of the band from the beginning to 1998: live shows - all extremely clean and easy to watch - their appearance on the Jon Stewart show, four videos, special acoustic piano versions of crowd favorites, an extensive interview, all "documentary style" - meaning that head guys Trever and Chad give specific insights to what you're seeing beyond the year and the place. The following is a loose catalog of thoughts I had and things they said - On Bill, a.k.a. Dr. Strange: "The band was growing faster than his label and personal issues between specific members of the band... although I wish there weren't." The highlight for me was the footage of Milo fronting FTF for "Bikeage." Milo always looks like he was just teaching class before he hops on stage. Interesting things you may not know: All of FTF are petrified with flying. It terrorizes them. They never say the letters "A + M," only "the self-titled record." I wonder (without cynicism or sarcasm) why this is. My only caution is that if you're buying this for what the drummer has to say, he doesn't have a line, but there's a snippet of him walking through an airport. Stuff I Think I Just Figured Out: The second LP, "Big Choice," is on Victory Music a now-defunct subdivision of some megacorp, I believe, not Victory Records, home to new hawdcore metal. I thought they were one in the same. That's a lawsuit waiting to happen. And to answer Trever's open-ended question if "vis a vis" is French for Face To Face: yup. Came from folks sitting on different sides of a horse-drawn carriage. Real watchable. Fans will delight and newbies could get infotainment style home schooling. -Todd (Vagrant/Lady Luck, 2118 Wilshire Blvd. #361, Santa Monica, CA 90403: <www.facetoface1.com>)

FUGAZI: INSTRUMENT

by Jem Cohen and Fugazi (115 minutes, \$18 ppd. from Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington D.C. 20007)

Wow. Ten years in the making, if I'm not mistaking ('87-'97). In the anti-world of MTV shines this lighthouse counterpoint of what a bright, broad brand of DIY ethos can aspire to: almost two full hours of Fugazi. It's professional in the best possible sense. The super 8 and 16mm filming is engaging and intriguing - treated with respect and a steady hand (just like their live show) with never compromising what its showing (Fugazi) for a cheap effect or a dominantly arty camera angle. It covers a full range of rarely seen, kickass shows throughout the life of the band, clips from video interviews (one with a slumpy teenage Republican

on a set that looks like it came from a "Three's Company", provides tons subtle insights, and never strays far away from the core of what makes Fugazi icons: the music - how its made, what it means, its effect on the fans, its interior energy and the process they go through in creating it. See them struggle with the precepts of people feeling that the band's forcing their ideas on others. Watch a guy who's in line at a show spit out words to the effect that he's pissed that they *don't* sell merchandise. (I want my MTV gone belligerent?) Marvel to packed DC basements where the cameras get foggy from the sweat that starts to seep from the walls from the pure energy. Wonder if Guy isn't really Plasticman or isn't controlled by invisible magnets (hanging upside down from a basketball hoop). I also got a kick out of the fact that Fugazi never uses a set list, improvising it as they go along, but they had an extensive, detailed schematic diagram on how to pack their tour van so everything will fit. It seems, well, it seems human and forceful and right. Devoid of hyperactive buzzy claptrap, hair stylists, strobe lights, flammable micro-second recording careers, talk of "units" and "product," and a culture that drinks out of the amnesiac culture fountains like Kitty Dukakis rummaging through the medicine cabinet and downing a pint of rubbing alcohol for a cheap, nasty fix, this video left me hypnotized and energized. Here's why. This is a band that believes in themselves so much, have established the financial wherewithal to transcend the usual parody of DIY-until-discovered ethos, and then they make a musical world that is entirely to their liking and high standards. Damn. The folks who've been around for more than five years that can measure up to that are few and far between. To further sweeten the deal, the soundtrack to this is all songs previously unreleased in the form they're used in the video - mostly more ethereal and dub versions, hugely appropriate, that accent the feeling of the film. Definitely the strongest video dealing with a band or music I've seen in years. Well worth the investment. -Todd

HOSPITAL POEMS, THE

by Gerald Locklin

Patriarch of the potent Long Beach poetry scene, Gerry runs down the moments leading up to, during, and after a hospital stay. His sense of humor and easy-to-read writing style make it simpler to empathize with his condition. His observations of life, near death, surgeons, and nurses are spot on. Not the easiest subject matter to write about, but again Gerry explains it all for you, in his own inimitable way. -Pooch (87 pages, \$13+\$2 Shipping, Kings Estate Press, 870 Kings Estate Rd., St. Augustine, FL 32086-5033)

ISLAND OF JOY VIDEO ZINE

A one camera, one microphone operation with mama-sized rhino's worth of heart. Good questions, good camera angles, nothing spastic or stupid, well not until the Make Up (a band I always wonder where they hide the poodle to make it screech. Animal Liberation Front, where are you?). It flows like it's to go on cable, clocking in at exactly 30 minutes with video interviews spliced and sidled next to live show snippets. Up first, my personal favorite blackhole, surf space swirlers and spazzers, Man or Astroman? They discuss entropy and thermodynamics, which in Orange County terms is correlated to "fucking shit up." I already knew that Technicum, the name of the album they were supporting for the tour, was the first human-synthesized element, but I didn't know that if you sell seven records and your record can go Technicum. It's only 499,993 more to gold. The live footage is blurry, but in an effect-y not an inept way, live at the Troubadour, it looks like. Up next was anti-professional, hyper productive Billy Childish painter/poet/singer/guitar player who "just happens to like sound" a whole fucking lot. Did ya know he was on social security for

ten to fifteen years? Quick Billy quote: "That's what music's about: communication." He then catervauls and batter hums through a studio set with two sitting Headcoats. Black and white. Very nice. Unwound's live loud sound bleeds pretty much out, but you get the gist of what they're after; loose structure sonic rock in the wide, staccato swash between Fugazi and Sonic Youth, if that's helpful at all. One guy's chain wallet falls out right at the beginning. Bet he was praying it didn't fling open and bathe the crowd in ATM receipts and his driver's license. In the interview section, we learn that they don't like open up for big bands that they don't like (no Mighty Mighty Bosstones slots any time soon) and they don't have any star-drawing power, only scoring the great grandson of some dead country guy. A short film of the Make Up kinda - well, it was arty sucky - left me flatter than a jumper out of a 30 story building. The Makers started out as The Haymakers but that's about all I got - put the microphone closer to them. Lead Maker is wearing a big, poofy green ostrich feather jacket. He looks like a Fraggles hiding a shiv. -Todd (8033 Sunset Blvd., Suite #284, LA, CA 90046; <primitive@aol.com>)

RAMONES AROUND THE WORLD

Video cassette (VHS)

From his own personal library comes Marky Ramone's first (of many, I hope) volume of n'r craziness, "Ramones Around the World," which not only dishes up more than a dozen live cuts from Ramones gigs around the globe, but other segments as well that Marky has caught on his video camera from over the past years with the band. The South America and Japan cuts show just how much the fans go berserk when the Ramones come to their cities, especially down in So. America when the fans mob their van as they are leaving the hotel. Beate-fucking-mania. Seriously! Fans pounding their fists against the van as it tries to get the fuck out of there. And THEN they start chasing the van down the street. Unbelievable. There's a handful of cuts that show the Ramones in some interviews, too, some funny and some that look as though they stomped the interviewers. Even a quick snippet of Marky busting out "The Banana Song" mid-interview that I'm sure Jimmy Durante would have found quite entertaining. There's the soundcheck from the Ramones' very last gig at the Palace in Hollywood '96 which is kinda neat, 'cause I got to be one of the fortunate sardines to get to see the packed show that night. There's a buncha band member interaction from over the years, as well, even with Mr. Dee Dee Ramone. Fans are gonna dig the SHIT outta this vid and even if you ain't that big a fan, you should check it out anyway, 'cause this vid will give you a bit of insight of what the Ramones were all about. It's also on Rhino Home Video - you can't fucking lose... Pick it up today. -Designated Dale (Rhino Home Video, 10635 Santa Monica Blvd., LA, CA 90025-4900; <www.rhino.com>)

REAL GIRL REAL WORLD

by Heather M. Gray and Samantha Phillips
Warning: If you are not clinically female, you will surely laugh at the rest of this review. I know what you're thinking. It is quite the cheesy title and rather pre-teen sounding if you don't know what's in the book. Well, I'll tell you what's inside... Everything I wish I could have gotten my little curious fingers on when I was a youngster rather than those lovely two page pamphlets your fourth grade teacher gave you showing pictures of menstrual cycles and maxi pads. It's definitely an "alternative" view of what girls deal with growing up and does a great job of fighting against beauty standards created by the media and other wonderful sources and ultimately offers solutions to these problems. To combat the advertising based views on women's lives as seen through the lovely Seventeen, YM, and Vogue magazines of the world, list upon list of alter-

native publications for women are given including such zines as Bitch: A Feminist Response to Pop Culture, Bust, W.I.G., Rockgirl, HUES, I'm So Fucking Beautiful, and Ms. Magazine (all ranging from underground zines to mainstream mags). Countless interesting facts are given, personal thoughts shared by guest commentators (real actual females). It covers image, eating disorders, sexual orientation, the history of fashion and its relation to beauty, the battles over shaving, rebelling against the beauty standard, body image, weight, a history of breasts in America, sex, sex, sex, contraception, STDs, sexual assault, and a general sense that we ladies can fight against what society is telling us that we are. By the way, did you know that if the Barbie doll were blown up to real woman size, its proportions would measure a 42 inch bust, an 18 inch waist, and 33 inch hips. Fucked up, huh? A real woman with those proportions would surely fall over from top heaviness. These are the kinds of crazy facts you learn from this here book. I'd have to say, though, that the aim or audience Real Girl Real World is going for are younger girls ages 15-18, as most of the commentary is written by girls of this age group, but for us older ones, it can definitely hold your interest. To end on a cheesy note, just as this review started, this is the kind of book I plan on giving to my daughter. It's real, it's funny, it's got attitude, and it's informative. What other kind of sex ed book for girls talks in detail on how to use a condom and openly about the female orgasm? -Holly (Seal Press, 3131 Western Ave., #410, Seattle, WA 98121-1041)

SOFA SURFING HANDBOOK, (A GUIDE FOR MODERN NOMADS)

by Juliette Torre

This back pocket-sized primer lays everything out about the art of successful and meaningful couch crashing. It's all covered in a wonderfully concise way; the etiquette, what to expect to

give and get out of your visit, the fine art of cheap and safe touring, and, most of all, the need for preparation, flexibility, and good common sense. Just the way Juliette mixes her humor with serious observations (be aware of your surroundings and companions) gives a good indication that here's someone who practices what she prints. Other writers' tips and stories compliment the author's own experiences. I highly recommend this book if you've ever considered taking someone up on their hospitality (bands, most definitely). It's easier to save friendships when you know the difference between guests and pests. Juliette obviously does. -Pooch (160 pages, \$11.95, Manic D Press, Box 410804, SF, CA 94141)

WHO CUT THE CHEESE? A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE FART

by Jim Dawson

Another cool book by the great rock'n'roll researcher and writer, Jim Dawson. ("What was the first rock'n'roll record?") Since culture is our business, I duly remind you of the inspiring declaration from Timothy Agoglia Carey, "Live long, live healthy, let thy arse make wind." So let your mind get nourished with nuggets of historical information about the fart in literature, music, religion, science, TV, radio, movies, cyberspace, and more. This is the definitive probe from fascinating fact to funky folklore. Explore the story of master flatulator and Moulin Rouge performer, Joseph Pujol. A hundred years ago, under the stage name Le Petomane, his "musical anus" left Parisian audiences rolling in the aisles. Dawson thoroughly covers the impact of this French "fartiste." Songs, poems, plays, novels, and cultural legends are all comprehensively covered in this fun celebration of a normal body function. Bravo to Jim Dawson. But don't forget Screamin' Jay Hawkins' warning, "Do not eat beans, they talk behind your back." -Gerry Fialka (Teen Speed Press, Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707)

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5 O'CLOCK SHADOW

#16, \$1.50

I'm putting my dick on the line here, but this little fella sucked. There, I said it and in the process pissed off thirteen writers/ artists. This mini comic is full of nonsense. I haven't seen this much crap since the school newspaper at college. This one is filled with nonsense. I found many of the pages to be verging on juvenile. There are many stories drawn with stick people and even the last page gives a rendering of a stick man (Amazing Cynicalman) and David Brinkley titled "separated at birth." That's not funny! Another story, "Plucked

Tribes)." This story, like most, is set in a far off world where big cat type creatures dominate the story but seem to be troubled by the idea of their possible extinction by a reptilian type group. So no matter what your taste in comics is, this collection should be very interesting reading. It's a little artsy but great reading. (Quantum Cat Ent., Inc., PO Box 3120, Winter Park, FL 32790-3120)

FRED THE POSSESSED FLOWER

#1, \$2.95 US, \$4.00 Canada

It seems in this comic that someone has a rather twisted and businesslike outlook on heaven and

HORRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT

COMICS, THE \$2.95 US, \$4.50 Canada
Herein lies thirty-two pages of deep insight, about what I do not know. When you open it up, you'll find this "Life in Hell" looking character in bed pondering about comics, what is art, what is play, etc. and trying to draw correlations between them. Now, this might be great for a couple of pages, but not for thirty-two. I found myself nodding off since I had read all about this stuff in a college class on the theory of play. It's not worth beating your head on why I took the class, so don't worry over it. Anyway, this comic goes on and on, and even

are the dealings of the Guardians, you know, the little blue guys that tell lanterns what to do, yes them. If DC writers remember that the Guardians were all male, why then is the one sitting in the middle a female? One can find in GL #200 that the males and females of the species split when they became immortal. The fight that results between Sinestro and the pair of Rayner and Superman starts in Metropolis and ends up in the desert near an air force base named Broomlake, and when Rayner tumbles into a plane, we find the greatest insult to Hal Jordan. There on the plane is spelled Col. Hal Jordan. Now this is just wrong. First off, I can't remember Jordan being a colonel, and secondly if that base is where Hal parks his jet, it would be Ferris Aircraft and it would be on the west coast, so why would these three guys fly across the country to have a brawl? Why indeed. I for one would like to know. I guess that DC/Warner decided that for their Saturday morning audience, they needed a more action-packed origin story for Rayner since in the comic they show him receiving the ring in a back alley of a bar after just helping his alcoholic friend out in the restroom. Though I was greatly taken aback by the confusion of the story line and the lack of sympathy for those who grew up reading about Hal Jordan, I was impressed with the artwork and the addition of past GL's Salakk, Katma Tui, Kilivog, Arkkis Chummuck, Tomar-Re, Xax of Xaos, Larvox, and that little vixen Arisa. All in all, I was really let down by this show and the lack of understanding DC has for its true GL fans.

PARATROOP #1, \$2.95 US

Finally, someone has come up with something about America's fascination with aliens and flying saucers. Yes, I know that the "X-files" are really popular, but Paratroop combines those silver-clad, gray-skinned shorties with a big-breasted, ninja-style, military-gun-toting brunet who takes orders from her deceased general dad. We start the story when our heroine is a mere little girl, dad's pissed at mom, tells mom he offed her boyfriend, so mom gets out of the car on the freeway. Where are we?... oh, yes now that the mom's dead general dad loses it, he drives his little girl down to the base, crashes the gate, drives into hanger 51, down some stairs, through a door and onto a flying saucer. Eventually the authorities arrive, kill general dad in the saucer and take the girl away. Now many years later our little girl has grown up and is now a captain in the army. Next the captain is groped by a major who gets his arm broke and his ass kicked. Our heroine is now AWOL and manages to sneak back into area 51 where she meets her little gray skinned friend and gets into a gun battle with the men in black, who happen to be androids. Just when it seems like it's lights out for our super babe, she is teleported into the saucer by the silver shorty and earth is fading away in the rearview. You want more? See issue #2. So there you have it. If any of this is appealing, go find this comic. Personally, I found this one downright hilarious because of some of the issues addressed and also for the visually brutal action. Hats off to writer Doug Miers and the art crew of Naylor and Boychuck. Just can't wait for issue #2. (Comics Conspiracy, 115A E. Fremont Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94087)

SLOWPOKE COMICS #1, \$2.95 US

Slowpoke is anything but slow. This comic got me laughing from the get go. Diving in, we meet our characters: Minnie, Little Gus, and Mr. Perkins. The first story is about Mr. Perkins' umbrella. It seems he has a strong attachment to it. Anyway, Gus tells Minnie "Go ahead try to take it away from him!" and with this Minnie tries, but Mr. Perkins is a real hard ass and screams back at her in full and glorious hostility: "NO!" The two ends end up chasing Mr. Perkins off and in the last panel Perkins, alone on a hill, solidifies that no one will get his umbrella. In the next story "The Giraffe Quandary," our characters are sitting around a board room discussing ways to remedy the heads breaking of the giraffe crackers with solutions such as giving them a large Adam's apple or using cement in the mix. In "Miracle Umbrella" we find the Righteous Reverend Perkins trying to heal the woes of his congregation with his miracle umbrella, but he ends up getting pissed when the woes are all of a stomachache, concert tickets, and tattoo removal.

THE COMIX

ALL REVIEWS BY GARY HORNBERGER

Chicken," is about a bird who tells of how he/she got his/her feathers back, in song. Maybe the purpose of this mag is to give a warm fuzzy feeling, I don't know, but the only feeling I got was stiffness of the brain. OK, maybe I'm being harsh. There was one page that was funny where a gingerbread man with a disgruntled look exclaims "Ugh! Gummi worms!" and the caption reads "Candyland, after it rains." So I'm judgmental and I don't know any of these writers or what they're going for, but when I can't get a laugh, well you figure it out. I'm sorry I stepped on toes but this one's going in the basket. (Timelikeoons, PO Box 02222, Detroit, MI 48202)

COMPOST MAN #2, \$2.00 ?

OK, I'm not sure I know where this one's going. It seems Compost Man is one of those heroes that's really just a hero in title. This eco-comic is written with some very intense meaning, to which I read with caution. I mean, come on, when there's a warning to poseurs on the cover, you're really limiting your consumer group. I'm also worried about the correlation between compost and "the blood that runs from between a woman's thighs." YEESH! The story line starts in Compost Man's lair where we meet C-Man and Matt discussing something that apparently I must have missed in Compost Man #1. From there the reader is subjected to the painful "heshen past" of Compost Man, I believe it to be the '80s. Now, I myself being in high school during the '80s, don't remember so many classifications of the student body, but hey, who knows. Anyway, after a long acid-induced tirade Compost Man is born and in the end is plotting his vengeance against the local food mart, and it is at this point that this comic got its first glimmer of hope, because it is as a consumer and employee that I had a laugh at Compost Man's demands. Here goes - for the most part this comic put me to sleep, maybe the '80s visuals and Sabbath and Zeppelin references were too much for me to stomach, but the story line really bends the ears of an eco addict. I will admit though that as a rough start comic, the art work is alright. With some work there might be some profits, but as of now this one's a shelfer. (Empty Earth, 244 Oak St., Providence, RI, 02909)

FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

Volume 1, #4, \$5.99US, \$7.75 Canada

If any of you out there are familiar with Frazetta, you know about his dark overlord kind of artistry, and those of you that aren't should get this parchment. This magazine style comic is a collection of cool stories that really leave you thirsting for the next issue. Now I'm not one who buys the medieval gut 'em up comics, but I was very caught up in the story lines of this one. The magazine also has some interesting reading on the artist Frazetta himself and some short stories when you get tired of the comics, which is hard to do. My favorite strip in the collection is by Daren Bader and Lance Hutto called "Pride Lands (Rival

hell. The story starts in hell's break room where we find cupid, the boogiemani, and the tooth fairy discussing wages and benefits and the need for a raise, so they decide to see Fred, the Devil's right tentacle flower. See, I told you it is a twisted view of hell. Anyway, the threesome decide to go on strike and so Louie - that would be the devil - decides because of the budget that Fred should fill in for them. So out into the realm of the living goes Fred. First is the job of cupid. To this task Fred sets up a couple on opposite sides of the street, and as the guy is running to the other side of the street, he gets run down by a truck, to which Fred replies "I love those guys in the fate dept." Next on the list is being a tooth fairy, at which a flower is troublesome, but Fred finally gets into the kid's room. Once in the room Fred wakes the kid, the debate starts on where the real tooth fairy is, and then they haggle over the price of the kid's tooth. Next and finally is the job of the boogiemani, to which Fred again seems to be ill equipped. This assignment takes him to an alley where two thugs are trying to steal a woman's purse. When Fred jumps in, the two thugs laugh so he eats them. So to wrap things up, Fred puts in a call to Louie, telling him that he has two new customers and that he kind of likes doing the job. Also, on the last couple of pages, there's a mini political feature that I'll leave for the readers to pass judgement on. So on this one, if you're a holy roller and you feel that there should be no deviation to history, DON'T BUY THIS, but if you can find humor in life or afterlife I suggest you get a copy. (Happy Predator, 52 Carrier Drive, Unit 12 Etobicoke, Ontario M9W 5S5)

HATEI

#30, \$3.95 US, \$5.50 Canada

For the most part, hate is an appropriate word, because for the most part, I hated this comic. The first story is about these people that live in New York and they live that wonderful college renegade grunge-punk life style. Enough said. The two main characters argue, fuck, argue some more, fuck some more, and in between there's a comic book shop, a brother, a seventies van and a magic whistle. Hard to stomach! After a lengthy advertisement for numerous other titles and some short stories, we arrive at the silver lining, titled "The Hasty Smear of My Smile." Now this is a funny story and I tell you why - because it's the story of the rise and fall of the Kool Aid guy, told by the big red punch pitcher himself. He started as an icon to kids in the '50s, but then in the '60s and '70s he got in with the acid heads, his life spun out of control, and it was around that time he met Jim Jones, but on that fateful day he wasn't there, it was Flavor-Ade. Of course, now the big red pitcher can't keep from grinning. OH, YEAHHH! Now there are a few more stories in this comic but they're bad if not worse than the first, so save your money this time and maybe buy something funny. (Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA, 98115)

though I don't disagree with the theory, I find it hard to stomach in comic format. So if you're into the dream state ramblings of a comic rabbit, buy this. If not, don't. (Alternative Comics, 611 NW 34th Drive, Gainesville, FL 32607-2429)

MONICA'S STORY

\$2.95 US, \$4.50 Canada

Well, this should be a very easy story line to follow since we've been seeing, hearing and digesting this crap for the last who knows how many days. I must admit this puts everything into perspective. You've got to admit, except for the money involved, the president's sex scandal is perfect for a comic book. It's the most comical love story of all time and now you have access to all the funny moments. Yes, that's right, from the first kiss, to the first blow job, from the case of cigars, to the stain on the dress, it's all in here, so have at it masses. This is the proof I've been waiting for. Finally, someone has shown that sex is truly, without a doubt, a funny act. So if you've been bored with the media coverage of the scandal, just go out and get a copy of Monica's Story and by the time you're done, the idea that billions of dollars were wasted on this folly won't even matter. The last line there was sarcasm, all right, so don't get any funny ideas. (Alternative Comics, 611 NW 34th Drive, Gainesville, FL 32607-2429)

NEW BATMAN/ SUPERMAN ADVENTURES- TV show

Saturday morning- Ch 5-7:00AM

This is it. I've had enough of the raping of Hal Jordan's character. In the comic book, DC decided to kill Hal off for a younger Kyle Rayner. I guess they wanted to appeal to a younger audience, you know, all the kiddies that no longer read comics because it's not an electronic medium. Anyway, it seems that DC/Warner Brothers has decided to completely do away with any remembrance of Jordan by giving Rayner his origin and they completely fuck the story line up. Yes, I'm talking about the new adventures of Batman/Superman (the Green Lantern origin) that aired Saturday morning, January 30th. Now I understand that they are incorporating Superman into the story line so some facts will be skewed, but please let me point out some gross misuses. First, we find Kyle Rayner working for the Daily Planet. Kyle is a freelance artist who works out of his apartment in New York, but hey, this is Superman. Next we have Abin Sur crashing to earth, and as he is dying, sends his ring out to find one that is worthy, and the ring finally finds Kyle, in of all places, some mens room. What the hell is this? As I remember Abin Sur did this in a 1960 comic book titled Green Lantern #1 and the ring chose Hal Jordan and pulled him from a flight simulator. Hey, you DC guys, any of you remember that? In a restroom my ass! Moving onward, we meet Sinestro in his more beefed up state, which he attained in Green Lantern #52. Now Sinestro is the greatest of GL's foes but of course the TV show claims that he destroyed Abin Sur. Not correct, it was the yellow band of energy that surrounds the earth that did Abin in. Next faux pas

Another funny story is "Drooly Julie on the prowl" about a sex-crazed stalker chick who goes so far as to follow a guy into his pad and then try to dry hump him in his boxers. Come on, you've got to love a chick that can wield the phrase "Hubba-hubba! Come to Mama!" There's a few more stories in there, but I've got to tell you this is some very funny stuff. The writing and art mix really well together, so if your spending your money for laughs, go ahead and pick this one up. (Alternative Comics, 611 NW 34th Dr., Gainesville, FL 32607-2429)

TOP NOTCH COMICS

#1, \$4.50 US, \$5.95 Canada

Top Notch is one nifty rag if you like graphic violence, bizarre characters, and liquor all brought to you in "duo-tone" fifties color. The art in this comic is great from the unique characters, to the scenery, and even the icons. The story starts with the main character, Peter, sitting on a park bench whistling a tune, minding his own business, when along comes some strange creature that thinks he's some guy named Tommy. Harry (our little creature) annoys Peter for a hug and Peter argues that he doesn't know him. After this goes on for a while, Peter, in desperation, flips Harry a dime in a last ditch effort to send Harry off and it does the trick. In "That Night" we meet Eddie, the foul-mouthed owner of Big Eddie's Liquor Depot having a conversation with his buddy Robbie. In walks Peter looking to buy a bottle of Yarney's. Immediately, Robbie being such a good judge of character, sizes Peter up as a fruit, and upon Peter's departure from the store Eddie exclaims "damn queer." After a great ad for Yarney's whiskey we're back to the story. Now we're at Eddie's place where we find the babysitter saying "play nice Billy" to a kid who's beating his baby brother with a bat. After arguing with the sitter, Eddie finds out from Billy that the baby has messed his diaper. This sends Eddie on a rage that would make any social worker cringe. Eddie starts in on the baby, saying things like "You're pathetic, shut up, and I'm sick of this little cripple act of yours." While Eddie goes for a beer, Billy decides to frame his little brother by throwing a

ball out the front window while Peter is passing by. Eddie, in a fit of rage, decides to teach the baby a lesson, tees the baby up and with Billy's bat, sends the kid's head flying. All the while Peter is peering in through the broken window. Peter takes off running back to his park bench where he runs back into Harry and the story ends as it started. All right, there's the story line. I've left out quite a large amount of hilarious filler in hopes that people will go on a search for this comic. It's down right funny and I'm going to leave it at that. (Fantagraphics, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115)

URBAN HIPSTER

#1, \$2.95 US, \$4.50 Canada

All right, it's 9:30AM. I've been up long enough to read this comic and now that the life has been sucked out of me, I think I'll go back to bed. Why is there a large contingent of writers bent on putting into print lifestyles of the sick and mundane? Urban Hipster is just that, stories about people that have boring, predictable and pathetic lives. In the first three pages alone we meet twenty-seven people from all walks of life that are considered to be pathetic. The first story is about a girl who's into astronomy (pathetic) and lives in Seattle (more pathetic) and her boyfriend is in a band and complains a lot. Does this sound entertaining? No, I think not. Next on the list, a story of a kid on a car trip explaining games to pass the time. Very boring! Still more stories of the mundane - we have a story of two thrift store workers who spy on a record store clerk from across the street with a telescope. How wrecked is your life when this happens? Yet another story is about a slob whose self-realization about his living standards are ridiculous even more so when he decides to move in with two chicks. Finally, at the end of this nightmare are the mindless thoughts of a drug addict's train ride to his parents that should have been a plane trip but with the money he saved he got more drugs. I don't think I'm being harsh when I say that this title ate away at the interpretation of what a comic should be. (Alternative Comics, 611 NW 34th Dr., Gainesville, FL)

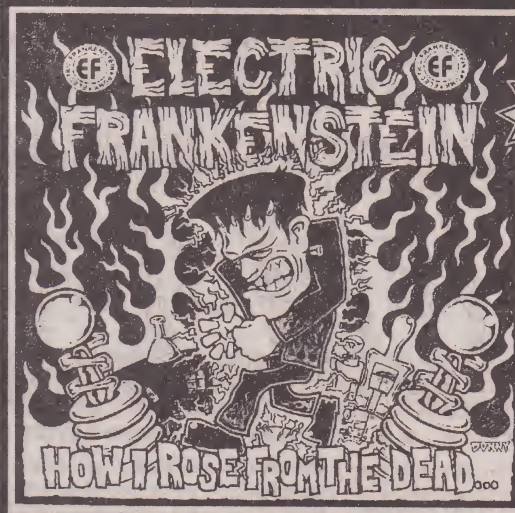


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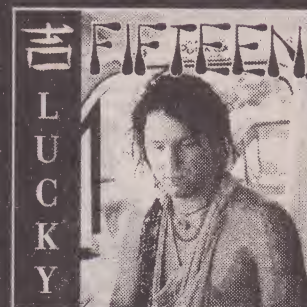
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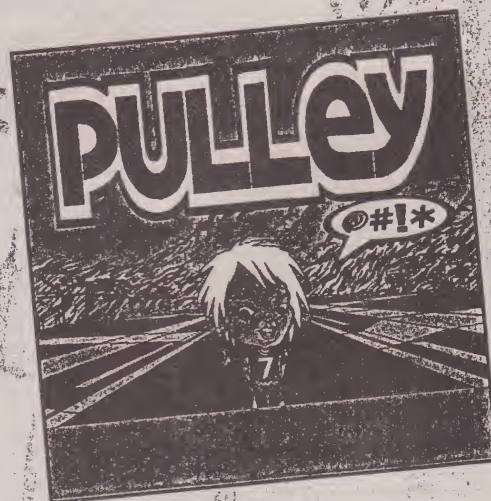
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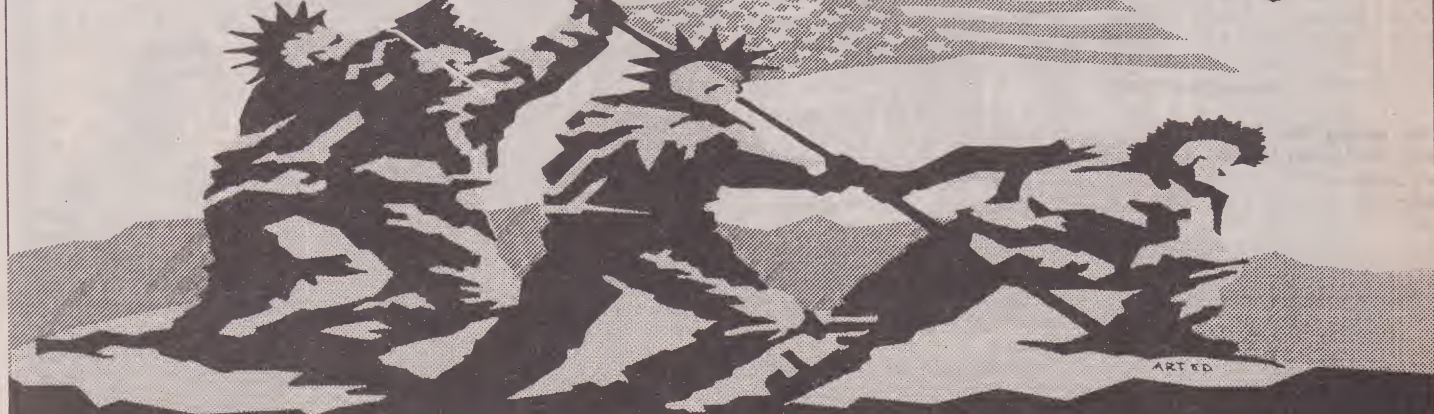
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Video wanted! Trade or buy. The Damned (1997-98), Blondie (1999), Rob Zombie solo tour, The Plimsouls, Southern Culture on the Skids, The Fleshtones (1990-99), The Bomboras, and The Clash. Must be good/clear quality! Cyril Ruth, 3520 N. Woodlawn Metairie, LA 70006.

Why pay \$20.00 or more for the Pamela Anderson video when you can get it from me for only \$12.00? James McElroy, PO Box 793, Vinemont, AL 35179. Newly updated catalog \$3.00.

To all goth/punk girls out there, I'm a 27 y/o lonely goth/punk guy who needs penpals so please write me and bring some enjoyment to my life. Don't be ashamed to enclose a picture of yourself. I'll do the same. Carlo Dekeyzer, Brugse Heirweg 2/A, 8211 Aartryke, Belgium.

No Solution new 7" EP "7 Miles" available by sending \$4 cash or money order (\$5 outside USA) to PO Box 4412, Costa Mesa, CA 92628-4412.

Forbidden, taboo, banned, non-politically correct CDs, videos, tapes, records, t-shirts, and collectibles that are blacklisted by the music business and, very likely, your local record stores. Lightning Rod, Skrewdriver, Mistreat, English Rose, Ovaltines, Bulldog Breed, Pig Killer, White Lightning, No Remorse, Johnny Rebel, Klansmen, Brutal Attack, George Lincoln Rockwell, and many, many more! Send \$2 for catalog (refundable on first order) to: MSR Productions, Dept. FS, PO Box 1291, Wheat Ridge, CO 80034-1291 USA, or for free, go to <http://www.msrproductions.com>

GG Allin tribute CD "Straight from Hell" 22 songs by 22 bands. Cover art by Jeff (Anti-Seen) Clayton. Send \$15 payable to Crazy Bastard Records, 16420 SE McGilivray, Suite 103-831, Vancouver, WA 98683. Meatmen tribute coming soon!

The Normals from New Orleans, LA. 1978 punk trailblazers are back! New CD "Your Punk Heritage" 20 songs of high energy guitar rock in the tradition of the Ramones, Buzzcocks, Johnny Thunders and Heartbreakers, the Damned and a bit of 1960s garage rock mixed in. Available from Airline 61 Records, PO Box 1265, Metairie, LA 70004 for just \$14 US. Songs include "Vacation to Nowhere," "Don't Pick Me," and the rare 45 "Almost Ready." Check out The Normal's website for more detailed info www.airline61.com/normal/html.

1,500 raw CDs for \$975. 2 colors on disc. Give us the CD-R and artwork for compact disc on paper or zip disc and we'll do the rest. Call DBI now at (877)DBI-5500 toll free.

Red Rockers items wanted! The band from New Orleans (1979-1985) had an MTV hit "China" 1983. Live video and live cassette tapes wanted. Buy or trade. Cyril Ruth, 3520 N. Woodlawn Metairie, LA 70006.

Do you enjoy listening to "Fucked Up Noise?" V/A "Splurge" c60 w/ NO-fi/Autoethik/Anus Grin/Sprawl. Comes w/ booklet/stickers \$2ppd. No-fi "Demonstration cassette" c? \$1ppd. Vomiton "Generation Loss" c10 \$1ppd. V/A "All Kindsa Noise" c90 w/ Cannibal Cop/Moz/Experimental Farm/None of Your Fucking Business/Suppression /Dyslexis Coup/the Micronauts /Baphomet Criers plus 20 more! (Noise/lo-fi/punk/grind/experimental) \$3ppd. Soon! V/A "Noise Conglomerate" c90 w/ The Violet Grind/Joshua Norton Cabal/Guerre Solitaire + 3 more. Moz c30. 7"s by (No-fi)/Sonic Deterrent/Autoethik. Noisy bands!/Individuals! Get in touch! Send material for release/distro. Send stamp(s) for infotainment. Existential Boredom/Anti-Everything Tapes c/o Gary, 22 Mallory, #1, Hampton, VA 23663 USA. Email: existnoise@aol.com Web: <http://members.aol.com/existnoise/pagee3/index.htm>

Bands wanted for compilation CDs. For more info, send a recording and phone number to: Loco Diablo, PO Box 332, Thomasboro, IL 61878.

Made Up to Mess Up: A zine/book, chronicles the looks of the early punk aesthetic. DIY ideas and tips on make-up, amazing dye jobs, henna tattoos from a cosmetologist. Trivia and collages of Exene, Debbie Harry, Siouxsie, the Slits and more! Huge! \$7 worth of fun! Send cash to Sailor's Enterprises, PO Box 162585, Sacramento, CA 95816-2585.

Hello Nippon 7" w/ Navel, Moga the 5 Yen, Tami & Middishade! Awesome melodic punk from Japan. \$3 US, \$4 Can/Mex, \$5 Europe, \$6 Japan. Visit rebound.cjb.net for info. Dosei Jidai, 5707 De Lange, Houston, TX 77092.

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Looking for old issues of Flipside 1-20. Will buy or trade. 213-467-6990. 6546 Hollywood Blvd. #214, Hollywood, CA 90028 - Mark.

I'm looking for live or rare recordings (audio or visual) from these bands: Christian Death, Crash Worship, Dead Horse, Dr. Know, DRI, Metallica (w/ Cliff), New Wave Theatre (TV show), Nervous Gender, Pestilence, Sex Gang Children, Spiderworks, and any other similar stuff (esp. Early LA death rock). Please e-mail me at dirtysanchez@usa.net

Electric Frankenstein fans unite! Join New Rage, the free official EF internet newsgroup and keep up to date with new releases, tour dates, new zine articles and discussions with other supporters of real rock'n'roll. Even Sal subscribes! All you gotta do is visit www.onelist.com/subscribe/NewRage and follow the simple instructions. Did I mention that it's free! Fight the anti-rock conspiracy - the time is now! Questions? Email Randall at rhelmstu@math.vt.edu

Oil 28 y/o ex-skinhead looking for single skinhead or punk girl pen pal, friend ship or more? Favorite bands: Blitz, 4-Skins, etc. Send letter and picture to Razor Blade Publications c/o Mike, 4735 Clairmont Dr. #428, San Diego, CA 92117.

Garage rock! Capitol City Fanzine #2 out now! Interviews with Makers, Automatics, Candy Snatchers. Also, Nashville Pussy, Fells, Guitar Wolf, Electric Frankenstein, Chumps, Beatnik Termites, Lord High Fixers, and La Donnas. This fanzine is on VHS format and 2 hours long with great video/sound cost \$12 ppd. Check, money order, or cash to George Hewitt, PO Box 145322, Austin, TX 78714-3522. You will receive it in 2 weeks.

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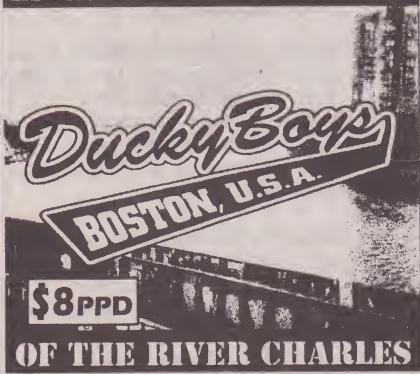
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Warsore/Neel - split 7" six tracks of brutal Australian grindcore meets 11 tracks of Dutch noisecore. Copies still available for \$3 ppd/\$4 world. Send stamp for distro list: Mortville Records, 713 Grace St., Ottumwa, IA 52501 USA.

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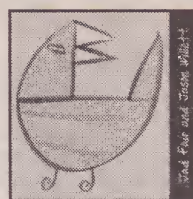
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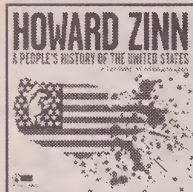
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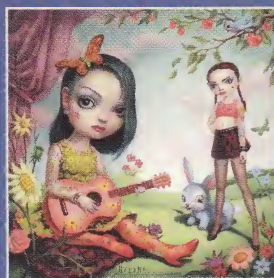
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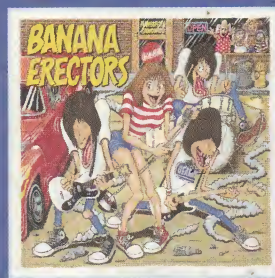
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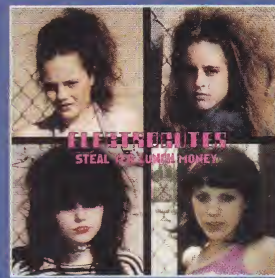
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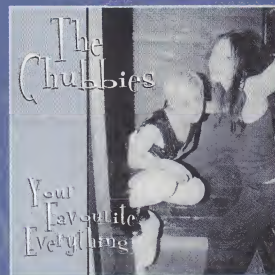
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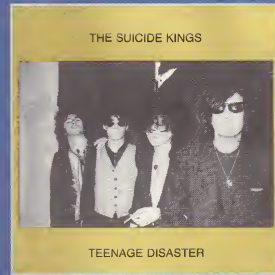
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JACK OBLIVIAN
CD/LP



GOGOGOAIRHEART/LOS CINCOS
CD/LP



THE SUICIDE KINGS
CD/LP



THE BARBARELLAS
CD/10-inch



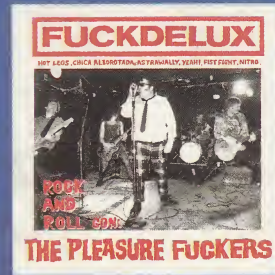
LOS CINCOS
CD/DBL 7-INCH



LO-HI
CD/LP



TURBONEGRO
LP only



THE PLEASURE FUCKERS
CD/10-inch



BUCK
7-inch

While all the major labels are merging, submerging, dismissing the troops, and looking into group rates from Dr. Kevorkian, isn't it refreshing to know that insignificant, little labels like Sympathy continue to thrive? Sure, we have to lie to and steal from the bands just like the major label fat cats, but we do it with a lot more reservations. We have our dignity, and we know when to pull our pants up.

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